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THE CAPTURE
Prison Pen
AND ESCAPE.

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THE

THE

CAPTURE,

THE

Prison Pen, and the Escape,

GIVING A COMPLETE

HISTORY OF PRISON LIFE IN THE SOUTH,

PRINCIPALLY AT

RICHMOND, DANVILLE, MACON, SAVANNAH, CHARLESTON, COLUMBIA, BELLE ISLE, MILLIN, SALISBURY, AND ANDERSONVILLE: DESCRIBING THE ARRIVAL OF PRISONERS, PLANS OF ESCAPE, WITH NUMEROUS AND VARIED INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF PRISON LIFE;

EMBRACING, ALSO,

THE ADVENTURES OF THE AUTHOR'S ESCAPE FROM COLUMBIA, S. C., RECAPTURE, SUBSEQUENT ESCAPE, RECAPTURE, TRIAL AS SPY, AND FINAL ESCAPE FROM SYLVANIA, GEORGIA.

With Illustrations.

BY WILLARD W. GLAZIER,

BREVET CAPTAIN NEW YORK VOL. CAVALRY.

"We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

HARTFORD, CONN.:
H. E. GOODWIN, PUBLISHER.
1869.

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G55

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by
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TO

THE WIDOWS, CHILDREN, FATHERS, MOTHERS, BROTHERS, SISTERS, FRIENDS, AND SURVIVING COMRADES

Of the Thousands of Brave Men

WHO LEFT THE PLEASURES AND COMFORTS OF HOME,

ABANDONED CHERISHED ENTERPRISES

AND BUSINESS SCHEMES

FOR THE PURPOSE OF SERVING THEIR COUNTRY,

AND WHO HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY THE ENEMY WHILE IN THE FAITHFUL PERFORMANCE OF THEIR DUTY,

AND GONE DOWN

TO UNTIMELY GRAVES THROUGH UNPARALLELED SUFFERINGS,

IS THIS VOLUME MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

"Hallow ye each unmarked grave,
Make their memory sure and blest;
For their lives they nobly gave
And their spirits are at rest."

PREFACE.

THE following pages are offered to inquiring minds with the hope that they may throw some light upon the inhuman treatment we received in Southern Prisons.

They do not pretend to give a complete history of Prison-Life in the South — only a part. Others are contributing sketches for the dark picture, which at the best, can but poorly illustrate the fearful atrocities of our brutal keepers.

The multiplied woes of the battle-field, the sufferings of the sick and wounded in hospitals which the Federal Government has established, might almost be considered the enjoyments of Paradise, when compared with the heart-rending and prolonged agonies of Captives in Rebel Stockades.

Sad and painful as it seems in the former case, there are a great variety of mitigating circumstances which tend to soothe the feelings as we contemplate them. Their sufferings are of comparatively short duration, surrounded as they are by those who

never tire in their efforts to provide comfort and relief. Members of the numerous humane societies can visit them and attend to their wants; but in the latter case they have passed the boundary which bars them from all these things.

We are even led to conclude, by the usage which we have received at the hands of our captors, that it was their deliberate intention to maim, and thereby render us completely unfit for future service. They have seen us, with apparent satisfaction, become so much reduced in clothing as to have scarcely rags for a covering; they have condemned us to hunger and thirst, pain and weariness, affliction and misery in every conceivable form, so that thousands of our unfortunate fellow-beings have anxiously awaited the approach of the King of Terrors as the arrival of a welcome friend that had come to bring them a happy release.

In the absence of much information on this subject, it is impossible for me to give an exact account of the number of deaths in Rebel Prisons. Still, if we consider the statements of several who have reduced their calculations to figures, we may arrive at a more correct conclusion than we otherwise should. Robert H. Kellogg, Sergeant-Major, 16th Connecticut Volunteers, who was at Andersonville and Florence, says the deaths at the latter place were twelve per cent. per month. Mr. Richardson,

correspondent of the "New-York Tribune," says it was thirteen per cent. at Salisbury for the same time. There were 13,000 deaths at Andersonville. Mr. Kellogg affirms that one-half of his regiment captured, died in about seven months. Let us suppose that the prisoners will average 25,000 from January 1, 1862, to January 1, 1865, and the deaths to be nine per cent. per month, or 2,250; then multiply by thirty-six months, and we have 81,000 deaths. Had we been provided with such clothing, shelter, and food as the laws of health absolutely require, it is probable that there would not have been more than one-eighth of the actual number of deaths. Hence, we conclude that 70,875 have fallen victims to inhuman treatment. My figures with regard to the number of prisoners and the percentage of deaths may be too large; but allowing that my estimates are nearly right, the awful carnage of the battle-field has not exceeded the frightful mortality of the Prison-Pen. Whether the Rebels have intentionally murdered our unfortunate soldiers or not, I leave the reader to decide.

I had no thoughts of publishing a book until several weeks after my escape. I kept a diary and journal from the time of my capture. Upon reading portions of it to some of my friends, they persuaded me to amplify, and put it in a readable form.

The rough manuscript was, for the most part, written during my imprisonment at Columbia, sitting on the ground, and writing on my knee. Captain Kelly, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, brought a part of that manuscript through the lines by concealing it in the crown of an old regulation hat, which he wore during his escape. I smuggled the remainder through in the lining of my jacket.

The Appendix is principally the work of Robert J. Fisher, late captain 17th Missouri Volunteers, being taken from his lithograph, entitled the "Libby Prison Memorial." To these, as well as those friends who have expressed an interest in the work, and in various ways aided in promoting it, my sincere thanks are tendered.

WILLARD W. GLAZIER.

ALBANY, N. Y., November 12, 1865.

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THE PRINCIPAL REBEL PRISONS, AND WHERE THEY WERE LOCATED.

LIBBY, Richmond, Virginia.

CASTLE THUNDER, Richmond, Virginia.

DANVILLE, Pottsylvania County, Virginia.

BELLE ISLE, in James River, near Richmond.

MACON, Georgia, known south as Camp Oglethorpe.

SAVANNAH, Georgia, known south as Camp Davidson.

ANDERSONVILLE, Sumter County, Georgia, known south as Camp Sumter.

MILLIN, Burke County, Georgia, known south as Camp Lawton.

CHARLESTON, South Carolina.

COLUMBIA, South Carolina, known south as Camp Sorghum.

BLACKSTONE, South Carolina.

FLORENCE, Darlington County, South Carolina.

SALISBURY, Rowan County, North Carolina.

RALEIGH, North Carolina.

GOLDSBOROUGH, North Carolina.

CHARLOTTE, North Carolina.

TYLER, Smith County, Texas.

CAHAWBA, Dallas County, Alabama.

THE CAPTURE,

THE

Prison Pen, and the Escape.

CHAPTER I.

ENLISTMENT AND SERVICE IN THE FIELD.

THE first battle of Bull Run had just been fought, July 21, 1861, and our proud, confident advance into "Dixie" checked, and turned into a disastrous rout. The unwarlike enthusiasm of the country, which hoped to crush the Rebellion with seventy-five thousand men, had been temporarily chilled. It was chilled, as the first stealthy drops of the thunder-gust chill and deaden a raging fire, which breaks out anew when the tempest fans it with its fury, and contrives to burn in spite of a deluge of rain. The chill had passed and the fever was raging. From the great centres of national life, a renovating public opinion had gone out, which reached, in its greatness and universality, the farthest hamlet on our frontier. Every true man had met the emergency at his own fireside, in consultation with his

family, and the Rebellion was just as surely doomed as when Grant received the surrender of Lee's army. In a wider sense, the country had risen to meet the emergency, and Northern patriotism, now thoroughly aroused, was sweeping everything before it. The cry was, everywhere, "To arms!" and thousands upon thousands were answering to the generous call of our President.

It was under such circumstances that I enlisted, as a private soldier, at Troy, New York, on the 6th day of August, in a company raised by Capt. Clarence Buel, for the Second Regiment of New York Cavalry, "Harris Light."

I need make no elaborate mention of the emotions or motives which induced me to enter the service; they will be readily conjectured by all loyal hearts.

The Harris Light Cavalry was organized by J. Mansfield Davies, of New York, as colonel, and Judson Kilpatrick, of New Jersey, as lieutenant-colonel.

Up to this time it had been no part of the policy of the Government to increase the cavalry arm of the service. Gen. Scott had trusted entirely to infantry, and his example was still potent. Bull Run, however, had demonstrated the efficiency of cavalry, and the Government began to change its views. To match the famous "Black Horse Cavalry" of Virginia, it was determined to raise a cavalry force in the North, and as Senator Ira Harris, of New York, took an active part in securing the enlargement of

this branch of the army, a brigade was formed in honor of his name.

The regiment to which I belonged was denominated the Harris Light Cavalry, and was composed of men from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Vermont, Pennsylvania, and Indiana. It was originally intended for the regular army, and was for some time known as the Seventh U. S. Cavalry; but the regular cavalry having been reduced to six regiments, we were assigned to New York, as she had contributed the largest number of men to the organization.

During the latter part of August, the regiment was ordered to Washington, and after a month's drill crossed the Potomac, and encamped in front of the enemy at Munson's Hill.

McClellan was in command, and all was quiet on the Potomac until spring. The winter was spent in drilling, and the discipline at that time imparted to the army was of great service in after campaigns. Our regiment was encamped at Arlington Heights, on the Rebel General Lee's plantation.

March 3, 1862, began the grand advance of the Army of the Potomac, which resulted in the capture of the "Quaker guns" at Centreville. In this campaign the Harris Light was, for a time, bodyguard to Gen. McClellan. The army then fell back to its old position, and shortly after the main portion of it was embarked for the Peninsular Campaign. Gen. McDowell was left in command of Northern Virginia, with a small force designed more

particularly for the defence of Washington, although they did good service in harassing the enemy still remaining in their front.

About the first of April, he advanced with the small force left in his command, Col. — afterwards Gen. — Bayard being in command of the cavalry, which at that time consisted of the Second New York and the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, the former being the regiment to which I belonged. Several days were spent in feeling the front of the enemy, and finding their exact location. Reconnoitring was the principal order for a time. Each side had to become familiar with the changed circumstances of the situation, and neither seemed disposed to take a hasty step which might prove advantageous to the other. This cautious policy was broken in upon by the apparently reckless daring of Gen. — then Col. — Kilpatrick. The enemy were strongly intrenched at Falmouth Heights, and he asked permission to surprise them in the night-time. After much persuasion leave was granted, and, at the head of our small regiment of cavalry, he undertook the work.

As we approached the works in the darkness, to within hearing of the Rebels, he shouted, to his officers, —

"Bring up your artillery in the centre, and infantry on the left!"

"Well, but, Colonel," said an honest, but rather obtuse captain, "we haven't got ——"

"Silence in the ranks!" shouted Kilpatrick. "Artillery in the centre, and infantry on the left!"

The Rebel pickets caught and spread the alarm, and the heights were carried with little opposition.

The early part of the summer was spent almost entirely in raiding. Expeditions were sent in every direction, but more especially towards Richmond. Many railroads were destroyed, and large quantities of commissary stores. In this way the cavalry found enough of both war and romance.

About the first of July, Gen. Pope was put in command of the troops in Virginia, and soon after fought the battle of Cedar Mountain. A battalion of our regiment was body-guard to McDowell during the fight.

The campaign on the Peninsula having been concluded, McClellan re-embarked his troops for Washington, while Lee left his fortifications around Richmond, and soon confronted Pope on the old Bull-Run battle-ground. Just before this, while Lee was bringing his army northward, occurred the first cavalry fight at Brandy Station, in which the Harris Light lost heavily.

After the second Bull Run battle, the cavalry covered the retreat to Washington, checking the advance of the Rebels, and covering the flanks and rear of our army. This necessitated continual fighting with the enemy's cavalry and with the vanguard of their infantry.

By the almost continual skirmishing of the summer campaign our numbers were sadly depleted;

and we were at this time ordered to Hall's Hill, eight miles from Washington, to recruit our wasted ranks.

The first of November we again moved to the front, and picketed the advance, under Gen. Bayard, until the battle of Fredericksburg, in the early part of December.

In this disastrous engagement, Gen. Bayard was killed, and Burnside, with his whole army, forced to recross the river. Winter quarters were soon after established, and the two armies passed the winter in watching each other across a narrow river. The cavalry remained at the extreme front, doing picket duty along the north bank of the Rappahannock.

About the first of April, 1863, preparations were made for another movement. The cavalry were sent on a raiding expedition in the direction of Warrenton. At this place the Harris Light gave the famous Black Horse Cavalry a few scares. Our company of less than a hundred men rode into the town, and as they did so, about two hundred of the gallant black knights rode out at a break-neck pace, on the opposite side.

During the winter, Hooker had taken command of the army, and great preparations were made for a vigorous campaign. On the 27th, the army again crossed the river, and for several days the great battle of Chancellorsville raged. At this time Gen. Stoneman had command of the cavalry. He had turned the enemy's position at Chancellorsville, while

the battle was being fought, and cut off their communications in the rear.

While Stoneman was thus engaged, Col. Kilpatrick galloped entirely around Lee's army, and passed within the second line of fortifications around Richmond, from there across to Yorktown, and returned with a swoop in time to be at the second fight at Brandy Station, on the 9th of June. This was the largest as well as the most stubbornly contested cavalry fight of the war.

Lee at this time was advancing up the Shenandoah Valley, and our cavalry, under Gen. Pleasanton, was guarding the supply train in the rear of our army, and fighting the Rebel Gen. Stuart through the gaps in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

During this advance were fought the battles at Aldie, Middleburg, and Upperville, — all severe contests, in which "the Harris Light" lost heavily.

Immediately after was fought the battle of Gettysburg. During this engagement the cavalry were harassing the Rebel rear, and taking care of Stuart's cavalry. On the night of the 4th of July our cavalry captured Gen. Longstreet's entire wagon train, laden with the ripe crops of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and guarded it safely, together with fourteen hundred prisoners, in spite of Stuart's most vigorous efforts to effect a recapture.

During the retreat of Lee, Gens. Kilpatrick and Stuart were almost daily in conflict. The battles of Boonsboro', Williamsport, and Hagerstown, were fought, and in fact the cavalry was constantly en-

gaged until we made the final charge on Lee's rear, as he was crossing the Potomac at Falling Waters on the 14th of July.

Our army then slowly followed the great Rebel raider, until he halted on the south bank of the Rapidan. Skirmishing was kept up till late in the fall, when the movements mentioned in the next chapter were inaugurated, which to me resulted in capture.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTURE.

In the early part of October, 1863, the Army of the Potomac, resting from its arduous work of the summer campaign, was encamped on the north bank of the Rapidan.

From April till September the contending armies had been almost constantly engaged, each endeavoring to strike the telling blow that was to drive its enemy back upon Richmond or Washington. The public feeling, both North and South, had been wrought up to its highest pitch. Gen. Meade was thought equal to the emergency by the loyal ones, and many prayers ascended daily for him and his noble army.

Six months had now been consumed, and apparently without any decisive result. Active preparations were in progress for a renewal of the struggle. Reconnoissances were made, and orders were confidently expected from Gen. Meade to advance; but just on the eve of our forward movement, intelligence was received that Lee had very suddenly withdrawn the main force of his army, which had been confronting us along the line of the Rapidan, and was making a rapid flank movement, threatening the occupation

of the plains of Manassas before Gen. Meade could reach them. Swift messengers, from officers high in command, brought orders to retire with promptness, but in good order, if possible. My regiment was called in from picket duty on the morning of October 9th, and ordered to join the division at James City, at which place we had an engagement with the Rebel cavalry on the following day. The battle raged with fury and slaughter until eight o'clock P. M., when the firing ceased, and the contending legions sought repose from their work of death. The main body of our cavalry retired a short distance from the field, leaving only a light skirmish line at the front, and at an early hour on the morning of the 11th we took up march for the Rappahannock, acting as rear-guard of the army. Skirmishing was continued at almost every step of the march. On the Sperryville pike to Culpepper, the Rebels pressed us vigorously. At this point the cavalry corps separated, Buford with his division falling back by way of Stevensburg, Gregg by Sulphur Springs, leaving Kilpatrick on the main thoroughfare along the railroad by Brandy Station.

Kilpatrick had but just moved out of Culpepper when Hampton's division of cavalry made a furious attack upon the Harris Light acting as rear-guard, with the apparent hope of breaking through upon the main column and dispersing it or of delaying it, so as to enable a flanking column to intercept our retreat. Gallantly repelling every attack the command moved on until within sight of Brandy Sta-

tion, when it was discovered that Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee held the only road upon which it was possible for Kilpatrick to retire. Stuart at the head of another column of Rebel cavalry, aided by artillery well posted, threatened our left. The right was exposed to a galling fire from the enemy's sharpshooters, while behind us were Hampton's legions predicting speedy destruction to their retiring foe. This was a situation to try the stoutest hearts. Nothing daunted by this formidable disposition of an enemy very superior in numbers, Kilpatrick displayed that decision and daring which have ever characterized him as a great leader of cavalry, and proved himself worthy to lead the brave men who composed his command. Forming his division into three lines of battle, he assigned the right to Gen. Davies, the left to Gen. Custer, and placing himself in the centre, advanced with terrible determination to the contest. Having approached to within a few hundred yards of the enemy's lines, Kilpatrick ordered his band to strike up some national airs, to whose spirit-stirring strains was joined the blast of scores of bugles ringing forth the charge. Brave hearts became braver, and if the patriotism of any waxed cold, and the courage of any faltered, they here grew warmer and stronger until pride of country had touched the will, and an uncontrollable principle had been kindled that emphatically affirmed the man a hero until death. Fired with a love for the cause in which they were engaged, this band of

invincible troopers shook the air with their battle cry and dashed forward to meet their unequal foe.

With his usual daring, Gen. Davies was foremost in the fray, and led his command for the fourth time on this memorable field.* His words of encouragement were, "Soldiers of the First Brigade, I know you have not forgotten the examples of your brave comrades who in past engagements were not afraid to die here in defence of the old flag."

The Rebel lines broke in wild dismay before the uplifted sabres of the unflinching veterans, who, feeling that they had nothing but life to lose, risked it, with a vengeance, upon the fearful issue. Kilpatrick thus escaped disaster, defeated his pursuers, and presented to the beholders one of the grandest sights ever witnessed on the Western Continent.

> "By Heaven! it was a goodly sight to see,
> For one who had no friend or brother there."

No one who looked upon that wonderful panorama can ever forget it. On the great field were riderless horses and dying men, clouds of dirt from solid shot and exploding shells, long dark lines of cavalry dashing on to the charge, with their drawn and firmly grasped sabres glistening in the light of the declining sun; while far beyond this scene of tumult were the dark green forests skirting the north bank of the Rappahannock. Kilpatrick's division soon after-

* First Brandy Station was fought August 20th, 1862; second, June 9th; third, September 12th; and fourth, October 11th, 1863.

ward joined that of Buford, and with their united forces they engaged the enemy in a series of brilliant charges which materially checked his pursuit, and at night we crossed the Rappahannock in safety.

The cavalry continued its retreat, acting as rear-guard to the infantry, to the old field of Bull Run, where it was expected a third battle would be fought.

October 12. — The cavalry corps moved from Rappahannock Station at two o'clock P. M. A portion of our infantry recrossed the Rappahannock at an early hour in the morning, and made a forced march to Brandy Station, where a spirited engagement took place. The movement seems to have been made with a view to deceiving the enemy.

October 13. — Left Bealton at two A. M. While the regiment lay bivouacked at that place, an artillery caisson took fire by accident, causing a rapid explosion of its contents. The consequence was a wide-spread alarm which brought every trooper to his horse, prepared to resist the foe, who was supposed to have made a furious onset.

October 15. — Near Sudley Church. The army continued its retreat on the 14th, until late in the afternoon, when a general halt was ordered and preparations made for battle. At early dawn on the morning of the 15th the thunder of our artillery at Bristoe announced Gen. Meade's intentions, and opened an engagement which resulted in a disastrous repulse to the enemy, and effectually checked his

advance, which had thus far met with but little opposition.

October 16. — The Harris Light was relieved from picket at twelve o'clock M., and moved with the brigade to Bull Run bridge. Kilpatrick's division ordered out at three o'clock P. M. to make a reconnoissance in force. A terrific rain-storm ensues. Several men and horses drowned while fording Bull Run.

October 17. — "Boots and saddles" at nine A. M. Ten o'clock, supporting a battery. Shelled the Rebel skirmishers and drove them back two miles toward Gainesville.

October 18. — Kilpatrick's division was ordered in pursuit of the enemy at four o'clock P. M. Skirmishing was kept up vigorously with the Rebel cavalry from Newmarket to Gainesville. The Harris Light acted as advance-guard, and picketed the front until late in the evening, when we were relieved by the Fifth New York Cavalry.

October 19. — Kilpatrick resumed march at daybreak. The Rebel cavalry, under Stuart, retired without opposition, until our advance had passed New Baltimore on the Warrenton pike, when Fitz Hugh Lee, who had surprised and cut his way through our infantry at Thoroughfare Gap, fell upon our rear guard at Buckland, and opened with his artillery. At this signal Gen. Stuart, who had hitherto been very quietly retiring, now turned and charged us in front. The Rebel Gen. Gordon made a furious attack upon our left flank, threatening to

THE CAPTURE.—CAVALRY FIGHT AT NEW BALTIMORE.

separate the two small brigades which composed Kilpatrick's division. This was a critical situation, but "Kil.," ever equal to the emergency, ordered his whole force to wheel about and charge the columns of Lee. The Harris Light, having been in front while advancing, now became the rear guard, and by this movement we were compelled to meet the desperate charges of the enemy in pursuit; having reached a little rise of ground we made a stand, and for some time checked the advance of the Rebels by pouring into their ranks deadly volleys from our carbines and revolvers. Gen. Stuart, who was at the head of his command, saw clearly that he could only dislodge us by a charge, and ordering it lead a brigade in person. Our men stood firm and were soon engaged in a hand to hand conflict with the advancing columns of the foe.

At this juncture my horse was shot under me, and our little party, outnumbered ten to one, was hurled back by the overpowering force of the Rebels, their whole command riding over myself and horse.

Being severely injured by the fall of my horse, and by the charging squadrons that passed over me, I was insensible for several moments, and on becoming conscious, found that I was being carried hastily from the scene of action under a Rebel guard. My arms had been stripped from me, my pockets rifled, and watch taken.

Once a prisoner, I was taken to a spot near an old building where a number of others, equally unfortunate, were being guarded.

Here we witnessed an amusing exhibition of Rebel bravery. The woods were full of skulkers, and in order to make a show of having something to do, each and all were sedulously devoting themselves to guarding the prisoners. Corporals and sergeants and privates in succession had charge of us, and each in his turn would call us into line, count us in an officious manner, and issue orders according to his liking; until some sneak of higher rank came along, when he assumed command, and said in a tone of authority to the others, "Your services are very much needed at the front; go and do your duty like men."

This was often said with chattering teeth and anxious glances in the direction of our cavalry.

Thus we passed under the notice of one coward after another, each styling himself "Assistant Deputy Provost Marshal," until evening, when we were marched to Warrenton and lodged in the county jail.

While at Warrenton most of the prisoners were robbed of their clothing and watches, and in fact everything which could have been of the slightest value to our captors.

One of these "chivalrous gentleman," whose "vaulting ambition generally o'erleaped itself," demanded my hat, overcoat, and boots, when the following conversation ensued: —

Reb. Here, Yank, hand me that hat; yes, and come out of that overcoat and them boots too, you damned son of a ——.

Fed. The articles you demand are my personal property, and you have no right to take them from me.

Reb. We have authority from Gen. Stuart to take from prisoners whatever we damned please.

Fed. I doubt your authority, sir; and if you are a gentleman you will not be guilty of stripping a defenceless prisoner.

Reb. I will show you my authority, you damned Blue Belly (drawing his revolver). Now take off that coat, or I will blow your brains out.

Fed. Blow away, then; it's as well to be without brains as without clothing, at this season of the year.

Johnny Reb was not quite disposed to fire upon me, and giving his head a shake rode off, thinking, no doubt, that he could supply his wants in another direction without wasting his ammunition.

In the morning before sunrise we started for Culpepper. It was one of the severest tramps of my life. The weather was exceedingly hot, and the distance not less than thirty miles. Our guard was mounted, and evinced but little sympathy for our unfortunate condition as we endeavored to keep pace with them. Their great haste was owing to the fact that Gen. Lee had been defeated at the battle of Bristoe and was in full retreat for the Rapidan, our army in pursuit. None, save those who have been in the cavalry service, know how to sympathize with a dismounted cavalier if compelled to march on foot. Our sufferings were indescribable; curses

and threats long and loud were freely indulged in by the guard because we could not walk faster. Six of our number fell by the wayside before we reached Culpepper from utter exhaustion. I thought of several plans for escape during the day, but the guard were old soldiers and watched us closely. We were guarded in a large public building at Culpepper during the night and remained in town all the next day.

Late in the evening we left Culpepper on a train for Rapidan Station, on the Rapidan River. Here the bridge was down, and we were obliged to march to Orange Court House, a distance of six miles. Thoroughly demoralized by the tramp from Warrenton to Culpepper, it was constant pain to make our way. The boys will long remember that short march. The next morning we left Orange Court House by rail for Gordonsville, at which place we remained until three o'clock on the morning of the 23d of October. The guards became intoxicated on very bad whiskey, and were very abusive. Cursing and threatening, and levelling their muskets at prisoners, finally relieved them from duty, and their places were filled by others. At three o'clock A. M. we started for Richmond, to be consigned to the tender mercies of Libby Prison.

CHAPTER III.

LIBBY PRISON.

At eight o'clock on the morning of Friday, October 23d, we arrived in Richmond. The streets were filled with people whose countenances betokened anxiety concerning the result of the terrible struggle that had just terminated in Northern Virginia.

Immediately after our arrival at the depot we were hurried from the cars and marched through some of the principal streets to Libby Prison.

As we passed along, our ears were greeted with an innumerable number of questions and observations, the general character of which may be inferred from the following: "How are you, Blue Bellies?" "Why didn't you all come into Richmond with your arms on?" "What did you'uns all want to come down here and run off we'uns niggers, and burn our houses for?"

Mrs. Johnny Reb remarked: "If these are the officers of the Yankee army, what must the privates be?"

Another sensitively delicate matron, as if taking her cue from the former remark, chimed in with a tragic shudder: "Oh, what a pity it is that our

noble sons should be murdered by such miserable vagabonds!"

The usual Southern epithets for Federal soldiers were vigorously applied, hence we were not surprised when jested at as "hirelings," "mudsills," Northern vandals," etc.

A troop of boys followed in our rear, hooting, hallooing, and calling us names; and, really, as is generally the case, they said smarter things than the older ones.

After a walk of little more than a mile, we were halted in front of a large three-story brick building, dark and frowning, and from the north-west corner of which hung a small sign which tells to the passer-by, that "Libby & Son, ship chandlers and grocers," have called attention to this point, as the one where their business was transacted, and where those persons must repair who were interested in bargains particularly associated with their vocation. I confess I did not like the idea of being a "ship chandler" just then; but Rebel bayonets were powerful arguments, and so we all entered the prison, and were informally introduced to Maj. Turner and disciples, of whom I shall speak at more length in the following pages. By his order, our clothing was carefully examined. All money was taken from us, and, in short, we were very quickly divested of everything which could excite either the curiosity or avarice of a Rebel. It was not the intention to leave anything that might minister to our comfort or pleasure. Yankee ingenuity, however, as is generally

LIBBY PRISON.

the case, was more than a match for Rebel cupidity. Many valuables were retained by slyly passing them to those who had been examined, while the attention of the guard was elsewhere. In this way I saved my journal. After this most disgraceful robbery was concluded we were taken to the rooms occupied by the prisoners, and, as we met them, were amazed at their cries of "Fresh fish," "Close up," "Where were you captured?" "What army do you belong to?" "Give him air," etc. They did not abate their zeal in the use of the above expressions until several moments after our entrance. I soon learned that it was the universal custom to treat all new-comers in the same manner. This was a sort of initiation, and the more graciously it was endured the better.

There was a melancholy pleasure in meeting several officers of my own regiment. Glad to have their fellowship and cheer, but sad to meet them in such undesirable circumstances.

Upon entering the prison the officers were separated from the enlisted men, and we were not after that permitted to be near enough to them to engage in conversation.

We soon found friends, and became domesticated in our new abode. With the Yankee tendency to organization, the prisoners divided into messes of twenty each. I was notified in due time that I would be considered a member of "Mess Number Twenty-one," and was at once made acquainted with my new duties. In our mess each man in turn did

the cooking for an entire day. In that close, suffocating room, burning corn-meal for coffee and making rice soup over the smoking, broken stove, was indeed extremely disagreeable. The prison days were exceedingly long, — and yet our turns for cooking seemed to recur with unpleasant frequency.

October 28. — We are beginning to get accustomed to prison life. I presume we shall fall into the habit of enjoying ourselves at times. "How use doth breed a habit in a man." Have gathered some facts with regard to the place which must be our home for God only knows how long.

The Libby Prison is an old and somewhat dilapidated building, belonging to the estate of John Enders. Before the war it was used by Libby & Son as a storehouse; but now it is used by Southern fiends — I cannot countenance a milder term — as a den of torture for such as may be so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. There are but few windows, and these small and carefully secured by iron grates. The sentinels are stationed in front of the windows, outside of the building, with orders to fire upon the first man who attempts to look out. We are here huddled together, like sheep in a slaughter-house, awaiting the approach of those monsters, eager to destroy us by any mode of torture The rooms are filthy and unfurnished. There are no chairs or bunks, and but few have blankets. They do not even furnish us with a necessary allowance of wood. We receive nothing but our rations; a meager allowance, at the most. Yes, we do

receive something else, viz., execrations and curses without measure. Previous to our becoming the occupants of this abode, the sentinel in front of one of the windows fired at a prisoner confined in the room now occupied by us, the one for whom the shot was intended observing the motions of the guard, instantly dodged, and thus escaped unharmed. But the ball, passing through and into the room above, there selected its unconscious victim, and without a moment's warning, launched him forth, prepared or otherwise, to appear before that God who knows every thought and purpose of the hearts of men. The commandant of the prison is Maj. Thomas P. Turner, of the C. S. A. He was formerly a student at West Point; but it is generally understood among the prisoners that he was expelled from that school for forgery. He was subsequently made captain in the Rebel service, and, for efficiency as a great Yankee destroyer, has recently been promoted to the rank of major. We come in contact with Maj. Turner more than with any other of the prison authorities. He is a man whose character may easily be gathered from his countenance; for the hoof-prints of appetite have made a lasting impression there. ' The utter depravity of the man seems to have gained a full and complete expression in every lineament of his countenance. To one who comprehends the sublime capabilities of the human soul, there is something inconceivably terrible in its perversions. Look at it as it comes, pure and plastic, from its Maker; look at it in the maturity of its

development, as it stands before the world stained and hardened.

The higher and nobler the purpose to which a life may be devoted, the darker and deeper the infamy into which it may be plunged.

There is nothing so loathesome and so much to be feared, as a human soul grown powerful in sin, and left to be racked and twisted by the machinations of the evil one and the sinful promptings of human nature. Demons grown from germs that might have produced angels; — rank developments, drinking in the healthful stimulants of life, and reproducing them in hideous forms of vice and crime; —

> "Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
> With whom revenge is virtue."

Such, I conclude, is the character of the man in question. It seems as though he has no feelings of humanity. He is, in fact, prepared for any crime that could enlist the evil passions of our nature. He uses every means at his command for annoying the prisoners. So atrocious are his deeds, that the stings of conscience give him no rest day or night. He fancies that the prisoners are plotting to take his life, and has changed his quarters from the prison to a building across the street.

October 29. — There is at present much sickness in the hospital. A large number of the prisoners, captured during the fall campaign, are suffering most severely from their wounds. As the Rebels are utterly regardless of the sufferings of those under

their charge, here the spirit of vengeance and brute ferocity is manifested in its most malignant form. The treatment that our officers, wounded and sick, receive at the hands of the "Southern chivalry" is most brutal. It would chill the blood of him not entirely bereft of human feelings to witness such usage of even the dumb beasts of the forest.

November 7. — To-day there is an interval in the uneasiness of the prisoners. A flag-of-truce boat is in. It is now thought and earnestly hoped that something will be done to relieve the sufferings of our prisoners, both here and on Belle Isle; yet, what the result will be time only can reveal. It is expected that Col. Wm. Irvine, of the Tenth New York Cavalry, will be assistant commissioner of exchange.

If we remain long in prison there is a disagreeable lesson for us to learn. Rumors are constantly afloat, and it is so hard to believe that they are not true, that there is a strong desire to trust that we may be soon released. Our wishes are constantly suggesting means for their own accomplishment. And yet it is not well to suffer ourselves to be aroused by these exciting hopes. Such unsatisfied expectations, ending as they do in depression of spirits and disgust of our surroundings, will have a deteriorating effect upon our health. We must grow into the luxury of indifference. Experience must teach us the lesson. That hard schoolmaster must lash us, until our nerves will remain quiet even underneath the stroke.

There is no room for philosophy. It is not enough to say to ourselves, "it is not best to trust these rumors." The mind rebels. It will trust them. We cannot control our rampant thoughts. Fancy will run wild, and dwell on distant scenes of pleasure and comfort from which we are excluded. While she feasts, we are starving. The spirit is strong, but the flesh is weak,—and when the strong spirit returns from its wanderings, weak and weary, how much more weary is the weak flesh that takes it home.

Such struggles must we engage in until we sink into a kind of stupor, which scarcely cares whether life or death be our portion. There is something of the animal in this lethargy, which makes it disagreeable to contemplate. It is natural for man to hope, and when he has outlived hope, he has outlived his manhood likewise.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE HOSPITAL AT LIBBY.

November 8. — For some days my health had been failing, and when at "sick call" the Rebel sergeant called out, "Fall in, sick!" a friend gave me the assistance of his arm, and I appeared before the prison surgeon.

With something like the business air with which a grocery clerk would address a country customer, came the rapid questions, "What do you want? Where are you sick? How long have you been so? Have you taken any medicine?" Then turning to the sergeant, "Take this man to the hospital," ended the examination.

Once in the hospital, I was not long in being subjected to its peculiar influence. There was the ominous stillness, only broken by a choking cough or labored groan; there was the chilling dread, as though one were in the immediate presence of death and under the ban of silence; there was the anxious yearning — the almost frantic yearning — which one feels in the contemplation of suffering which he is powerless to alleviate. And worse than all, soon came that hardened feeling which a familiarity with such scenes necessitates.

It is nothing more or less than a charnel house! We are constantly in the midst of the dead and dying. I am well aware that in time of war, on the field of carnage, in camp, where the pestilential fevers rage, or in the crowded prisons of the enemy, under such circumstances human life is but little valued. Yet there are moments amidst all these scenes, when the awful reality seems to force itself upon the mind of every man with power that cannot be resisted.

PREVAILING DISEASES.

Scurvy, chronic diarrhœa, and fever, are the prevailing diseases here, and from their baneful effects scores of our brave men are dying daily.

It is well known that scurvy originates from an exclusive diet of salt rations and corn bread. Its most effectual cure is a change to vegetable food, vinegar, or some other acid. Its first symptoms are eruptions on different parts of the body. Soon it locates — generally in the ankles. Here large sores begin to form similar to the first appearance of boils. These deepen and spread. The limbs become swollen. If not checked, it soon covers the whole body, and the flesh actually rots away and falls off the bones. It generally proves fatal by attacking the glands of the throat. These swell enormously, and the patient is often strangled. Sometimes it locates in the mouth; in this case the gums become softened and the teeth drop out.

How human beings could keep their unfortunate

fellows in prison, tormented by such maladies, where they could not or would not afford them the means of relief, must remain forever a problem in "secession ethics."

REBEL SURGEONS.

November 9. — The prison surgeons appear to be gentlemen, and treat us with some little consideration. To be sure, we are not very exacting, and consider ourselves remarkably fortunate if not subjected to positive abuse; still, much credit is due to many of the medical men of the South. They seem disposed to make the best possible use of the means placed at their disposal, and even remonstrated with the Rebel authorities for withholding those medicines and comforts without which a hospital is not a hospital.

There were exceptions to this rule, as I learned from those who were old residents of the prison when I arrived. Some of them have been tyrannical and abusive. Our own surgeons are permitted to be among the sick, and this is a great comfort. Their prescriptions are filled, so far as the prison dispensary has a supply.

November 11. — I arose this morning weak and weary. To sleep during the night was impossible; coughed severely at intervals. Pneumonia is making serious work among the sick. Many, reduced to extreme weakness by fevers and diarrhœa, are attacked with it, and cough their lives away. The

climate seems favorable to the development of pulmonary diseases.

HOSPITAL RATIONS.

Our rations in the hospital consist of one small slice of bread for breakfast, for dinner a table-spoonful of rice and a very small piece of meat, and for supper the same allowance as for breakfast.

The hospital connected with Libby is a room about forty feet by one hundred and twenty. It is filled to its utmost capacity, while many cannot get admittance, and so die at their quarters in the upper rooms. In addition to this are many other hospitals in different parts of the city, besides those on Belle Island.

November 15. — I am still very weak, but think my health is improving. Some boxes, sent by our Sanitary Commission, have been opened for the benefit of the sick. It was my good fortune to get some pickles with the vinegar about them. This has had the effect of checking the scurvy, and I am in a fair way to recover.

In spite of the distressing circumstances that surround us, we yet, occasionally, find something to laugh at. A cheerful heart and a smiling face are better antidotes to disease than all the nostrums in the calendar; but they are more rare in southern hospitals than even medicines. He who makes us laugh is a real benefactor. It is generally considered that when a man goes to the hospital, he goes there to die. On this supposition a poor fellow,

whose waggery is irrepressible, as he was brought into the hospital to-day, called out with as loud a voice as he could muster, "Hello, fellers, I've got leave to die, too."

The sickest could scarcely repress a smile, and all felt as though they had received a tonic.

EXCHANGE RUMORS.

The medical gentlemen in the prison are on the high-heels. The Rebs. tell them that they are soon to be exchanged. Anxiety, hope, fear, and what not, have a strange effect upon them. They are well nigh insane.

November 23. — The prospect of an immediate exchange having vanished, there seems to be no hope, for at least one or two months to come. We can with but slight certainty predict the future. This is true, under favorable circumstances; but in these times of doubt and uncertainty, we truly know not what a day may bring forth.

November 25. — The exchange of surgeons has finally been accomplished, and there is now a general feeling of joy within the walls of Libby. Although we are still destined to remain, yet it is a source of joy to know that some of our number are afforded the opportunity of leaving these execrable walls.

Maj. Turner issued the order for surgeons to fall in, early in the morning. There was a general rush among the prisoners to send some word to their friends at home by the liberated. The medical gen-

tlemen were very obliging, but had to be on their guard. They were carefully searched before leaving, and if anything contraband was discovered, it was understood that it would not only be taken, but the bearer be detained.

Where only one or two were going, they would read the letters sent home by the prisoners, and if nothing objectionable was found, let them pass. In this instance, however, they had no time for so minute an inspection, and necessarily detained everything. But they were outwitted by many little expedients. Almost every button on the coats of those going home, contained a good-sized letter written on tissue paper. These buttons could be easily taken apart. The soles of their shoes and boots were loosened and papers put between them. The crowns of hats and caps were ripped apart, filled with letters, and sewed together again. Every device was resorted to that offered a prospect of success.

The chief thing desired by the prisoners was, that their friends might learn the secret of communicating with them without the knowledge of the Rebel authorities. One wrote to bid friends to hold his letters to the fire, that the writing might become visible. Another directed a box to be sent him with greenbacks hidden in a roll of butter, or in a piece of cheese, or inside a pickle in a bottle of vinegar.

What we most expect, however, is that the surgeons will make such representations to the authorities at Washington as will bring about a general exchange. Situated as we are, we cannot see why

this cannot be readily accomplished. Surely prisoners ought not to be subjected to such treatment in a Christian land, and Church and State be powerless to help them. Truly we looked for more consideration at the hands of our Christian brethren and fellow-countrymen.

Our present condition seems more like a cruel dream of the old barbarous times than a reality of the nineteenth century in civilized America.

Received the "Richmond Sentinel" this morning from a friend up stairs, who conveyed it to me through the key-hole. This key-hole is in an unused door which has been nailed up and the lock removed, leaving this means of communication exposed, and as it has gradually grown larger with use, it is of some service to us.

"OLD NEWSBOY BEN."

Every day a jolly old negro goes along past the prison crying, "Great tallyraphic news in de papers! Mighty news from de Army of Northern Virginy! Great fightin' in de Souf-west!"

It is astonishing how the cry thrills us. It has a *home sound*, and we forget for the moment that we are prisoners in the land of Secessia. These papers we have, at times, been permitted to purchase at prices ranging from twenty-five cents (two bits) to one dollar.

Here we get the southern accounts of the war, with customary embellishments. Whenever they are full of bluster, braggadocia, and abuse, we know

it has been going ill with the Rebels. When the tone is mild and reasonable and conciliatory, we have reason to believe that things go on swimmingly with them. Thus we interpret their accounts, as gypsies interpret dreams.

November 26. — This is Thanksgiving day. We may feel — and indeed are — thankful that our condition, bad even as it is, is no worse.

Under the very worst circumstances allotted to mortals, we can still imagine something worse, and ought to be thankful. The Scotch divine, who was subject to gout and rheumatism, used to thank the Lord, when suffering with the former that it was not the latter; when the latter got hold of him, he was thankful that he had not both at once; and when both seized him at once, he was more thankful than ever that he had not the toothache at the same time.

Still, we make no very special point of being thankful. There are no chaplains with us, and no religious exercises have been held. There is no danger of its being turned into a day of feasting; for our stinted allowance will not admit of that. Maj. Turner allowed an issue of the remaining few of our private boxes this morning, which have been in his possession for the past two months. They were all broken open, and were generally stripped of everything which could be of any use to us. They were plundered by the common soldiers of the regiment doing guard duty here, under the eyes and with the permission of the prison authorities. Were

we among barbarians, such treatment would be nothing more than we might reasonably expect. But among civilized men, who acknowledge that a God of justice rules among the nations of the earth, with the name of Christian ever on their lips, it is not endurable!

This day calls to mind some days of thanksgiving instituted by Rebels. What they had to be thankful for, nobody knows. Yet these same men, who deliberately starved and froze our unfortunate soldiers, would lift their hands to Heaven with as much fervor as a dying saint, thankful perhaps that the strength and means had been given them to torment their fellow-men. Thankful that their armies were occasionally successful in their strife against the best and freest and most liberal government on earth. Thankful that the chains were tightening on the limbs of the bondman. Thankful that a fierce and cruel aristocracy were triumphing over the equal rights of the people; at least so they thought as they turned their blood-stained palms heavenward. And they thanked God for these results. A greater mistake was never made, as we confidently believe.

If history thanks God for these seemingly retrograde movements of freedom, I question whether the Rebels of the present day will join in the pean.

November 27,—Brings us a mail from the North. I was so fortunate as to receive two letters. They were indeed like "cold water to a thirsty soul." No one can appreciate the value of a bit of paper crossed with familiar lines and home thoughts until they

[redacted]ircumstances. The reception of these letters, however, is an unusual occurrence; for we are seldom permitted to correspond with our friends; and then only under the most cruel restrictions. Our letters are limited to six lines of ordinary note paper, including date, signature, and address. They are carefully criticised by the Rebel authorities, and no information concerning our true condition is allowed to be sent. Every scheme that could be divined to outwit the Rebels has been resorted to, and successful to some extent; for Gen. Dow and many other prisoners have learned the secret of writing with "invisible ink," which is nothing more than a solution of soda or saleratus. This leaves no impression on the paper until it is heated, when it becomes quite distinct, and may be easily read. But this secret was at length discovered; it occurred in this wise: A captain, writing to a fair and undoubtedly very dear friend, could not brook to be limited to only six lines, when he had so much to communicate; so, resorting to this mixture, he completely filled the sheet with "soft and winning words;" and then, fearing lest his fair dulcenea would not discover the secret, added, —

"Now, my dear, read this over, and then bake it in the oven and read it again."

This was too much. The Rebels thinking that if the letter would improve by baking it might be well to improve it at once, accordingly held it to the fire. This brought to light four closely-written pages of the tenderest and most heart-rending sentiment.

The hard-hearted wretches were not in the least affected by the soul-stirring appeals, but threw it into the fire. Since then our correspondence has been carefully scrutinized, and will doubtless in the future be subjected to all manner of tests.

GEN. NEAL DOW,

Of Maine, is the highest in rank of the officers confined here. He makes no very imposing appearance; wears an old red skull-cap, which gives him the appearance of a Turk, and minds his own business. The Rebels, in particular, find him very reticent. He seems to have a perfect contempt for traitors, and scarcely ever speaks to them. They, in turn, hate him very much worse than they do the devil. Several times during his imprisonment they refused to exchange on direct application from our Government.

The general has not recovered from his Maine-law proclivities by any means. He very often discourses to us from his corner on the subject of temperance, and sends home his thrusts with all his former vigor.

He is also something of a wit. The prison is alive with vermin, and so is the general. One day while sitting on his blanket searching his clothes, an officer said to him, "What, general! are you lousy?" "No," said the general, "I ain't, but my shirt is."

Many of his letters, written to friends in the North, with invisible ink, have been published; but his literary labors are at an end for the present at least.

November 28. — Some of our senior officers have complained to the prison authorities in relation to our rations, but to no purpose. You might as well approach a granite rock, with expectation of receiving sympathy; for they are perfectly hardened to all feelings of humanity, and are only delighted with the intensity of our sufferings.

We are becoming accustomed to the sensations of hunger. A continual gnawing at the stomach has become chronic, and is little regarded, yet is surely having its legitimate effects on our health and constitutions.

The ravages of death are spreading most fearfully among our enlisted men on Belle Island, and in the various hospitals of the city.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

The burial of the dead is a very business-like affair. As fast as men die they are carried out to the "dead house" and piled up, much as bags of corn would be, until there are enough for a load, when the keeper calls out to the prison carter, "A load of dead Yankees! Drive up your mule." The carter then drives up, and takes in his load with as much unconcern as though he were drawing wood or other articles.

ESCAPE OF DEAD YANKEES.

At first there was no such officer as "dead-house keeper," but it was noticed that some how the dead Yankees often came up missing — concluding to

bury themselves, or get along without burial; and after this the dead were under surveillance, as well as the living.

Escaping was a regular trade. The first move was to play sick, and get into the hospital. The next move was to bribe, or otherwise influence, the hospital steward, who was generally a Federal soldier, and get them to agree to do the "carrying out." The next move was to get so sick that the Rebel surgeon would say, "he must die." The last performance of the sick man was to die in agony, and be carried to the dead house. His future movements were not very well understood, but some how the corpse was never seen more. Ingenuity was tasked to the utmost to devise means of escape. Yankee brass was almost invariably more than a match for all obstacles.

A REBEL SURGEON OUTWITTED BY A YANKEE TAILOR.

A major, whose name I have forgotten, made his escape a short time before I entered the hospital, and deserves a medal for it. He had been a tailor before entering the service, and as the Rebels had a high opinion of Yankee handicraft, the prison surgeon sent him his coat to be remodelled after a northern pattern.

The work was made to last until about dusk, when the tailor soldier put on the surgeon's coat, and taking with him a friend as hospital steward, coolly walked out into the street, and neither of them

were heard of again until they reached the Federal lines.

November 29. — More letters reached us to-day, bringing to me the sad news of the death of a sister. Oh, how inexpressibly sad do such tidings strike the heart. In the very midst of death, I am permitted to drag out a weary life, while dear ones in a land of health and plenty are struck down by the fatal shafts. Her death occurred on the 20th of October, the day after my capture. Just as I was thrust into prison and doubly bound to the grovelling discomforts of earth, she was released from the prison-house of clay, and received, I trust, into the joyous freedom of Heaven.

Our lives are all in the hands of him "who doeth all things well." He appoints us a period of existence, and appoints a moment to depart. All other influences are subordinate to his will.

"What can preserve our lives — or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch us from the grave —
Legions of angels can't confine us there."

BRAGG'S DEFEAT.

November 30. — The Rebels are now smarting under the severe defeat of Gen. Bragg, and although desirous of keeping us in ignorance of our success, yet we have been able to gather nearly all of the particulars. It seems that Gen. Hooker, on the 24th, succeeded in carrying, by assault, the northern slope of Lookout Mountain, while Gen. Sherman,

co-operating with him, crossed the river at the mouth of the South Chickamauga. After meeting an obstinate resistance, he at last succeeded in capturing the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge. Owing to the combined success of Hooker and Sherman, the enemy abandoned Lookout Mountain during the night, retiring toward Chickamauga. Early the next morning the battle was commenced with renewed energy by Gen. Sherman, who made an assault upon the enemy at the northern end of Missionary Ridge. But our troops met with a severe repulse. The field was hotly contested with varied fortune until three o'clock in the afternoon, when Gen. Grant, by hurling two columns against their centre, forced them back, and gained possession of the ridge. The enemy, once routed, retired rapidly toward Dalton, Ga., being hotly pressed by our forces as far as Ringold. The Rebels admit a loss of six thousand prisoners, seven thousand stand of small arms, and upwards of fifty pieces of artillery. They regard this as one of the severest defeats that they have sustained since the war began.

Many jokes were perpetrated on Gen. Bragg, as a result of his defeat. In telegraphing an account of the battle to the Confederate government he had been extremely laconic and quite as unsatisfactory, merely stating that "his left centre had been badly pressed by the enemy."

Some of the prisoners had improvised a minstrel troupe, of which Adjt. P. O. Jones was manager. All the tables had been moved to one side of the cook-

room to serve as a stage, and the performance was announced to come off at a certain hour. When the time arrived no Jones was to be found. An hour or two after he came in, and was severely taken to task for his absence, when he turned to the spectators, and with an air of injured innocence said, "I tell you, gentlemen, I have the best excuse in the world for my absence. My left centre was badly pressed by the enemy, and I was compelled to retire."

December 1. — The weather is extremely cold, and the sufferings of the prisoners in the upper rooms are indescribable, owing to the want of blankets and clothing. There are no fires, and, as yet, there is but little prospect of their being furnished with stoves. Many of our men on Belle Island are dying daily from exposure. Large numbers of the prisoners have no blankets, and are poorly clad. They are compelled to walk during the night-time to keep from freezing.

POSITION OF THE ARMIES.

This morning we obtained the "Richmond Enquirer" through one of our guards. It is thought that Gen. Meade will soon come in contact with Gen. Lee. Both armies are now drawn up in line of battle, on opposite sides of Mine Run. The Rebels seem to be greatly alarmed at the critical state of affairs, and we are most deeply interested in the result of the movement, which we earnestly hope may, in addition to the defeat of Gen. Lee

and the capture of Richmond, release us forever from these filthy dungeons.

PLANS FOR ESCAPE.

I have been communicating with Lieut. S. H. Tresouthick, Eighteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, through the key-hole, nearly all day, with regard to various plans of escape. All I have to do is, to go to the head of the stairs and push a paper through the key-hole when no Rebel officers are near, and it will be carried to the man to whom it is directed.

To give somewhat of a correct idea of the plans proposed, I will give a short description of the different rooms in the prison. There are three stories besides the basement. Each floor is divided into three rooms fifty feet by one hundred and twenty. The basement is similarly divided, and is used as a cook-room and store-house. The hospital room is on the first floor above the basement, and the room corresponding to this, on the next floor above, is the one occupied by Lieut. Tresouthick. There are sinks built on the outside of the building at the same height as each story, and running the whole length of the prison.

Tresouthick first proposed that he should feign sickness and get into the hospital, and I in the mean time should, with a saw-backed knife, cut a board out of the sink large enough to let us through.

After an investigation, it was found that our opening would let us through directly opposite the

guard, whom we had no means of passing; consequently, this plan had to be given up.

I then proposed that he should get into the hospital as before arranged, and I would manage to get a piece of rope eight or ten feet long, and then some dark, rainy night we would steal down into the basement, the outside doors of which are not locked till ten o'clock P. M., and await our opportunity.

When the sentinel's back is turned we will rush past him on either side, and with the rope trip him down, hoping to be beyond the reach of his musket before he can fire.

This plan seems to suit the lieutenant, and we must wait for his admission to the hospital. He commenced to be slightly sick two or three days ago, he tells me.

December 3. — This morning I read the "Richmond Sentinel," which was passed to me through the previously-described key-hole by friend Richardson. Gen. Meade is reported to be retiring in the direction of Fredericksburg. The object of the movement is not understood here.

BELLE ISLAND.

A small portion of the clothing sent on by our Government is now being issued to the enlisted men on Belle Island. Col. J. M. Sanderson, of our service, is permitted to make the issue. The prisoners are in a state of utter destitution, and the clothing cannot be distributed without guards; the poor boys, having been so long destitute, and having

almost perished for the want of sufficient covering, now rush upon the party making the issue, and take such articles as they need. There is no way of keeping them in restraint, but by military force. There is much misery here, caused by a disregard of justice. Could all the corruption and consequent suffering be known, it would be a dark spot upon the annals of American history.

Tresouthick's illness progresses finely, and we have hopes of being able to take advantage of it soon. He has only to present himself before the surgeon a sufficient number of times, and insist that he is very sick, in order to be admitted to the hospital, as we think.

December 8. — The weather is a little more mild to-day, and I find my health gradually improving. The greater portion of my time is now occupied in reading "Napoleon and his Marshals." I make it a daily practice to read the Bible, and to commit a portion of St. Matthew.

AMUSEMENTS.

There are games of amusement among us, which I sometimes participate in; the most popular are chess, checkers, dominoes, and cards. This evening I had a game of chess with Lieut. Carter, formerly of Baltimore.

Games of all kinds are vigorously plied to pass away time. Looking into any of the large rooms, you may see a party in one corner playing chess on a board marked out on the floor, with chess men

made of beef bones. In another corner, a group are playing checkers in the same manner, with buttons and wooden men. Others are huddled together around a set of dominoes, which they are rattling with considerable vigor.

Everywhere, and at all times, you may see the inevitable greasy cards; and euchre, whist, and bluff, go the rounds in rapid succession.

Here a group of lawyers are holding a moot-court, with a grave judge opposite, and a panel of duly-sworn jurymen sitting on the floor along the sides. Acres of valuable land have changed hands under their decisions. Horses have been adjudged to belong here and cows there, and dogs anywhere and everywhere. Nearly every man of the number has failed in business, and a large per cent. have been divorced; and lastly, judge and jury have unanimously decided, that they all be sent home without a moment's delay, times without number.

Debating clubs are settling important questions in different parts of the room, and youthful orators are constraining prison-life to give grace to their gestures and fluency to their tongues.

Finally, from some distant corner, may be heard the winning words of the gospel. An old gray-haired man, it may be, is telling an attentive company of younger men how precious the religion of Christ is to him in the midst of his sufferings. Hymns are sung, prayers are offered, and souls are refreshed.

Many are indifferent to all these things, and are sleeping on the floor.

In this way the time is passed, and in infinitely more ways, which the ingenuity of idle men will suggest.

Getting into the hospital is no easy matter, but Tresouthick is sicker than he was, and has good hopes.

AN ESCAPE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

December 12. — Last night Capts. Anderson and Skelton made their escape by bribing the guard. Skelton had been wounded, under Grant, before Vicksburg, and captured. A few days after, he made his appearance in Libby, with a patch over his eye and a green cap drawn over his head, smoking a cigar as complacently as though nothing had happened. A ball had entered his eye and come out behind his ear. Although bright as ever, he feigned dulness, and so was retained in the hospital. Anderson was just admitted, and with all the money they could muster they bribed a guard to let them out.

This morning at roll-call two bunks were empty, but after the sergeant had gone down one tier, two men left their bunks, and went to those of Anderson and Skelton, so their absence was not observed. When the surgeon came, however, he missed Skelton at once, as he was "a very noticeable man." The alarm was immediately given; but, as yet, nothing has been heard of the escaping party.

But little wood has been issued; and our hitherto scanty rations have been reduced as a punishment for the escape of Anderson and Skelton. It seems to be an established custom with Maj. Turner to punish all the prisoners for the escape of a single man from his number; and we now expect the most cruel exposure to cold and hunger for several days to come.

CHAPTER V.

RETURN FROM THE HOSPITAL.

THE exit of Anderson and Skelton has exasperated the prison authorities terribly, and most of all because their success was due to the treachery of their own guards. Thus our prospect of an escape has vanished, and we must take our chances with the others in the upper rooms. It has had a decided effect on Tresouthick's "health," however. He is much better to-day, and will probably recover much faster than he got sick.

December 26. — There has been much excitement to-day concerning an exchange of prisoners. Capt. Sawyer of the First New Jersey Cavalry has received a letter from Maj. Mulford, our Commissioner of Exchange, in which prospects of an exchange of all the prisoners confined are mentioned. There are many conflicting opinions and warm discussions. It is rumored that thirty officers and five hundred men are already declared exchanged. There seems to be much hilarity among the prisoners; yet I fear, as has been too often the case, we shall be disappointed. True, we cannot but feel great anxiety for our release; yet such reports have been so often afloat,

that I can place but little confidence in anything that may be said in relation to this subject.

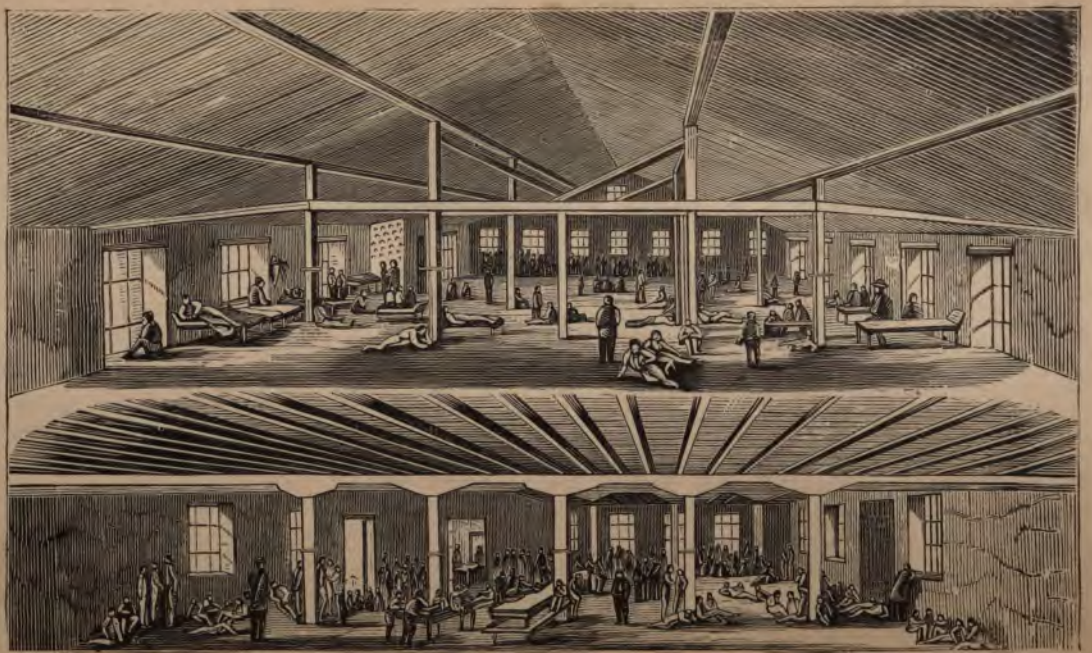
Sawyer has come to be our best authority on exchange, and expresses his opinions with all the bombast and assurance of a Wall-street broker. This is the Capt. Sawyer, who, with Capt. Flynn of the Fifty-first Indiana Infantry, was sentenced to be shot in retaliation for two Rebel officers tried and shot by Burnside, in Kentucky, for recruiting within the Federal lines.

Flynn was a modest man, and bore his notoriety commendably. Sawyer did a great deal of talking, and made himself a mark for many rich jokes. The prisoners often remarked that they would give a thousand dollars to be shot as Sawyer was.

HOSTAGES DESTINED FOR SALISBURY.

A short time since twenty-four captains were ordered down to Maj. Turner's office to draw for the chances of going to Salisbury, N. C. Three were to be chosen as hostages for some Rebel officers confined in the penitentiary at Alton, Ill. The lots fell on Capts. Julius L. Litchfield of the Fourth Maine Infantry, Edward E. Chase, First Rhode Island Cavalry, and Charles Kendall of the Signal Corps. Last night they were ordered out and sent to their destination, where they are sentenced to hard labor.*

* We afterwards learned that they refused to work, and were never compelled to.



INTERIOR VIEW OF LIBBY PRISON.

December 31. — This day closes up the old year, and soon, if life is spared, we shall enter upon the duties of the new; and what shall be the issues of the coming year none of us can tell. There is an air of sadness observable on the countenances of many, while others, thinking of the festivities of other days, on the occasion of this anniversary, seem desirous of celebrating as they were wont to do in the more peaceful days of yore. Many are making preparations to have a dance in the "cook-room" this evening. Evening advances, and with its onward march the dance ensues. For a time the prisoners seemed to forget that they were securely enclosed within these inhospitable prison walls. The merriment and hilarity still continued till the old year passed away to return no more.

Some, apparently disgusted with the reckless merriment, collected in groups, and sang in full chorus, national songs, till the old year was gone. "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Red, White, and Blue," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," etc., pealed through the long rooms with terrible emphasis, and when the chorus, —

> "The Union forever, — hurrah, boys, hurrah!
> Down with the traitors and up with the stars,
> While we rally round the Flag, boys, rally once again!
> Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!"

was reiterated again and again, with significant beating of feet, it seemed as if the very roof must give way before the accumulated volume of sound.

Some, as quietly as they might, in the midst of so much noise, watched the old year out, according to custom, with prayer and religious songs. All made a "watch-night" of it, for sleep was out of the question.

Some time ago a contribution was taken up among the prisoners, of the little money they had kept concealed from the prison authorities, and some musical instruments purchased. A bass-viol, violin, and banjo, compose our orchestra — besides a bushel or more of "bones."

These were on "extra duty" during the whole night, and certainly tended to cause us to forget our aches and privations. Such jollification the Rebels allowed, I suppose, because they happened to be in good humor, or had amusements of their own to attend to.

THE NEW YEAR IN LIBBY.

January 1, 1864. — Another year has been ushered in to mark an important period in the world's history. Its records will, ere long, be fixed by the historian, and posterity shall know the successes and defeats, the trials and sufferings, of the present eventful epoch.

Some little attempt has been made by the cooks to give us a "New Year's dinner," although no extra rations have been issued. For instance, instead of simply boiled rice and corn-cakes, they have given us rice soup, or rice-water and gruel; rice pudding, that is, boiled rice mixed with corn meal and water;

corn-meal pudding, which is meal-batter mixed with boiled rice; then we have had boiled rice and corn-bread, pure, unmixed, *à la* Libby. Thus we have had unity, or at least duality, in the midst of variety — which is an excellent thing.

January 2. — The following is the daily allowance of rations issued to us by the prison authorities: About three-fourths of a pound of corn-bread, one gill of rice, one-half pound of beef, and a very little salt. On such rations we are left to live or die. Groceries can be purchased of the prison commissary at the following rates: —

Potatoes, per bushel,	$40
Onions, " "	50
Wheat bread, 6 oz. loaves,	1
Butter, per lb.,	10
Lard, " "	8
Sugar, " "	6
Coffee, " "	10
Tea, " "	12
Eggs, per doz.,	6

At the above prices the prisoners may purchase the necessaries of life by disposing of their clothing, rings, and anything else of value which it may be their good fortune to possess.

PUNISHMENT FOR SINGING OUR NATIONAL SONGS.

January 24. — It has all along been our custom to go down to the cook-room occasionally, for a promenade, there being more room for exercise there than in our own quarters. It is a great relief to walk without being constantly compelled to exer-

cise care lest you step on some one. I went down last evening for a walk, and there found about sixty prisoners marching around the room at double-quick, in column of fours. I fell in with them, and all commenced singing "Star-Spangled Banner," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," etc.

This had continued for some time, when the door leading into the street suddenly opened, and a squad of armed Rebels filed in. Maj. Turner was at their head, and quickly crossing the room and placing himself at the door leading up stairs to prevent any of us from escaping from the room, he began, "Now then, you damned boisterous scoundrels, I'll teach you to begin your cursed howling in this building again. I want you to understand that you mustn't drive people crazy out in the streets with your villainous Yankee songs." Then, turning to the guards —"Take your stations about these damned rascals, and shoot the first man that dares to stir out of his tracks, and relieve each other till further orders." To us again: "Now, damn you, you will stand here till twelve o'clock to-night; and make a bit of noise or move from your places, at your peril." He then ordered us into line, and marched us to the north end of the cook-room, where we were kept till the appointed time.

The fires went out early in the evening, and it was very cold. Some managed to get blankets from their friends above, but the guards soon put a stop to such transactions. One man from above called down to a friend, through a knot-hole in the floor,

and asked him if he wanted a blanket. The guard heard him, cocked his gun, and aimed at the hole; but a call from below gave the man warning, and he was away. So much for singing national songs. But patriotism will find vent some how, in spite of Rebel vengeance.

The Jews, during their captivity, hung their harps on the willows, and complained bitterly when they were asked to sing their native songs. Union prisoners seem to be affected very differently.

JOHN MORGAN, THE REBEL GUERRILLA, VISITS LIBBY.

January 25. — John Morgan, the famous Rebel raider, visited the prison to-day. His popularity is very great just at present. Maj. Turner, and a large company of Confederates, accompanied him through the rooms.

As they approached the end of the room occupied by Gen. Dow, they naturally expected him to recognize them, or otherwise show some signs of life; but the stern old general did not for a moment raise his eyes from the book he was reading, until the last Rebel had passed, when he gave one contemptuous glance at them, and continued his reading.

Morgan is a large, fine-looking officer; wears a full beard, and a Rebel uniform trimmed with the usual amount of gold braid.

THE GREAT YANKEE TUNNEL.

February 11. — Some time ago twenty-seven of our number commenced digging a tunnel with a

view to making an escape. We were a regularly organized company of "sappers." Col. Thomas E. Rose, Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, conceived the plan, and the work was carried on under his supervision. None were admitted into the secret but the workmen.

Col. Rose was well prepared to superintend the work, for he had served in the Mexican war, was taken prisoner by the Mexicans, and after a short confinement escaped, by tunnelling from the prison a sufficient distance to be clear from the guards. He had served his apprenticeship, and was now prepared to manage and direct.

THE PLAN OF OPERATION

is as follows: There is in the basement a small unoccupied room, which has been closed ever since our arrival here; and we soon discovered that the prison authorities had no use for it, and never entered it. In this room a chimney starts, which runs up through the cook-room, and so to the top of the building. The first operation was to make an opening into this chimney from the cook-room, which opening was hidden by some slop-barrels. These barrels our own soldiers were of course obliged to empty, so that there was no danger of detection at this point.

Through this opening a ladder was entered one night, and carried on down to the ground. This ladder had been brought into the prison by the Rebels for the purpose of raising a flag on the building. Inquiry was made concerning it, a few

days after it was taken, but as no one knew anything about it, it was inferred that it was taken for fuel.

At the foot of the ladder another opening was made through the chimney wall leading into the under-ground basement-room. By removing a few stones from the wall of this room, we were in a situation to commence the work of tunnelling.

CONVENIENCES FOR PERFORMING THE WORK.

The only implements in our possession for performing the work, were an old trowel and half of a canteen. The arduous labor was commenced with the fragment of a canteen, but with this, the progress was so slow, that the most patient were almost disheartened. Fortunately for us, a mason came in to repair the prison walls, and going to dinner before he had finished his work left his trowel, which in his absence most mysteriously disappeared. To him it may have been of but little account, to us it was a God-send. With the aid of this implement, we were able to make more rapid progress, were greatly encouraged, and worked night and day with ceaseless energy. Two of our number were kept in the tunnel almost constantly. One, by a vigorous use of the trowel and canteen, would advance slowly on, placing the dirt in an old blanket, which the other would convey out of the tunnel into a corner of the basement-room whence the tunnel started. The work was entirely screened from the Rebel authorities, as they never had occasion to visit this apartment, and the aperture in the chimney was carefully

concealed. We at length succeeded in digging under ground, until we had passed beyond the line of sentinels stationed about the prison, and then worked our way to the surface, leaving a passage just large enough for one man to crawl through at a time.

The outer end of the tunnel was in a small unfrequented lot, adjoining a small building in which boxes sent from the North were stored. This was a fortunate circumstance, as the Rebel guards used to skulk about this building at night, for the purpose of plundering the boxes; and on the night of the escape, the sentinels about the prison saw every man who came out, but supposing they were Rebels, only whispered to each other, "The fellows are going through the Yankee boxes mighty fast to-night." These whisperings were distinctly heard by some of our men.

The tunnel was made ready for our exit on the night of February 9th. It was about sixty-five feet in length.

EACH MAN DETERMINED TO BE FIRST OUT.

The company of sappers had entered into an arrangement that they should make their exit first, and inform the others just as they were going out; but each man had a particular friend whom he wished to notify, and as we were seen packing our clothing, it soon became suspected that something unusual was in the wind. Curiosity, once on the alert, soon discovered the secret, and then all were jubilant

with the hope of escape, and commenced packing up. But egress was so slow that it soon became evident to the cool calculator, that at the best but a comparatively small proportion of our number would be fortunate enough to take their departure from Libby, before daylight would forbid any further efforts to breathe the free air of heaven.

In order to get down the chimney, as well as along the tunnel, it was necessary to strip naked, wrap our clothing into a bundle, and push this on before us. As soon as it was seen that only a few could possibly get out, many, and in fact, most, became selfish, and thought only of furthering their own wishes; all rushed for the mouth of the tunnel, each man seeming determined to be first out. By this movement, the organization formed by the working party was broken up, and the workmen who were to have had the first opportunity for escape, were not more favorably situated than those who never had borne a hand in the digging. At the mouth of the tunnel were hundreds most eagerly waiting their time. Through the intense anxiety, there was a rush and a crowd, each one being eager to improve the earliest opportunity. Muscle was the "trump-card," and won all the victories. The weak had to step aside, or rather, they were pushed aside without any apology. No respect was shown to rank or justice. A long-armed second lieutenant had no hesitancy in taking hold of a pair of shoulders that wore eagles and pushing them out of the way. There was no standing aside for betters.

The aged did not receive that deference which unfortunate gray hairs are accustomed to be shown. Mere physical force was the test of championship. Those poor, weak ones, who got help to gravitate to the outskirts of such an eager, crowding mass, just as surely as the light kernels will find their way to the top of a shaken measure of wheat, thought, as they felt themselves being crowded farther and farther from the opening,—

> "Oh, 'tis excellent
> To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
> To use it like a giant!"

I made several efforts to assert what I supposed my rights, but, as I had not at that time much muscle to back my claims, they were not recognized, and thus I spent the whole night without avail in this bootless struggle for freedom. One prisoner, a Lieut. Randolph, of the Regular Army, had much difficulty in getting through.

In digging the tunnel, we had encountered a green root which could not be broken, and we had no means to cut it away. It projected from the ground above, and, as the lieutenant was a large man, caught him as he was passing, and held him fast. There was a man before him and one behind, who almost entirely excluded the air; and before he could be helped from his unfortunate situation, he was nearly dead. He, however, got through, and made his way safely to our lines.

Some of the outsiders in this struggle, who despaired of accomplishing anything by strength, had recourse to strategy. There had been considerable noise during this contest for freedom, and the guards were expected to make their appearance at any moment. The outsiders, taking advantage of this apprehension, went to the farther end of the long building, and in the darkness made a racket with the pots and kettles, which sounded very much like the clashing of fire-arms; while some of their number in the crowd sang out, "Guards! guards!"

THE STAMPEDE.

In an instant every man was gone from the tunnel, and there was a frantic rush for the single stairway, by about five hundred men. Such a struggling and pressing I have never elsewhere seen or participated in. We neither walked up nor ran up, but were literally lifted from our feet, and pushed in a mass along up the passage, and made our entrance through the door at the head of the stairs as though we had been shot from a cannon, the most of us not stopping until we struck the wall on the opposite side of the room. While this was going on, the scamps who had given the alarm were quietly passing out of the tunnel.

The *ruse* was soon discovered, however, and in a few minutes there was as great a jam at the mouth of the tunnel as ever. But so eager and unthinking were we, that within half an hour the same dodge

was played on us again, and there was another stampede up the stairs.

This continued till morning, when the opening in the chimney was covered, and we went to our quarters. Here a "count" was made, to discover how many had made their escape, when it was found that one hundred and fifteen were missing. Arrangements were at once made to account for their absence, and certain men were designated to cross the room slyly during roll-call, and be counted twice.

ROLL-CALL.

For some reason the authorities were late that morning, and did not make their appearance till about ten o'clock. In calling the roll the men attempted to cross the room, but were discovered, and so the count came one hundred and fifteen short. The Rebels thought there must be a mistake, and so counted again, but with the same result. Still they thought there must be some mistake, and joked little Ross, the prison clerk, who was none of the brightest, because he could not count a thousand Yankees. This time we were marched from one room to another, and counted one by one, but in every way there were one hundred and fifteen men missing. We of course were as much surprised as the Rebels. They next sent for Maj. Turner, and he counted us two or three times, but with equally unsatisfactory results. He asked us where they had gone and how they got out, but not a man knew.

The escape was at once made public, and the

papers were filled with it, and the most effectual means were used to secure their recapture.

THE GUARD IN CASTLE THUNDER.

The authorities were terribly exasperated, and at first arrested the guard and threw them into Castle Thunder, thinking, as a matter of course, that they had been bribed. This set the guards to thinking, and one of them recollected that he had seen a great number of men in the lot near the Yankee boxes. Latouche, the prison adjutant, hearing of this just before night, went and found the opening. Next, they questioned the prisoners as to where in the building it began, but could get no satisfaction; and not until after a long search, did they find the opening in the chimney.

They were really pleased with the shrewdness of the scheme, and were loud in their praises of Yankee ingenuity. Guards were placed over each end of the tunnel, and it was on exhibition for a while. Crowds have been to see the "Great Yankee Wonder," as they call it.

RECAPTURE OF PRISONERS.

February 12. — Twelve of the escaped prisoners were brought in to-day, and thrown into the cells. Poor fellows! they look crest-fallen enough.

February 13. — Sixteen more of the escaped prisoners were brought in and placed in close confinement. Their rations have been greatly reduced, and many of them have been thrown in irons.

Maj. Turner allowed an issue of boxes to-day, which have been in his hands for the past two months. The scoundrel had given our Government the assurance that all private boxes sent on to the prisoners would be immediately distributed; but in this case there is not even "honor among thieves." Most of the boxes were plundered under the eyes of the prison authorities; and those that were issued were robbed of their most valuable contents. These are doubtless the boxes the guards saw their comrades robbing on the night of the escape.

Twenty more of the escaped prisoners have been brought in during the day.

KILPATRICK'S RAID.

March 8. — Some of the guard, more communicative than discreet, have been led to disclose all they know concerning Kilpatrick's raid. It seems, from what we can learn, that an expedition has been organized for the purpose of releasing the prisoners at Richmond. We have heard the dull booming of artillery at intervals during the day, which proves that our troops are already engaging the enemy in the fortifications. The prisoners are all on the *qui vive*, anxiously awaiting the result; and how anxiously! When, since the commencement of the war, has there been so much at stake? Richmond to be gained or lost, and with it the freedom of thousands of brave men, incarcerated in filthy dungeons, and dying of starvation!

To be ready for an emergency, we have organized ourselves into regiments, appointed officers, and made all necessary preparations for co-operating with our troops in case of a release, as they will undoubtedly be prepared to supply us with arms. If we are suffered to remain here, we hope, in a measure at least, to aid in our release.

HOPES AND FEARS.

The day wears away, and still no change in the situation that we can learn. Night comes, and the welcome sound of artillery has ceased, and the prisoners are earnestly asking, "Is it a repulse, or has darkness put an end to a conflict destined to break forth with renewed energy in the morning?" The Rebels seem as much in doubt as ourselves, and equally desirous of information. It is a comfort to hear the opinions of others under the circumstances, whether we accept those opinions or not.

March 12. — During the last few days, since the battle, we have learned some of the particulars, from Rebel sources, concerning the fate of Gen. Kilpatrick's expedition.

It seems that at Frederick's Hall, Col. Dahlgren, with about five hundred men, was detached, with orders to move by the way of Louisa Court House, while Kilpatrick, with the main body, moved on Ashland, thus threatening Richmond with two columns, destroying all government property on their line of march. But a misfortune, which a military commander in an enemy's country is so

liable to meet with, thwarted one of the best conceived and most daring plans of the war.

Col. Dahlgren had employed a negro, as guide, who betrayed him by leading in the direction of Gouchland. When Dahlgren discovered his mistake, he ordered the negro to be executed for his perfidy, and, changing his course, commenced marching rapidly upon Richmond; but the Rebels were now well informed of the movement, and were on the alert.

DEATH OF COL. DAHLGREN.

On his return, Col. Dahlgren destroyed the Dover flouring mills and several private flouring establishments. He also materially injured the James River Canal; but in attempting to cross the river he was surprised by a large force of the enemy in ambush, who fired upon him, killing himself and scattering his party by the first volley.

Kilpatrick, deprived of the valuable services of Dahlgren, and having also to contend against an enemy who were receiving large reinforcements from Pickett's brigade at Bottom Bridge, acted the wise part, and retired during the night in the direction of Mechanicsville.

The advantages gained from the expedition seem to consist wholly in the large destruction of Rebel property, and also in cutting the communication between Lee's army and Richmond. The enemy captured a few prisoners, and, of course, claimed a decided victory.

REBEL MODE OF TREATING RAIDERS.

The prisoners captured from the raiding party are treated with the greatest inhumanity. The Rebels evidently have not exhausted all their resources of cruelty upon us; for we are well used in comparison. Officers, enlisted men, and negroes, are crowded together in filthy cells, and not allowed to communicate with the other prisoners. Their rations are much less than ours, and even of a poorer quality; no indignity so great as not to be offered them. A Rebel sergeant brings their meals to them, and then orders them to sit down alternately with the negroes. Many men have done this by chance, or from choice it may be, and thought nothing of it — but to be compelled to sit in such a manner by Rebel orders, for the purpose of affording amusement to idle lookers-on is something more than an American's pride can endure with equanimity.

They are not allowed to leave the room, and instead of going to the sink, are compelled to use an open tub which stands in one corner of the room. The object seems to be to impose a sense of disgrace on the men, and subject them to the ridicule of their own comrades, if possible, as well as that of the Rebels.

The reasons which they assign for this inhuman and uncivilized system of torture, is the destruction of public and private property during the raid, for which they hold them responsible.

The cell in which the raiders are confined is di-

rectly underneath my room; of course, every device is used to open communication with them, that we may get a true history of their treatment, and also for the purpose of alleviating their sufferings as much as lies within our power. We have succeeded, by the aid of a saw-backed knife, in cutting a small hole through the floor, which we have kept carefully concealed.

The authorities are in the habit of inspecting the floors continually to see that nothing is wrong. The hole opens through the ceiling of the cell, just over a large beam only a few inches below it. This prevents their seeing it from below, while the raiders, by climbing upon a table, can place a tin plate on the beam, and receive whatever is put down to them. To prevent their seeing it from our room above, we insert the piece that was sawed out, and plaster it over well with the vile black soap issued to us.

Through this hole we have furnished them with a share of such rations as have been issued to us. Some of our number were discovered by the Rebels while communicating with them, and, as a punishment for this offence, have been transferred to their cell. Henceforth, this was made the penalty for any such attempt; but its only effect was to warn us to be more cautious in the future.

THE PRISON UNDERMINED.

March 15. — Immediately after Kilpatrick's raid, the prison authorities set to work to undermine the building. The small basement-room from which the

tunnel commenced, has been filled with a sufficient quantity of powder, and now the Yanks. are prepared for h—ll, as they graphically express it. This is said to be in the event of our attempting to escape, or of a release being attempted by raiding parties. The whole transaction is in perfect harmony with their ideas of civilized warfare.

Such a plan of wholesale murder evinces a state of moral depravity on the part of the authorities at Richmond, to which we challenge the historian to find a parallel in the records of any civilized nation. Can such a people, that will perform acts of this description without apparent shame or conscious self-abasement, be entitled to be called by the mild term "enemies"? None but the blackest of traitors could resort to such an expedient.

Trains have been laid from this room to various guard-posts, where they can be fired at a moment's notice. Maj. Turner himself has given us to understand that if any more attempts are made at our rescue, the prison will be blown to atoms.

March 20. — Sixty of our number were paroled to-day, and taken to City Point for the Confederate officers brought down by the Federal authorities; they are to be exchanged. Maj. McIrvin, of the old regiment, is one of the fortunates. The prisoners are in excellent spirits, and are universally afflicted with "exchange on the brain." Three boat loads have now been permitted to return to God's country, including many of our enlisted men from Belle Isle.

BELLE BOYD.

A few days ago, the famous Belle Boyd, a Rebel spy, who was at one time captured by Kilpatrick and sent on to Washington, came through the prison. We received no warning of her approach, and were employed, as usual, looking for live stitches in the seams of our clothing. Some were sitting on the floor, with their shirts off; others were giving their last pair of pantaloons a careful scrutiny, while others had dispensed with both these articles, and were performing ablutions at the bath trough. She bore herself with becoming dignity, however, and seemed to look on all, "in the calm light of mild philosophy."

March 22. — The officers captured during Kilpatrick's raid are still confined in the cell with negroes and the officers of colored troops, who have always been treated as felons.

I came very near being detected this morning by Sergt. Briggs, while attempting to administer to their wants through the previously-described hole in the floor. I had stationed pickets about the building to warn me of the approach of the authorities, but the sergeant happened to be in the small room occupied by Gen. Scammon, at the time I opened the hole, and hence was not seen by the men on the alert for him. Upon leaving the general's room, the sergeant passed within six feet of the place where I was so busily engaged in putting down corn-bread and burnt-meal coffee, that I did not

notice his approach. Several prisoners, however, who were watching, stepped between us, and thus fortunately saved me from sharing the fate of those whose sufferings I was endeavoring to alleviate.

PRISONERS FROM PLYMOUTH.

April 25. — Our number has been increased to-day by the arrival of several "fresh-fish," captured recently at Plymouth, N. C. Having been in comfortable quarters at that point ever since their enlistment, they feel the privations and hardships of prison-life much more than prisoners in general. Long, fatiguing marches, and the hardships of many campaigns have somewhat prepared the most of us for still greater endurance; and then we have discovered many expedients for getting along, which only a long experience can make available.

It was quite amusing to see how the "Pilgrims" regarded their "position." Having prepared their first rations in Libby, which, however poor they might be, their long march had made acceptable to them, they remarked that there was no suitable place for taking their meals, and were not a little embarrassed at the merriment the remark produced among the old prisoners, who had long since ceased to consider where they should eat, but what? The want of bunks, and chairs too, gave them equal solicitude. They are trim-looking fellows, and when we look at our own tattered garments and haggard faces, it seems a pity that they must be reduced to a similar condition.

Through the new arrivals, we are enabled to learn some news from our armies, and the particulars of the fight in which they were captured. It appears that they were overpowered at Plymouth, and, after repelling several desperate charges, were compelled to surrender. Brig. Gen. W. H. Wessels was in command of the post, and was among the captured. The general is an old man and looks worn. The Rebels give him credit for desperate courage at Plymouth. He made no surrender, but was actually captured behind the intrenchments, by an overwhelming force.

April 26. — Weather cold and disagreeable. No wood allowed in the upper rooms. Suffering intense. Our men on Belle Island are being removed to Georgia. Exchange stock low.

THE GUERRILLA, MOSEBY,

Passed through the prison to-day. He is about twenty-eight or thirty years of age; has a slight figure, straight hair, and a smooth face, except the upper-lip, which is hidden by a faded German moustache. He recognized many officers whom he himself had captured, and pleasantly remarked that he was glad to see them here. Very little attention was shown him, as we regard it a disgrace for any man to accompany a Rebel through the building.

April 28. — Exchange stock up. It is said there is another boat in with prisoners from the North. The terms for a general exchange are said to be agreed

upon, and Aiken's Landing is to be the place of transfer.

April 30. — The prisoners are very despondent to-day. The rumors of the 28th inst. appear to have had no foundation. The feelings occasioned by our disappointment can be better imagined than described, but imagination, even in her most extravagant flights, can but poorly picture the horrors of this prison life. Our constant experience is "hope deferred," and yet, "the miserable have no other medicine, but only hope!" and we must continue to hope on.

May 6. — There was great excitement in the city during the day concerning war matters. Gen. Lee was reported to have been defeated, and to be falling back to the fortifications. Several regiments passed through town in the afternoon, on their way to the front. It was evident that there must be some truth in the rumor, for at eleven P. M. we were notified by Maj. Turner to be ready to leave the prison at a moment's notice.

At twelve o'clock the adjutant's clerk, Mr. Ross, began calling the roll. As his name was called each prisoner passed from the cook-room, through the door opening on Cary Street, and filed down between two lines of guards, closing up to those who had preceded him, and receiving, as he took his place in the ranks, a "corn dodger," which we were told must satisfy hunger until another issue could be made. I could not help rejoicing at my exit from the walls of Libby, for I felt that our condition

could be made no worse, while a change of base might present opportunities for escape.

FAREWELL TO LIBBY.

A few of the prisoners were inclined to be despondent, and seemed to indorse the old maxim of "better bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." We did not leave Cary Street until the dawn of day, when we moved down to the first bridge and crossed over the "James" to Manchester, where we were packed into cattle-cars, and started for the South. Our place of destination was not known, but was supposed to be some point in Georgia.

CHAPTER VI.

IMPRISONMENT AT DANVILLE, VIRGINIA.

On the morning of May 7th, just at daylight, we left Richmond, and reached Danville about ten o'clock the same evening. It was a long, tedious ride of a hundred and forty miles. Being badly crowded in rough box-cars, it was anything but a pleasant trip. Several of our number effected an escape from the train during the first part of the night.

My old friend Barse jumped from his car while in motion. Twenty shots or more were fired at him by the guard, and he dropped on the ground. The Rebels boasted that "the damned Yank. would never escape again," and were so well satisfied of it that they did not think it worth while to stop the train. We afterwards learned that he got off with a slight flesh wound, but was subsequently recaptured and brought back to prison.

Many others attempted to release themselves in various ways. Some succeeded, through the aid of saw-backed knives, in hacking holes in the sides of the cars, and then, at the earliest opportunity, made their way out.

The party with whom I was confined were engaged in this manner, but, unfortunately, our work was discovered before its completion; and thus the scheme was exposed. We were not, however, easily discouraged; for what idea will not awaken itself in the mind of man when destined to a loathsome imprisonment?

NEW PLANS FOR ESCAPE.

No sooner was our work discovered, and guards stationed near it, than we began to concoct a new plan for escape; which was to disarm the stupid guard by removing the caps from their guns, and then to dash past them at the first convenient opportunity.

We succeeded in rendering one gun useless; but the guard carrying the other, being on the alert, it was impossible to uncap it, and, consequently, we very reluctantly abandoned our cherished project, and turned to think, or perchance to dream, of "prison pens," "bare feet," "corn dodgers," and "dead lines."

After reaching Danville we spent a sleepless night in our crowded position in the cars, and were removed at an early hour in the morning to the military prisons at this post. These prisons consist of three large brick buildings, on the east side of the town.

Previous to our transfer to this place, they were occupied by enlisted men. Near the centre of the second floor of one of the prisons, my messmates,

Lieuts. Nyce and Richardson of the old regiment, and myself, have chosen a small spot, which we call our portion of the room.

MILITARY IMPORTANCE OF DANVILLE.

Danville is situated at the terminus of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, one hundred and forty miles south-west of the former place, and four miles from the southern boundary of the State. It can be easily defended, and is, without doubt, one of the strongest natural positions south of Richmond. It has a population of about two thousand inhabitants.

Our daily allowance of rations at this prison is as follows: One loaf of corn bread, weighing about three-fourths of a pound; one-half pound of bacon, and one pint of soup. No other varieties.

This is about fifty per cent. better than we had at Richmond. Such as it is, there is enough to sustain life. We are fired upon by the guard for the offence of looking out of the windows, as was the case at Libby.

In this, and many other respects, I cannot see that we have gained by the change; for we meet the same stamp of men here that we left at Richmond. In some respects our condition is worse. Especially is there great suffering for want of room. It is impossible to find a place to sleep without disturbing some one. In order to economize space, we have yielded to the necessity of

SLEEPING SPOON-FASHION.

At the best, large numbers are compelled to sit up till morning, and then take the places others have vacated.

In spite of the annoyance there is something comical in our situation. We pack ourselves down to rest as a housewife would pack her silver spoons to lay them away; and when any one gets tired of lying on any given side, he sings out, "Spoon to the right!" or, "spoon to the left!" as the case may be, and all turn in the direction indicated by the speaker.

If a man has occasion to leave his place during the night, he is sure to find it filled when he returns; and he will not even know who is the trespasser, unless he has taken the precaution to count and number his place from the wall. Thus he is never sure of cursing the right one.

There is no military force at this point except the prison guard, which is commanded by Maj. Moffat, who also acts as commandant of the post.

NEWS FROM THE ARMY.

We learn by rumor that there has been a pretty severe engagement between Grant and Lee since the 7th inst. It is generally inferred, by the uneasiness of the Rebels, as well as their disposition to curtail our privileges, that "Uncle Bob," as they familiarly call Gen. Lee, has come off second best.

May 11. — We have already commenced a large tunnel, and, should we remain here long enough, will give the Rebels another subject for reflection. The study of plans of escape is our constant employment under whatever circumstances we are placed. The mind naturally reverts to the army, to home, and friends; and we are willing to risk anything to secure a release from confinement.

Could we but hear from our army, or were we permitted to receive letters, it would be some satisfaction; but even this small favor is denied us.

The papers are vigilantly excluded, but rumor brings us the news that Gen. Averill is making a raid in this direction. This, with the fact that a day's rations have been issued, and the manifest uneasiness of the Rebels, lead us to believe that we will soon be removed to some point in Georgia, out of the possible reach of Yankee horsemen.

We are all in high glee over the possibilities of a release. Groups are collecting, and talking over the chances of success. Were so many children assembled together in anticipation of a day of jubilee, the scene could not be more wild.

The "Star-Spangled Banner" has just been struck up, and all join heart and soul in singing it.

GREENSBORO', N. C., May 12.

At four o'clock in the morning we bade farewell to Danville, after a stay of four days, and were again set in motion toward the South. We think travelling very beneficial to health; and one not

acquainted with the Rebel mode of treating prisoners might be inclined to think that they are disposed to favor us in this respect; for we do not seem destined to remain in one place any great length of time.

It has been a damp, chilly day. Our circumstances (and we, also, doubtless) have been very disagreeable. The cars leaked badly, and the rain was driven in fiercely by the wind.

MEETING CONSCRIPTS FOR LEE'S ARMY.

The Rebels are apparently very much alarmed at the state of affairs in Northern Virginia. We met conscripts almost every hour on their way to join Lee's forces.

A more motley, ill-looking lot of men could not have come together, if they had done so by design. They were going in squads of ten, twenty, fifty, or more, as the case might be, "across lots to join Uncle Bob's army in Virginny." Some had hats, and some caps; some coats, and some none. All were armed more or less, always according to their own fancy, or "what they happened to have in the house." Shot-guns, rifles, old rusty swords, long knives, horse-pistols, carbines, and broken jack-knives, bid fair to damage their owners much more than any one else. It is very questionable whether many of them ever swelled Lee's ranks to ary great extent.

After a ride of twenty-four miles by rail, we were compelled to leave the cars and march on foot to

within eight miles of Greensboro'. The roads were muddy, and our tramp by no means pleasant; for our long imprisonment and scant rations have rendered us completely unfit for a walk of half a mile even. We suffered much in attempting to keep pace with the guard, who urged us forward at the point of the bayonet, cursing and threatening most fearfully all those that fell by the way from weakness and utter exhaustion. No chances of escape were offered, as the guards were very vigilant.

AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

When we were again put into the cars, I attempted to hide behind a log and feign sleep, but was discovered, and after sundry kicks allowed myself to be awakened. By this time the cars were filled, and as the prisoners claimed that their cars could hold no more, there seemed to be no room for me, which of course I did not much regret. The officer in command, however, undertook to find me a place, and as the doors were all closed, without further trouble ordered me to make my entrance through a small window near the top of one of the cars. This I was assisted to do by a bank which happened to be alongside of the train just at that point. There were objections from within, however, the men crying, "There is no room in here," but Rebel bayonets were urgent outside, and in I plunged without any definite prospect of touching bottom.

As the fates would have it, I landed on the head of Lieut. Col. G. C. Joslyn, Fifteenth Massachu-

setts. There was much howling, in which, I think the lieutenant-colonel did not participate. In the *melee* my few effects were scattered about the car, and I very soon found my level among the others.

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we will."

CHARLOTTE, N. C., May 13.

Leaving Greensboro', early in the morning, we reached Charlotte late in the afternoon, and were marched under heavy guard to the Commons; where we were told that an issue of rations would be made before leaving the place.

On learning that there were Yankee prisoners in town, the citizens came out in large numbers. Many approached the guard line, and endeavored to converse with us, but were forced back at the point of the bayonet. Finding that we could not converse with them, we concluded to entertain them with some music; accordingly we struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," etc.

After each singing, we could see white handkerchiefs waving in the breeze, showing that we were among loyal people who hailed again their country's stirring airs. These demonstrations so exasperated the guard that they sent a detail to drive the "damned tar-heels," as they style the North Carolinians, off the field. All through North Carolina we saw unmistakable evidence of Union feeling, and they manifested their loyalty in a bold and defiant manner.

As night approached, the guard was doubled, which satisfied us that we should remain during the night. Many plans of escape were discussed, all feeling satisfied that if we could once pass the guard, great assistance would be rendered us by the loyalists of North Carolina.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 14.

We left Charlotte, under very exciting circumstances, at one o'clock this morning.

The night being dark, and the soil light, many of the prisoners dug holes in the ground and there buried themselves, hoping thus to escape the vigilance of the guard, when we should be marched from the field to the cars. Unfortunately, however, the scheme was exposed by one of the guards, who accidentally stumbled into a hole, in the bottom of which he beheld a live Yankee.

Struck with astonishment, he shouted, "Oh, my God! captain, here be one Yank. bury heself in de ground!" A great excitement was the natural consequence. A general search ensued. Torchlights were used, and the trees and ground thoroughly inspected. This investigation brought to light several holes of a similar character, each having deposited therein a Federal prisoner.

The guards were very angry, and went about shouting, "Run them through!" "Pick up the damned hounds!" etc.; but their captain, a good-natured sort of a man, said, "No, no; the damned Yankees have a right to escape, if they can. I'd

do the same myself. I'll risk their getting away from me." But in spite of his confidence, quite a number were left behind in these pits. As many as thirty men had thus buried themselves in the ground.

Our liberties were immediately curtailed, and we were hurriedly driven into the cars and set in motion towards the South. Reached Columbia, South Carolina, late in the afternoon, and were given to understand that after a brief halt we should move on to Macon, Georgia.

AUGUSTA, Ga., May 15.

After leaving Columbia, we pushed on without any incident of importance, being closely guarded, and reached Augusta at six o'clock P. M. We were immediately turned over to the city militia, a motley crowd of cowardly ruffians, who seemed to think that to be soldierly they must abuse defenceless prisoners on the simplest pretext. It has been generally remarked, that the most cruel soldiers are those who have done their fighting at home.

The suffering caused by close confinement was intense. We were not permitted to leave the filthy cars after our unfortunate adventure at Charlotte.

A son of Gov. Bradford, of Maryland, was provost marshal of the city. This graceless youth afterwards led a band of guerrillas to his father's residence, and plundered his own home.

BETWEEN AUGUSTA AND MACON, GA., MAY 16.

About eight o'clock in the morning we started for Macon, halted on the way, and several of our number made their escape. Lieut. Kellogg of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry climbed up into a water-tank, and was unfortunately left behind when the train moved on. Several days afterwards, however, he was recaptured, and made one of our number again. During the whole night we moved slowly on towards Macon.

CHAPTER VII.

AT MACON, GEORGIA. — "CAMP OGLETHORPE."

May 19, 1864. — We reached Macon at eight o'clock on the evening of the 17th. Two long files of sneaking, stay-at-home Georgia militia extended from the cars to the prison pen, and between them we were marched into "Camp Oglethorpe."

On our arrival at the front gate whom should we find but the veritable Maj. Thomas P. Turner, fiend incarnate, from Libby Prison. This human monster stood at the gate to count us as we passed in. To his great chagrin forty-seven of our original number were missing, all of whom had escaped from the cars. He drew us up in line, and informed us of the prison regulations, especially that any man would be shot who approached the "dead line." He soon afterward returned to Richmond. His object in coming to Macon was, I presume, to give the authorities some instruction in regard to the treatment of Federal prisoners, and they showed themselves apt scholars.

The Prison Pen takes its name from Gov. Oglethorpe, of Georgia. It is about eighty rods east

of the city, and covers an area of a little more than two acres. The enclosure is surrounded by a stockade fence about fifteen feet high, near the top of which projects a platform on which the guards are stationed. Within the stockade, at a distance of fifteen feet from it, is the dead-line, extending entirely around the camp. This consists of an ordinary picket fence three and a half feet high. In many prison pens of the South it is only a line of stakes, with sometimes a single board attached. Camp Oglethorpe was made expressly for our reception, and had never before been occupied.

Macon is situated on the Ocmulgee River in the central part of the State, about four hundred and fifty miles from Danville, our last place of imprisonment. It is finely located, has a population of about ten thousand, and is at present one of the most stirring and important towns in the South. It is one hundred and sixty miles from Augusta, and one hundred miles from Atlanta. Two daily newspapers, the "Macon Confederate" and "Telegraph," are published here.

Since leaving Richmond my health has been very poor; caused, doubtless, by the various changes to which we have been subjected. Besides, the cars in which we were transported were extremely filthy, and as they were kept constantly closed, the air was very impure. The heat, also, is getting to be intense during the day, and its effects are telling on the strength of the men.

May 22. — Our daily allowance of rations at this

pen is as follows: Corn-meal, one pint; bacon, one-fourth of a pound; rice, one ounce; peas or beans, one ounce; salt, one tablespoonful for four days.

We have no cooking utensils except a few iron skillets. The beans furnished here are wholly unfit for use. The rations issued are about one-half of what we really need.

The mortality here, as also at Andersonville, is fearful. Men are hopelessly pining away, while their friends are powerless to help them. It is sad to see a friend and comrade dying in such a shameful manner, while we ourselves have only to expect a similar fate.

NEW ARRIVALS.

On the morning of the 20th one hundred and seven officers from Grant's army arrived, to take up their abode in the Prison Pen. Among them are Gens. Shayler and Seymour. As soon as the "fresh-fish"* arrived the cry ran through the camp, and a general rush was made for the gate. An eager group surrounded each man, and our appearance was quite as strange to them as theirs to us. Generally their first question was, "Are you Federals or Confederates?" there being little in our appearance to make the question unnecessary.

The process of initiation was very disgusting to

* The first six months of prison life, an officer is called a "fresh-fish;" the next four months, a "sucker;" the next two months, a "dry cod;" the balance of his time a "dried herring;" and after exchange, a "pickled sardine."

most of them. While some would be seriously asking questions concerning their capture and listening to their pitiful story, others would call out, "Take your fingers out of his haversack;" "Keep that louse off him;" "Give him air," etc. All this affected them strangely at first, but soon came to be an old story. They brought very welcome news concerning the movements of our armies.

There are at present about twelve hundred of our officers confined here, four hundred of whom were captured since the commencement of the campaign in front of Richmond.

FIRING UPON A PRISONER.

Early on the morning of the 22d, Lieut. H. P. Barker, First Rhode Island Cavalry, was fired upon by one of the sentinels — a boy not more than fourteen years of age. The youth missed his aim, however, and his ball buried itself in a tree a little beyond. The lieutenant is quite an old man. Looking across the intermediate space, to the boy, he coolly said. —

"Young man, what are you shooting at?"

"I am shooting at you, you damned old cuss," was the reply.

"And what are you shooting at me for?"

"Because you had your hands on the dead-line," said the boy.

At this moment two other guards came up, and one of them taking the boy by the collar and shaking him thoroughly, demanded, —

"What are you shooting at that prisoner for, you damned little whelp?"

The boy replied, "Because he had his hands on the dead line."

The guard shook him again, and told him he was a liar, as the man was not within twenty feet of the dead-line, and then called the corporal of the guard, who marched the precocious monster away. If any punishment was administered to him, we never heard of it.

I was lying within ten feet of Lieut. Barker when the shot was fired, and am certain that he was at least thirty feet distant from the fatal line.

TUNNELLING THE NARROW PATH TO FREEDOM.

May 29. — This morning we received notice from Capt. W. Kemp Tabb, present commandant of the prison, that in the future, all prisoners not in ranks at roll-call, will be shot down by the sentinels on the guard line.

We have also received orders to take our boards and blankets from the ground. The probable reason of this vigilance is, that they have discovered several tunnels which we had commenced, and were carrying forward as fast as possible.

Our plan of operations was as follows: We have been allowed to build ourselves small sheds, to afford a shelter from the burning sun, of some refuse boards that were lying about; and under these sheds we have made bunks to sleep on. A bunk was selected in a shed as near the dead-line as possible,

TUNNELLING—THE NARROW PATH TO FREEDOM.

and under this bunk we sunk a hole or "well," as it was termed, straight down to the depth of five or six feet. From the bottom of this well the tunnel extended out under the stockade. But one man could dig at a time, and as the work was very fatiguing, we relieved each other often. The dirt was brought to the mouth of the tunnel in meal sacks which had been stolen from the ration wagon.

Two or three were detailed to carry off the dirt to the sinks. We usually commenced operations after ten o'clock in the evening, and continued until nearly daylight. Upon leaving the tunnel, a board was fitted in about a foot from the surface, and then dirt was swept over so as to obliterate all traces of the digging.

From sixteen to twenty days were thus required to finish the narrow road to liberty. Fires were built by the guard at short intervals, between the dead-line and stockade, completely encircling the camp, so that the tunnels had to be carried a great distance, in order to have the place of egress as safe as possible.

If the work could have been completed, we should have chosen some dark and stormy night to remove the slight cap of earth, at the outer extremity of the subterranean channel, and then stealing out cautiously, so as not to attract the attention of the vigilant sentinel, we would have made for the woods and swamps.

Those who had done the digging were to have had the first opportunity to pass out, and then as

many more were to go, as could get through the tunnel before daybreak.

Our plan was a good one, and we felt confident that it would prove a perfect success until the eve of its completion, when either some cowardly traitor in our midst, or a detective sent in by the authorities, exposed the scheme, and thus blighted our brilliant prospects.

UNPLEASANT CONSEQUENCES.

The result of this attempt to reach "God's country," is a reduction of rations, and a resort to every restriction which could possibly be conceived by a Rebel.

While in Libby, I imagined that the deeds of villainy were well-nigh exhausted, — I had thought that the catalogue of crime was nearly filled by the Confederate miscreants, but alas! you have only to see the heartlessness and the intrigues of the authorities here, — you have only to witness the suffering, the frenzy, and the fever, and you will then say, that these are the deeds of pitiless monsters.

A short time since, Capt. Irich, Forty-fifth New York, sent a watch and chain by Capt. Tabb, to be sold for not less than four hundred dollars. Some time afterward Tabb was seen wearing the chain, and upon being questioned, said he had sold them for two hundred dollars, and the chain had been given to him. Irich thereupon demanded either the property or the four hundred dollars, threatening to expose the whole affair if they were not given up.

For this offence he was bucked several hours — but the articles were restored.

Irich was a German, and splendidly posted in military tactics, besides being a fine swordsman. When we were being marched into Camp Oglethorpe, Tabb had given an unmilitary order, and Irich corrected him, when the infuriate Rebel ordered him to keep silent, threatening with drawn sabre to split his head open. Irich, with a little stick in his hand, dared him to strike a blow, and the braggart was forced to put up his sword, amid the jeers of the citizens standing about. This may have been the reason for the severity of the punishment in the affair of the watch.

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

Prayer meetings, or religious meetings of some kind, are held almost every evening; and if the prayers of prisoners can avail, our President will be wise as Solomon, and our armies universally successful. Capt. Tabb had heard that it was customary to pray for the President and the generals of our army, and one evening during service came in to put a stop to it. While he was issuing his orders in one corner of the room to Chaplain White, Fourth Rhode Island Battery, Chaplain Dixon, Sixteenth Connecticut, stepped forward and offered a prayer. The fearless and devout man prayed for the President and his advisers, Gens. Grant and Sherman; that treason might be crushed, and the Stars and Stripes once more wave over our

common country. Tabb heard him through, and then walked out remarking, "Damned smart prayer, but it won't answer the purpose." No further attempts were made to curtail the freedom of prayer. Large numbers have been converted, of those who had all their lives been regardless of such matters.

June 12. — Some days ago Capt. Tabb was relieved of command by Capt. Geo. C. Gibbs. On the 10th fifty officers were sent to Charleston to be put under fire of our siege-guns. These included all the general officers, together with the highest in rank of the field officers. Among them were Gens. Scammon, Wessells, Seymour, Shayler, and Heckman, who were shortly after exchanged.

A PRISONER SHOT.

At eight o'clock on the evening of the 11th Lieut. Otto Grierson, Forty-fifth New York Volunteers, was shot through the body and mortally wounded by a sentinel on the stockade.

It is asserted by the sentinel, that the lieutenant was in the act of making his escape, by crawling up the creek to the "dead-line," preparatory to passing under the stockade; but those who were near by, and saw the affair as it occurred, said that he was not in the creek at all, and that he was at least sixteen feet from the "fatal line."

The lieutenant was at the spring where we are accustomed to bathe, and while there for that purpose, was murdered by the wretch, whose name we have not yet learned. We shall mark him if we

are ever permitted to catch a glimpse of his cowardly phiz in daylight. I had just left the spring with water, previous to the discharge of the sentry's musket.

The wounded lieutenant was carried to the hospital, but never spoke after he was shot. Some of our number called upon Capt. Gibbs, the prison commandant, informed him of the facts, and requested an investigation, but were turned away with no satisfactory answer, or rather with the understanding, that we need not expect anything in that direction. But the villain who perpetrated the deed was promoted to a sergeant, and given a furlough, for his fidelity and promptness in the execution of orders. These facts we learned from members of his own regiment.

Thus goes another of our number, murdered in cold blood at the hands of a traitor.

PRACTICAL INFAMY OF REBELS.

June 22. — Capt. Gibbs proposes to allow us the privilege, as he is pleased to term it, of choosing delegates to solicit of the authorities at Richmond an opportunity to visit our enlisted men at Andersonville, for the purpose of reporting their condition to our authorities at Washington.*

The fact is, if the truth were known, the Rebels

* The representations they propose to make are, "that the awful suffering of our men in southern prisons is caused by a change of climate and the hopelessness of exchange."

seem desirous of placing a weapon in the hands of the "peace party" at the North, whereby the cause of the Unionists may be defeated.

Confederate officers and citizens are allowed to visit us frequently. They represent to us, and would gladly have us believe, that they are doing all in their power to make it comfortable and agreeable for us.

They repeatedly affirm that the non-exchange of prisoners is due entirely to the fault of our Government. In short, they are very anxious to have us send a deputation to Washington, for the purpose of placing before President Lincoln and the administration the horrid condition of our men in southern prisons, and to ask an immediate general exchange of prisoners, claiming, as a matter of course, that they are doing all they possibly can for us.

In accordance with their entreaties, we have held a meeting, but the result is quite unsatisfactory to the Rebels; for we have most firmly resolved never to become agents in advancing the interests of the southern cause, even though our sufferings be increased a hundred-fold.

I am perfectly satisfied that there has been no time since the beginning of the war when the enemy could not have given their prisoners an abundance of corn meal and bacon, were they so disposed; and from observation I know that they could have furnished lumber, to provide us with more comfortable quarters. With such facts, glaring and palpable as

they are, we will be a party to no transaction which can possibly aid in furthering their base designs.

DISCOVERY OF TUNNELS.

The camp was searched to-day by order of the prison commandant, and the three tunnels which have been in process of digging for the past fifteen days were discovered. Had it not been for this misfortune, many of us would have bid farewell to-morrow night to this field of suffering.

Doubtless, some detective from the outside exposed the scheme. Never was I more disappointed than in this misfortune; for our plan was a good one. The tunnels were large, and it was estimated that nearly, if not quite all of the prisoners could pass through them in a single night.

We had looked forward with the deepest anxiety to what we felt assured would be the happy termination of our labors; but alas! when it seemed that we were about to reap the promised reward, like the mirage, it vanished in the distance.

As a result of the discovery the following order has appeared on the Prison Bulletin: —

Special Orders, No. 6.

C. S. Military Prison,
Macon, Ga., June 22, 1864.

Sentinels are instructed to shoot down all prisoners, in the future, who are seen moving about camp after taps.

Geo. C. Gibbs, Captain Commanding.

The guards appear delighted to receive orders of such a character, and seem to find real consolation

in having the privilege of firing upon us on the most trivial pretext. A thirst for blood seems to characterize them. They have all their lives long been taught that the blood of niggers and Yankees was made to be spilled when occasion requires, and they never hesitate to put the teaching into practice. Hereafter all who leave their bunks at night to go to the sinks or elsewhere, do so at the peril of their lives.

Scurvy is now becoming fearfully prevalent in our midst. Chronic diarrhœa is also sweeping off its victims most fearfully. It is almost impossible to get treatment for either. Large numbers, who are afflicted with the former disease, may be seen every day burying themselves up in the ground, as the earth has a tendency to check its frightful ravages.

Much to my disgust, I find that this loathsome disease has again got hold of me. I have been hoping that it would pass me by in its visitations, but it is unquestionably present in my limbs. I attended sick-call this morning, and was prescribed for by the surgeon the first time since we left Richmond. I shall not make any effort to get into the hospital, for I am confident that it is much better to remain in camp, among my friends, where they can administer to my wants, than to go where the prisoner can expect but little sympathy, or anything else that might have a tendency to rid him of disease or recruit his wasted strength.

It is not strange that the term "hospital" has

become synonymous with death; for but few who enter it ever come out alive. When a man is seen leaving camp in a blanket, it is thought that he is past help; and if he is fortunate enough to return to his fellows, it is considered an exceptional case.

Deaths have been very frequent since the warm weather came on. Many have gone to their long homes since our arrival here. We call it being "exchanged"; and it certainly is a happy transformation from so much misery and wretchedness on earth to a life of eternal joy in the bright realms above. We cannot sigh for such, but only rejoice that their cares and misfortunes are ended. It almost makes one long to go, when we think that their sufferings and trials are over, and it is not wonderful that they should murmur in their last moments, —

"I would not live alway — I joy in the trust,
That when this frail form shall return to the dust,
My spirit shall rise on the wings of thy love,
To seek its true home in the mansions above."

FOURTH OF JULY IN PRISON.

We had several roll-calls in the morning. The prison authorites seemed very fearful that we would attempt a general escape. Immediately after the roll-calls a large meeting was organized. Capt. Todd, Eighth New Jersey Infantry, displayed a small silk flag four by six inches, which had been presented to him by Miss Paradise of Jersey City, and which had thus far escaped the vigilance of

southern relic seekers. The miniature "Star-Spangled Banner" was hailed with rounds of cheers, which showed that they came from loyal hearts.

We then adjourned to the large building occupied by the general and field officers, where Chaplain Dixon, Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers, opened the exercises with prayer. Capt. Ives, Lieut. Ogden, First Wisconsin Cavalry; Capt. Lee, Fifth Michigan Cavalry; Lieut. Kellogg, Chaplain Whitney, One Hundred and Fourth Ohio; Chaplain Dixon, and Lieut. Col. Thorp, First New York Dragoons, then followed with speeches and toasts, interspersed with national songs, while far above our heads, attached to a long pole was the emblem of freedom, the "Red, White, and Blue."

Although in prison, and held here by those who ought always to have regarded the people of the North with brotherly kindness, who never should have raised the recreant hand of treason against the government established by our common fathers and sealed with their blood, there was still a universal feeling that the day which sealed our liberties should be observed with suitable ceremonies. All felt that, live or die, survive or perish, we would give a hearty support to those Stars and Stripes — the banner of the free — that had so long waved over our heads, and for which we are now suffering every indignity and privation.

We had every reason to believe that the Rebels would not object to the celebration of the day that proclaimed us victorious over the British Lion, and

brought freedom to them, as well as to us; but in this we were mistaken. Whilst we were listening to a spirited oration from Col. Thorp, the commandant of the prison, Capt. Gibbs, deemed it necessary, in the exercise of his little authority, to march a regiment of troops into the enclosure and order the assemblage to disperse. Having no possible alternative, the order was, of course, complied with.

The meeting was conducted in a quiet and orderly manner; the animus of the speaking was generally national, and nothing but Rebel tyranny could object to it.

Col. Thorp having been for some time past in command of the interior of the prison, by virtue of his position as senior officer, was relieved from duty by the following order: —

"*Special Orders, No.* 9.

"C. S. MILITARY PRISON, MACON, GA., July 4, 1864.

"I. Lieut. Col. Thorp is relieved from duty as senior officer of prisoners, for a violation of prison rules, and Lieut. Col. McCrary will again assume that position.

"II. The same order and quiet will be observed on this day as on any other.

"III. A disregard of this order may subject offenders to unpleasant consequences.

"GEO. C. GIBBS, Captain Commanding."

July 6. — Heat intense. No rain since the early part of last month. I am suffering with chronic diarrhœa at present, but shall not endeavor to get into the hospital while I have a friend left in camp.

July 7. — I am no better to-day. Have not tasted of my rations since the 5th.

July 8. — Crawled down to the creek in the forenoon, near which I lay until evening.

A fellow-prisoner recommended me to chew white-oak bark for my complaint, and has persuaded me to try the experiment. He has very kindly placed three pieces of the said bark at my disposal, which he stripped from an old tree that stands within the enclosure.

July 9. — I am very weak to-day; cannot walk without assistance. Am inclined to think that chewing bark will not effect a cure in my case.

Brass buttons being in great demand with the Rebels, I pulled the remaining few from my old coat yesterday, and sold them to one of the guards for ten dollars, and with that sum purchased five loaves of wheat bread, which will last me six or seven days, if used sparingly.

I have not touched my corn-meal for a long time, my stomach being entirely too weak to endure such coarse diet, and the consequence is, I am reduced to a mere skeleton. I think the flour bread will have the effect of checking the diarrhœa, or at least of recruiting my strength. I should have disposed of the buttons long ago, had I not thought that a day of greater need might come.

The Rebels have a perfect passion for Federal buttons, and often pay extravagant prices for them. Buttons are very scarce in the Confederacy, and many are reduced to the necessity of wearing

wooden ones. Occasionally a fine joke is played upon the guards. Not long since a modest, rather green little Confederate came into the prison asking, "Has any of you 'uns got any brass buttons to sell? I've got four on the back of my jacket, and I'll give eight dollars for four more to put on the front.

One of the prisoners conceived an idea at once, and replied, "Well, corporal, I'll try and find you some." Then giving the wink to some of his companions, who immediately engaged the Reb. in conversation, he slipped round behind him, and cut the four buttons from the back of his jacket, and soon returned, saying, —

"Here, corporal, how do you like the looks of these?"

The corporal was suited, of course, and after considerable bantering paid the sum of nine dollars in Confederate scrip for them and went his way rejoicing.

July 16. — My health is improving. Friends have been very kind during my illness, and are still untiring in their efforts to keep me in the land of the living. It is affirmed by the authorities, that there will be a general exchange of prisoners on the 24th of the present month. The "fresh-fish" are troubled with an affliction known to the old prisoners as "exchange on the brain."

July 27. — Six hundred prisoners were counted out of the enclosure this evening; their destination is supposed to be Charleston, where they will doubtless be placed under fire of our guns on Morris

Island, as were the field officers sent thither during the early part of last month. This is a most singular method of defending a besieged city against its enemies, and illustrates, to some extent, the character of a people that would like to be "let alone," while attempting to establish a government in accordance with their own chivalrous notions of justice, equality, and State rights.

July 28. — The second six hundred were counted out of the pen late in the afternoon. As his name was called, each prisoner stepped between the dead-line and stockade, where we expect to remain until morning, when it is generally understood that we will be shipped to the coast.

All the old prisoners are in line, and we shall leave Camp Oglethorpe in charge of a hundred prisoners from Sherman's army, who were brought in yesterday.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA,—"CAMP DAVIDSON."

We left Macon at four o'clock A. M. of July 29th, guarded by a battalion of the Fifth Georgia Reserves, and reached Savannah at six o'clock the same evening, the distance being about one hundred and fifty miles. It soon became apparent that the Rebel authorities were moving us from necessity. Their hurried and excited manner indicated that all was not well. Artillery was being rapidly hurled into position, the troops were on the alert, and every preparation made to defend the place; but as for ourselves, we could only hope that through their misfortune we might find an opportunity for escape: and the reader may imagine our disappointment when we learned afterwards, from one of the guards, that our cavalry, under General Stoneman, cut the road at Griffin Station only thirty minutes after we had passed. To think that freedom had come almost within our grasp, and yet eluded us, tended only to add bitterness to our hard lot. General Stoneman attacked Macon, but was repulsed, and himself with a detachment of his command were captured. One hundred prisoners, or

more, who had not been removed, were hurried down into a swamp, and guarded during the fight.

SAVANNAH

Is situated at the mouth of the Savannah River, on the eastern coast of Georgia. It is unsurpassed by any other city in the State in its business facilities, and also in its neatness and regularity. In a military point of view, it stands next to Charleston in importance. Its population at present is about twenty thousand, incuding a large number of refugees. The inhabitants are generally suffering from the most abject poverty. At present there is a perfect stagnation in business; but one can easily judge its past enterprising spirit by the unmistakable marks of its former prosperity.

Our camp is in the eastern part of the city, near the Marine Hospital, which was built and formerly used by our Government.

Pulaski's monument stands within plain view. This is a fine structure, about forty feet in height.

There are about four thousand Rebel troops doing garrison duty in the city. The nearest Union troops are at Fort Pulaski, located at the entrance of the harbor, on the South Carolina shore. They are in such close proximity to the Rebel forces that if we could but escape the vigilance of our guard we should be almost certain of reaching the Federal lines in safety.

Camp Davidson, our present Prison Pen, takes its name from Captain H. H. Davidson, who was its

first commandant. It is surrounded by a stockade and dead-line, and does not differ materially from the pen at Macon. Quite a number of large, moss-covered live-oak trees are growing within the enclosure, which will furnish a refreshing shade from the oppressive noon-day sun.

KIND TREATMENT AT SAVANNAH.

So great is the contrast between our treatment here and at other places, that we cannot but feel that fortune has certainly smiled kindly upon us for once.

This is truly the oasis in the desert of our prison lives. The authorities have issued tents and cooking utensils to us, and seem inclined to alleviate suffering as far as lies within their power. We have pitched our tents in regular order, so that the camp has quite a military appearance.

Our senior officer, Colonel Miller of New York, acts as commandant of the interior, and all requests and complaints are made through him to the prison authorities. He also superintends the issuing of rations and policing of the camp. It is fortunate for us that our guard, the First Georgia Volunteers, have been prisoners of war, and have learned what we had a right to expect, from the magnanimous treatment they themselves have received from the Federal government. And then Nature is kind to us; we are enabled to bear our sufferings more cheerfully than at first. Scenes which at home would chill the blood and destroy all peace of mind, have be-

come so commonplace with us that we look upon them unmoved; 'tis a dangerous experiment to place one constantly amidst the misery and sufferings of others, with no power to alleviate them.

At Richmond, Danville, and Macon, the authorities adopted a course, which they believed would forever render us unfit for further military duty. Their means were starvation, close confinement in filthy dungeons, and cruel treatment. The slightest pretext was sufficient to increase its severity. Evidently, at Savannah they have not yet learned the usual method of ridding the Confederacy of its enemies.

The troops here have all seen service, and there is nothing like the adventures of the battle-field and the mutual sufferings there experienced, to teach soldiers humanity towards each other. Whenever attempts are made to escape, they give us to understand that they would do the same themselves, under like circumstances, but are still compelled to punish such infractions of prison discipline. They politely ask our pardon for inspecting our quarters, and in a manner as gentlemanly as possible, remove our blankets from the floors of the tents in their search for incipient tunnels, etc. All this is very gratifying, and tends to remove the bitter hatred which former brutality had engendered.

These Georgia boys will be long remembered, and may look for the utmost kindness and consideration from us, if chance ever reverses our situations.

Our rations, though barely sufficient to sustain what little vitality we have left, are of a better quality than we have received before, since our capture. The following is our daily allowance: Corn-meal, one pint; fresh beef, one pound; rice, one gill; salt, one ounce, for four days.

Sutlers are allowed to sell to us in camp; but having been robbed of our money and nearly all our valuables when captured, we are generally very poor customers. We gradually find ourselves dispossessed of whatever remains to us of value, such as rings, pocket-knives, watches, etc., which we succeeded in concealing from our captors.

These souvenirs of the past were disposed of to purchase the necessaries of life, which we could have at the following prices: Flour, four dollars per quart; onions, three for a dollar; potatoes, forty-eight dollars per bushel; bread, two dollars per loaf; butter, ten dollars per pound; eggs, six dollars per dozen; milk, three dollars per quart.

At such prices we, of course, soon wasted away what we chanced to have; and this done, these land sharks ceased their visits, and we had to again content ourselves with what the Rebel government saw fit to furnish.

BRICK OVENS.

The authorities have been kind enough to make an issue of brick, with which to build ovens. We raise them about two feet from the ground. The brick are arranged in an oval form, and strongly

cemented together with mortar made of clay, which is very adhesive, and serves as a good substitute for lime and mortar.

We use these ovens principally for baking our corn-bread, which is prepared by stirring the meal and cold water together. When baked, this bread is as heavy and almost as hard as the iron skillet used in baking it. Still it is far preferable to that produced by the usual method of cooking.

It is rumored that the first six hundred prisoners sent from Macon, attempted to disarm the guard, and take the train between this place and Charleston. The attempt seems to have proved a failure, as the guard had assistance from some temporary troops stationed along the railroad.

It may seem strange that men will incur such risks in the hope of regaining their freedom, when they know full well the bitter consequences of an unsuccessful effort.

Violent attempts, when they prove abortive, always render them liable to be shot down without mercy. Stealth and strategy are the prisoners' only weapons, and they are always more safe and more effective than force.

TUNNELLING.

August 22. — Tunnelling, as a means of escape, has become quite an institution. A tunnel was commenced some days ago from a well which we had dug and abandoned for this purpose. None but the working party were in the secret; and they

themselves sworn not to divulge our plans. Tools were frequently brought in for cleaning the camp, and we managed to keep some of these generally for a day or two, until a search was instituted for them, when they were left exposed in some other part of the camp for the Rebels to find.

OUR SCHEME EXPOSED BY A COW.

This tunnel was about two and a half feet in diameter and four feet below the surface. The soil is sandy, and the digging was carried on rapidly. When some distance beyond the stockade, it was brought to the surface, and a very small hole made through the sward. Through this a reconnoissance was made, and the first thing discovered was a pair of gray legs pacing along only a few inches from the opening.

The hole was immediately closed and the tunnel pushed farther on, with the intention of carrying it beyond the second line of sentinels, which, it thus appeared, had been established.

The work was progressing finely when, in the afternoon, a cow, passing over the tunnel, broke through, and was unable to extricate herself. The Rebels, seeing her in difficulty, came to the rescue, and thus discovered our work.

The tunnel was filled up at once, the camp carefully inspected, and the most severe penalties threatened in case of any further attempts to escape.

That poor, stupid cow had brought to light by mere chance, what Rebel scrutiny had failed to dis-

cover. There were no blessings for the cow that day — at least, not within the stockade.

JOY WITHOUT, DEATH WITHIN THE STOCKADE.

August 26. — This has been a galaday for the Rebels at this point. A picnic has been given to the Rebel troops stationed here, by the ladies of Savannah. It was held a short distance from our camp — so near that our ears have been greeted by lively music, joyous peals of laughter, and happy voices.

How many sacred memories of other days did this scene recall! Freedom, certainly, seemed a precious gift to them. It will be doubly so to us if we are ever permitted to regain it; and hence, in the future, we may be compensated for our present loss. But to many of us the day has been as sad within the stockade as seemingly joyous without.

One of our number, Capt. McGinnis, died this morning. He had a large number of friends among the prisoners, and was held in high esteem for his many noble qualities; but the severity of prison life had done its work, and he was gone; and we were desirous that one so brave and noble as he had proved himself to be should have, at least, a decent burial. Therefore we appointed a committee to wait upon the commandant of the camp, Col. Wayne, to request that we might be permitted to give the captain a decent burial; but received from him the response, that the captain "was nothing but a

damned Yankee, deserving to be buried like a dog, and so he should be."

We expected little more, as Col. Wayne is a cruel person, and would consider it beneath his dignity to confer a Christian favor, or even give a respectful reply. Although an excellent military officer, he has no just claim to the title of a "man," and his very appearance indicates as much. Fortunately for us, he is an exception among the officers of his command, and it is only justice to them to state that they universally despise him.

KINDNESS OF LADIES.

We were greatly surprised this evening upon receiving a note from ladies in the city, informing us that they had learned with pain of Col. Wayne's answer to our petition, and that they themselves have purchased a burial lot unbeknown to the colonel, where the captain's remains will be suitably interred under their direction. Thank God for this dear womanly act!

A short time since, Lieut. Pierce Horn of the First Georgia, came into our quarters, asking if we had any men from Troy, New York. Having enlisted in that place myself, I informed him of the fact, and held a very pleasant conversation for an hour. He informed me that he had, some years ago, attended Union College, Schenectady, New York, and also the Troy Polytechnic Institute. He was opposed to secession in the outset, but when his State chose to go, he had no alternative but

to go with her. His father is a large Georgia planter.

August 30. — An exchange of army chaplains and surgeons has been effected; and those held as prisoners at this point are to take passage North on the next flag-of-truce boat, and will leave this place for Charleston on the four o'clock P. M. train. The wildest enthusism prevails among them. An exchange from close confinement in the hands of an enemy, to perfect freedom among one's friends is certainly a sufficient cause for exultation and joy.

The D.D.s and M.D.s are now the great centre of attraction with the prisoners. Crowds have been collecting around them all day, with some message for their friends at home, which they promise sacredly to deliver. They will be sadly missed by us; for they were untiring in their labors while here.

September 1. — Heavy cannonading has been heard in the direction of Charleston all day. The atmosphere is damp, and the heavy booming of Gilmore's "swamp angel" has been distinctly brought to our ears.

Have been amusing myself during my stay here, in studying geometry. As a matter of review it does very well, but I question whether much progress could be made in any new department of study. Samuel Johnson, I think it was, who, when he suspected that his brain might be softening, used to turn to mathematics as a test. If we were tried by such a standard, I fear many of us might find ourselves candidates for a lunatic asylum.

September 11. — Exchange stock above par. It is rumored that we are to be sent to Charleston in the morning for exchange, but few are inclined to invest. The general impression is that if we are removed at all, it will be to share the fate of our fellow-officers, who were sent thither from Macon. It is not with pleasant feelings that we anticipate a removal. Our treatment here has been kind and even generous, in many instances, and it is feared that an exchange can only be for the worse. Dreading greater hardships, we leave Savannah with regret.

CHAPTER IX.

AT CHARLESTON, "UNDER FIRE."

LATE in the evening of September 11th, without warning or explanation other than our own hopes and fears suggested, we received the order "pack up," — a generic command which had no very literal significance under the circumstances, and yet it necessitated some little compliance.

A prisoner without shoes for his feet or coat for his back, with one hat and one shirt and no blanket, will yet be thankful for a little time in which to pack up. If he is a Yankee, he has become the owner of some personal property, though his bondage have been on Sahara's barren desert; and then there are souvenirs of home that his tact and tenderness have retained in spite of Rebel serveillance; and he must take with him relics of his dark, gloomy prison home. This passion for relics is all prevailing among northern soldiers.

If a Yankee boy were incarcerated in the sulphurous dungeon of Tartarus, the chances are ten to one that he would bring away with him on his release a piece of brimstone at least, though he had to burn his fingers in getting it, and Cerebrus would be more than usually alert, if he didn't get half a

dozen hairs from his tail. Attention to these relics, farewells to the various scenes of suffering and want, and especially the subject of rations, required a considerable time.

From our stock of corn-meal we had to make "pones," or corn-meal cakes, enough for the journey; these were baked in the skillets before mentioned, one skillet serving for twenty men. As soon as "marching orders" were received there was a vigorous rush for the skillets, of course, and "De'il take the hindermost," found a practical illustration. Those who failed to be first, strove to be second, by exacting a pledge from No. 1, that he would give them the skillet when he was through with it; those who failed to be second would fain content themselves with being third, and so on up the scale.

Sometimes differences of opinion arose with regard to the relative position of certain parties on the "skillet" schedule, and mild knock-downs resulted, which placed both at the foot of the list.

Men will fight for their "rights" even when staring death in the face in a southern prison. Had they all been sentenced to be hung, they would doubtless have "stood on the order of their going," and insisted on the precedence of rank.

Baking the "pones" occupied the greater part of the night, and on the morning of September 12th at six o'clock, we were marched out of Camp Davidson by our old guard, the Second Georgia Regulars.

There is something sad about leaving even a "Prison

Pen" after a long and familiar acquaintance. Fibres of attachment will spring from the heart to fasten on the most loathsome objects where circumstances of necessity and mutual suffering make the soil mellow. I felt stealing over me something of those hopeless emotions which brought Byron's sad and subdued "Prisoner of Chillon" to say: —

> "My very chains and I grew friends,
> So much a long communion tends
> To make us what we are; — even I
> Regained my freedom with a sigh."

Only ours was not freedom, but rather something worse than the worst bondage. We were to be taken to Charleston and placed under the fire of our own batteries, for the enemy seem to think that we may be the means of saving the besieged city from the doom which inevitably awaits it. Of course they affirm that this is retaliation, but with the North retaliation has ever been looked upon as a sad extremity, and to be exercised only when no other resource remains for restraining the excesses of its foes. With the Rebels, the slightest pretext has been sufficient to cause the most wanton destruction of life.

After leaving our camp at Savannah, we were turned over to the City Battalion which guarded us through town.

We remained for a number of hours in the dusty streets of the city, under the scorching heat of the sun, when we were ordered into cattle cars, weary

and sick at heart, yet not entirely despondent, for there is

> "No grief so great, but runneth to an end,
> No hap so hard, but will in time amend."

One of our number having obtained permission from the nearest guard, under the plea of necessity, stepped out of his car at the first station, when he was immediately fired upon by several others. The prisoner only saved his life by dodging under the car. Even while there, the commanding officer of the guard rushed up with boisterous curses and discharged his revolver at the defenceless victim without asking a word of explanation. The prisoner was dragged from under the car and thrown back among his fellows. And yet these men, who could thus murderously fire on a defenceless prisoner guilty of no offence, were constantly talking of their honor and their "chivalry." Their deeds will publish their true characters long after their words are forgotten.

A run of ten or twelve hours brought us to Charleston. The citizens turned out in crowds as we marched down Coming Street, and, as usual, we listened to the stereotyped billingsgate of the Southern chivalry. We were entirely satisfied that "familiarity breeds contempt," as we listened to their coarse comments on the "damned Yankees," "northern blue-bellies," "baboons," "Lincoln's monkeys," etc. Many, on the other hand, in the interval of our short halts, expressed sincere regrets

at our unfortunate situation, and, rather quietly, to be sure, assured us of their faith in the ultimate triumph of the Government. It was rather surprising to find so many of this class in the cradle of secession. There were just enough of them to save from utter ruin that treason-polluted city.

Our destination was Charleston jail-yard, the grand receptacle of all Union prisoners in Charleston. It is situated in the south-eastern portion of the city, and in plain view of Morris Island, on which our batteries were planted, which did such fearful execution.

CHARLESTON JAIL AND ITS INMATES.

The jail is a large octagonal building of four stories, surmounted by a tower forty feet in height. On the right is the large bastile-shaped work-house, where a part of the prisoners were confined.

The gallows is located at the south side of the jail, and the fragment of a tent which I occupied was directly in front of it. This is the nearest we ever came to hanging, so far as I could learn, — unless it be the necessary suspense of our situation.

Our quarters were in the yard, and the whole enclosure was surrounded by a massive wall of masonry sixteen feet in height. Everything was in the most filthy condition conceivable, having been occupied for a long time by prisoners and convicts, without ever having been cleaned. We were unable to obtain even the necessary tools from the authorities, to do this work ourselves. Its sanitary condi-

JAIL YARD CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

tion was such, that it seemed impossible for us to remain there long without suffering from some foul and malignant disease. The ground was literally covered with vermin. A fellow-prisoner has said that he thought it the "nastiest, dirtiest, filthiest, lousiest place he was ever in."

We were without shelter. Fragments of tents were still standing, but afforded no protection from the sun or storm, for the prisoners who were confined there before us, many of whom were from Andersonville, were in such a destitute condition upon their arrival, that they cut the tents to pieces to make themselves clothes to wear.

The ground floor of the jail was occupied by civil convicts; the second story, by Rebel officers and soldiers under punishment for military offences; the third story, by negro prisoners; and the fourth, by Federal and Rebel deserters.

It is a fine compliment to the good sense of the Rebels, that the deserters from either side were treated with the same severity. They seemed to consider that none but those who deserved the severest punishment would be guilty of deserting the Federal army to go over to them; and so they placed them side by side with deserters from their own ranks, and subjected them to the same privations.

It must have been consoling to the cowards and sneaks, who deserted the Stars and Stripes, to receive such close attention. Sometimes they ventured down from their fourth story to mingle with the

Federal soldiers in the yard. Under such circumstances nothing could restrain the prisoners from working a general onslaught, and the miserable slinks did well if they got back to their "sky-loft" with whole heads. This righteous indignation of suffering soldiers was a natural out-cropping of that heroic determination which kept their patriotism burning brightly in the midst of their untold sufferings.

Many of the negro prisoners in the jail were captured at our assault on Fort Wagner. I had a conversation with Sergt. Johnson (colored), Company F, Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Infantry; he was a full-blooded negro, but possessed of no ordinary degree of intelligence; he gave me an interesting history of the captivity and trial of the negro prisoners. Soon after their capture they were informed, that they were to be tried by a civil commission on a charge of having abandoned their masters and enlisted in the United States army, and if found guilty, they were told that they might make up their minds to stretch hemp. And why should they not be found guilty? to be sure, nearly all were from the North and had always been free; but they knew full well that this court was formed, not to subserve the ends of justice, but to convict, for the Rebels had sufficiently illustrated their method of dealing with negro prisoners, that is, when they deigned to receive them as such, instead of murdering them in cold blood, in order to convince their comrades of

the narrow chances for life, should they unfortunately fall into the hands of an enemy.

A FRIEND.

The sergeant told me that they were surprised to find a friend in a relative of Ex-Gov. Pickens of South Carolina. The governor himself was true to Southern principles, having been elected to the legislature of his State by the nullifiers in 1832, and being among the foremost to urge his State out of the Union in 1860; but this friend to the oppressed remained firm in the cause of his country, and bravely loyal as the sequel will show. He came to them and offered unrecompensed to plead their cause before the sham tribunal that was to decide their fate. When he first revealed his intention to act in their behalf, he was regarded as an impostor, a government detective, whose only object was to learn their history; that is, to ascertain if they had been slaves, to whom they had belonged, and under what circumstances they had left their masters. But he persisted, and gave them money to purchase little necessaries (for nothing but corn-meal was issued to them, and this in very small quantities), and left them with the promise that he would soon return, and report the progress of his investigations; but when he came, he found them still doubting, and unwilling to place confidence in him; but, calling them together, he related that before the war he himself was a slaveholder, and was known and respected throughout his State. But at the commence-

ment of this intestine strife, having proved true to the "old flag," his property had been swept from him, calling him traitor, and an abolitionist, and that now he was an outcast among his friends, and in constant danger of being assassinated.

GENUINE PATRIOTISM.

He also told them that he knew that this must be his fate, from the first, if he remained true to his convictions; but that, having counted the cost, it was as nothing when weighed in the balance against truth; and he was now prepared to do his work thoroughly and unhesitatingly, regarding only as friends those who were true to the cause of their country.

By this means he gained their confidence, for there is a higher language than the written. It is seen in the mute dropping of the tear, in the trembling of the lip, in the flashing of the eye, in the melody of the voice. The tones of sympathy and friendship cannot be successfully counterfeited. Deceivers may impose on those whose perceptions have been dulled by the conventionalities and allowed hypocrisies of society; but the quick-sighted instincts of the child of nature will readily detect the fraud. They listen to the words of a man, and then look into his eyes to interpret his meaning; and this decision cannot be revoked. And when this language shall become as universally studied and understood as the written language which we speak, then shall the divine command, "Thou shalt

not lie," never be violated on account of the inability of mankind to deceive us with their words.

As the sergeant related to me how untiring were the efforts of this friend during their prolonged and doubtful trial, in combating error with firm, convincing truth, in proving their innocence, even under laws that were made but for white men, he seemed at times to be completely overcome by his feelings, so unused was he to sympathy or kind words; but when their trial was once over, and their innocence established, they returned to jail, to be regarded as prisoners of war.

THE LAST VISIT.

It was after their return to the jail that their friend and advocate visited them for the last time. Their emotions were uncontrollable, and they seemed unable to give even a faint expression of their gratitude to him who had sacrificed so much for them. Their admiration for this devoted friend of the Union was so great, that the mere mention of his name is sufficient to bring tears to the eyes of these swarthy sons, who have thus far had so little to be grateful to us for.

This young man, who thus came forward to defend innocent and unfortunate men, was to them, and is to us "nameless"; but his memory will be green in their simple hearts until their black faces go down to the grave. The gratitude of the humblest of our fellow-men is a treasure the true heart will cherish.

This stranger died shortly after. Whatever may

have been his previous life, he carries with him in the act of unselfish philanthropy a gift that is dear to Heaven.

NEGRO MELODIES.

At the close of day the negro prisoners made a practice of getting together in the jail, and singing their plaintive melodies till late in the evening. The character of their songs was usually mournful; and it was often affecting to listen to them — always embodying, as they did, those simple, child-like emotions and sentiments for which the negro is so justly celebrated. The harmony and rich melody of their voices are rarely surpassed. Indeed, this seems a special gift to them. This very fact gives the surest promise of their future elevation and refinement. No race so delicately sensitive to the emotional can be essentially coarse and barbarous.

One song, which appeared to be a special favorite with them, was written by Sergeant Johnson, whom I have before mentioned. He intended it as a parody on "When this cruel war is over." I give the song as he furnished it to me.

I.

"When I enlisted in the army,
Then I thought 'twas grand,
Marching through the streets of Boston
Behind a regimental band.
When at Wagner I was captured,
Then my courage failed;
Now I'm lousy, hungry, naked,
Here in Charleston jail.

CHORUS. Weeping, sad and lonely —
Oh! how bad I feel;
Down in Charleston, South Car'lina,
Praying for a good 'square meal'

II.

"If Jeff. Davis will release me,
Oh, how glad I'll be;
When I get on Morris Island
Then I shall be free;
Then I'll tell those conscript soldiers
How they use us here;
Giving us an old 'corn-dodger' —
They call it prisoner's fare.

III.

"We are longing, watching, praying,
But will not repine
Till Jeff. Davis does release us,
And sends us 'in our lines.'
Then with words of kind affection,
How they'll greet us there!
Wondering how we could live so long
Upon the 'dodgers fare.'

CHORUS. Then we will laugh long and loudly —
Oh, how glad we'll feel,
When we arrive on Morris Island
And eat a good 'square meal.'"

The negroes sang this song with a great deal of zest, as it related to their present sufferings, and was just mournful enough to excite our sympathy.

A small portion of the present inmates of the jail-yard were removed here from Andersonville; and I have listened with pain and perfect horror to the

history of their past treatment. Future generations will stand aghast in view of the unheard of and pitiless deeds of men, steeped in infamy — their foul and barbarous usage of our unfortunate soldiers.

At Andersonville large numbers were crowded into a small space, where the ground was literally alive with vermin. During the heat of day, by watching closely in the warm sand, you could perceive a constant motion among the particles; so alive was it with lice. On such ground as this, the men were closely crowded together, without shelter, and with fare which a Rebel surgeon himself declared "would produce disease among swine."

AWFUL CONDITION OF THE HOSPITAL.

The hospital was in the most wretched condition; no one left the pen, however feeble he might be, who had any friend to attend to his wants, for the only advantage gained by leaving the stockade, was a shelter from the scorching rays of the sun, but this was counterbalanced by being brought in such immediate contact with so many afflicted with the most foul and offensive diseases.

The men were placed upon the ground, nothing underneath them, and usually without covering, while the nights were so chilling as to keep the poor fellows quaking with cold until the sun appeared again to warm them, and then followed the other extreme, the intense heat which rendered the sufferings of those intolerable whose blood was almost quenched with burning fevers.

The Rebel surgeons seemed to give them little or no care.

So filthy and obnoxious, so infested with vermin, and so loathsome had this den of living death become, that it was indeed impossible for a person of good health to endure it long.

While such a state of things existed, it is not strange that the mortality among them was fearful. Each day the dead were carried away by scores, their places to be again filled by others, who in all probability would soon share the same fate, for none but those who were so low as to be past cure were ever looked at by the surgeons, and nearly as many died within the pen, without ever receiving any medical treatment, as in the hospital.

A fearful responsibility certainly rests somewhere, and men who could thus wantonly murder so many helpless and innocent men, are almost as much to be pitied for their moral depravity as the prisoners for their bodily suffering, and yet these martyrs to the cause of "Liberty and their Country," never murmured against the Government, always believing that it was powerless to help them, or else that it did not understand their true condition.

I have noticed scarcely a prisoner from Andersonville, who was not more or less affected by some disease contracted there, so that we now see the truthfulness of what they say proven by their physical condition.

One poor fellow, who was lying in the jail-yard when we arrived, recognized in one of our number

his former captain. In a feeble voice, he addressed him as such, but the poor prisoner was so tattered and emaciated, and blackened by disease and exposure, that the captain did not recognize him. A faltering, broken explanation located him in his memory, and they took a melancholy pleasure in rehearsing their mutual and individual experiences. The dying man was too far gone to need assistance had any been possible, and all the captain could do was to lie down by his side during the long, cold night that followed, and close his lifeless eyes in the morning.

A THUNDER-STORM.

September 20. — I find myself weak and exhausted this morning, with blood feverish and my system racked with pain, the result of yesterday's suffering; for it was one of the most wretched days that I have passed since my capture.

Nothing could have been more lovely than the morning, but the sky was soon overcast with dark clouds, and one of the most fearful thunder-storms broke forth that I have ever witnessed, followed by a severe and drenching rain, which continued during the day and night. We were without shelter, or wood to build fires, and were obliged to exercise constantly to keep from chilling.

REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE JAIL.

At night, as there were no signs of the storm abating, we sent a committee to wait upon the jailer,

to obtain permission, if possible, to go inside the jail, as there were a number of unoccupied cells, but were refused admission without a reason being given.

Before morning the yard became flooded with water some four or five inches deep, and with our garments drenched and our limbs benumbed with cold, we were compelled to walk through this flood, in order to keep the blood in circulation.

There were a few small out-houses connected with the jail, formerly used as sinks, and which were in the most loathsome and filthy condition; yet into these a small portion of the prisoners crowded themselves, and were partially protected from the storm, but suffered almost as severely from the ob noxious vapors, as we from the drenching rain.

Our situation called to mind the experiences of persons whose minds had become weakened by a necessitated abode on some desert island, whose manhood had been lost by an unbroken familiarity with forest solitudes and savage beasts, whose natures had been almost changed by the wind and spray and shell-fish diet of some bleak ocean-rock; and I wondered, since the influences in the outer world are so potent for good or evil, what must be the effect upon us, whose vision cannot extend beyond the dismal walls which surround this abode of misery. The monotony, too, is only relieved by a "jail," a "work-house," and the whizzing, bursting shells.

September 22.—Heat oppressive. Heard from the members of my regiment who are confined in

sprung up within us. We felt free, although the Rebel bayonets still surrounded us. We were taken before the Rebel commandant, to whom we gave the following parole: —

"CHARLESTON, S. C., C. S. A.,
"September —, 1864.

"We, the undersigned, prisoners of war, confined in the city of Charleston, in the Confederate States of America, do pledge our parole, individually, as military men and men of honor, that we will not attempt to pass the lines which shall be established and guarded around our prison-house; nor will we, by letter, word, or sign, hold any intercourse with parties beyond those lines, nor with those who may visit us, without authority. It is understood by us that this parole is voluntary on our part, and given in consideration of privileges secured to us, by lessening the stringency of the guard, of free ingress and egress of the house and appointed grounds during the day, by which we secure a liberty of fresh air and exercise grateful to comfort and health.

"Hereby we admit that this, our parole, binds us in letter and spirit, with no room for doubt or technicality of construction, and its violation will be an act of lasting disgrace. Signed:"

After signing this we were marched under guard through the gateway of "Roper" into the beautiful garden of the hospital. How great the change! Here we are comparatively free. Here all seem better contented. We are assigned quarters on the third-floor piazza: the hard floor seeming a luxury, and the place itself a paradise, compared to that worse than grave — Charleston jail-yard.

September 30. — Sixty shells and solid shot of very heavy calibre were thrown into the city to-day,

many of which exploded in what is commonly called the

BURNT DISTRICT.

It covers about one-third of the city, and was burnt during the early part of the year, having been set on fire by the explosion of shells thrown from our batteries on Morris Island.

This part of the city has been deserted by all except the negroes, who, whenever there is a cessation of shelling for a short time, flock here in great numbers to save rent. But a few shell dropped into the streets will soon disperse them, although they are easily tempted back again. And after a few days of quiet, they may be seen trudging around with bundles on their backs, looking for the most favorable location, often taking up their quarters in the dwellings of the former notables. Before the siege the poor negroes could only gain admission by the back entrance, where, with hat in hand, they awaited the orders of "massa."

Well, truth is stranger than fiction, and the city, built by the hard labor of slaves, now holds them as her principal occupants.

SHELLS A SUBJECT FOR DISCUSSION.

As the shells from our batteries came screaming over our heads we took them as the subject of numerous and warmly-contested discussions. Some, for an argument, claimed that a shell is entirely harmless in its progress through the air if it does not

explode before reaching a point directly overhead; others asserted that it must be past sufficiently far to make an angle of forty-eight degrees with the horizon before all danger is over. There are many absurd notions afloat with regard to the explosion of shells. Pictorial papers represent them as exploding while sweeping through the air, and the fragments flying in all directions. Soldiers return from the army, and tell of small shells entering men's heads, exploding just as they were passing through, and so scattering brains and skulls to the four winds of heaven.

The laws of physics will teach us that if a shell is moving through the air with a velocity greater than that which its explosion is capable of giving to the fragments, none of them can possibly fall back of the place of explosion. If the velocities here spoken of should be exactly equal, the pieces of the shell on the side next the mortar would be just stopped by the explosion, and so would fall perpendicularly to the ground, while those on the side opposite the mortar, being propelled by two forces (that of the mortar and that of the explosion), would necessarily be thrown a great distance forward. The pieces at right angles to the direction of motion would be thrown at right angles to this direction if the velocities were equal; if not equal they would move obliquely backwards or forwards according to the velocities, making the hypotheneuse of a parallelogram. The explosion of shells over large bodies of water will thoroughly test these

conclusions; and observations made under such circumstances prove them to be correct. If a shell explodes when moving rapidly over a body of water the pieces all strike the water several rods in advance of the place of explosion, — some more, some less, — the puff of smoke still remaining to mark the spot. Some move obliquely forward, some strike nearer and some farther from the place of explosion. It would not be difficult to tell from the striking location of any fragment whether it was at the north, south, east, or west side of the shell at the instant of explosion. If a shell is stationary, or moving very slowly, the pieces of course fly in all directions.

Groups of prisoners collected from time to time for the purpose of discussing this and various other subjects in which we had a direct, though unpleasant interest. Hours were spent thus, whilst every fifteen or twenty minutes we could see the smoke and hear the explosion of "Foster's messengers," as we called them, which came to us in the shape of screeching, tearing, death-dealing, two-hundred pound shells; and, although we were completely isolated from the outer world, yet these "terrible despatches" seemed ever welcome. They told us of the untiring perseverance of our forces on Morris Island.

So correct was their aim, so well did the gunners know of our whereabouts, that shells burst all around in front, and often flew screeching directly overhead without injury to us. When the distant

rumbling of the "swamp-angel" was heard, and the cry "Here it comes!" resounded through our prison house there was a general stir. Sleepers sprang to their feet, the gloomy forgot their sorrows, conversation was hushed, and all started to see where the messenger would fall. Perhaps it would burst in mid air; perhaps fall crashing through the roof of some dwelling, converting it quickly from a stately mansion to a heap of smoking ruins.

The sight, at night, was truly beautiful. We traced along the sky a slight stream of fire, similar to the tail of a comet; followed its course until, "whiz, whiz," came the little pieces from our mighty two hundred pounders, like "grape-shot," scattering themselves all around, and assuring us, in unmistakable language, that our soldiers were still battling for the cause of freedom inviolate.

October 1. — Yellow fever is raging fearfully in the city at present. Five shells from our batteries fell in the burnt district to-day. It was amusing to witness the flocks of negroes, who came running from the buildings which they have occupied since the commencement of the siege clear of rent charges, the owners being too timid to remain in that locality. The colored people are often driven out in this manner, but invariably return after the shelling, to enjoy their threatened haunts.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Confined as we are, so far away from every home comfort and influence, and from all that makes life

worth living for, how quickly do we notice the first kind word, the passing friendly glance! Can any prisoner, confined here, ever forget the "Sisters of Charity?" Ask the poor private, now suffering in those loathsome hospitals, so near us, if he can forget the kind look, the kind word given him by that "Sister," while burning with fever or racked with pain? Many are the bunches of grapes, many the sip of its pure juice, does the sufferer get from her hands. They seem — they are ministering angels; and while all around us are our avowed enemies, they remain true to every instinct of womanhood. They dare lift the finger to help, they do relieve many a sufferer.

All through the South our sick and wounded soldiers have had reason to bless the Sisters of Charity. They have ministered to their wants, and performed those kind womanly offices which are better to the sick than medicine, and so peculiarly soothing to the dying. These noble women have tended their sick beds when the other professedly Christian ladies of the South looked on in scorn, and turned away without even a kind word. They have done what some were too bitter and cruel to do; they have done what others did not dare to do. They were some how permitted to bestow charities wherever charities were needed, without fear or molestation. Their bounties were bestowed indiscriminately on Federal and Rebel sufferers, and bespoke a broad philanthropy, unlimited by party or church or nation. Many a poor soldier has followed them from

ward to ward with tearful eyes, and remembered the poet's lines: —

"Woman! Blest partner of our joys and woes!
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnished yet, thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill!
When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,
To soothe the soul, to cool the burning brain,
Oh, who so welcome, and so prompt as thou!
The battle's hurried scene, and angry blow,
The death-encircled pillow of distress,
The lonely moments of secluded woe —
Alike thy care and constancy confess,
Alike thy pitying hand and fearless friendship bless."

Were other denominations in the South as active in aiding us as the Catholics have been, I might have some faith in Rebel Christianity.

October 2. — Several shells passed directly over us this afternoon, a fragment of one striking the west end of the building.

October 3. — Our batteries have shelled the city vigorously during the past forty-eight hours. Many explosions very near us. No casualties among the prisoners.

YELLOW FEVER.

The Rebel captain commanding this prison, and his adjutant, died last night with yellow fever. Many prisoners have been swept off by the same within the past few days.

October 4. — Heard from our enlisted men con-

tinued on Charleston Race Course. Starvation, exposure, and the frightful ravages of yellow fever are sweeping them off by the score.

October 5, eight A. M. — Orders are issued to "pack up" once more. We are to leave Charleston. The Rebel authorities ostensibly claim that they are removing us from the ravages of yellow fever. In view of the fact that we were brought here to be murdered by our own guns, this assertion seems doubtful, — and in view of the fact that it is no longer for their interest to keep us here it appears more doubtful. It seems scarcely credible that Louisianians should invoke the yellow fever upon our armies, and South Carolinians remove them from under its influence. We were taken to Charleston to save the city from the shells of our batteries on Morris Island. The result proved that our gunners there could fire over and about our prison, and scathe the blackened city as fiercely as ever. In addition to this, General Foster placed an equal number of Rebel officers on Government transports in front of his works, which effectually prevented them from firing upon him. It was for their interest, under these circumstances, to take steps to get these Rebel officers removed. These facts place their humanity in rather bad odor.

FAREWELL TO CHARLESTON.

We bade the cruel city farewell without a regret. It has long been the abode of outrage and injustice. We expected no mercy at its hands, and have re-

ceived none. The seething, almost conscious, shells from our island batteries are paying the respects of the North and northern men to this now desolate source of treason and discontent. We leave you to your fate, thankful that our presence, even as prisoners, has not mitigated your punishment.

The following verses were composed by Lieutenant J. Ogden, First Wisconsin Cavalry, and will fittingly close the chapter on Charleston: —

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I.

Oh, thou doomed city of the evil seed,*
Long nursed by baneful passion's heated breath!
Now bursts the germ, and lo, the evil deed
Invites the sword of war, the stroke of death!
Suns smile on thee, and yet thou smilest not;
Thy fame, thy fashion are alike forgot.
Consumption festers in thy inmost heart;
The shirt of Nessus fouls thy secret part.

II.

Lo, in thy streets — thy boast in other days —
Grim silence sits, and rancorous weeds arise!
No joyous mirth, nor hymns of grateful praise,
Greet human ears nor court the upper skies;
But deadly pallor, and a fearful looking for
The hand of vengeance and the sword of war.
Thy prayer is answered, and around, above,
The wrath of God and man doth hourly move.

* The doctrine of State Rights as taught by John C. Calhoun.

III.

Thy foes are in thy heart, and lie unseen;
They drink thy life-blood and thy substance up;
And though in pride thou usest to sit a queen,
Justice at last commands the bitter cup.
The blood of slaves upon thy skirts is found;
Their tears have soaked this sacrilegious ground.
The chains that manacled their ebon arms
Now clank about thine own in dread alarms.

IV.

Thy sanctuaries are forsaken now;
Dark mould and moss cling to thy fretted towers;
Deep rents and seams, where straggling lichens grow.
And no sweet voice of prayer at vestal hours;
But voice of screaming shot and bursting shell,
Thy deep damnation and thy doom foretell.
The fire has left a swamp of broken walls,
Where night-hags revel in thy ruined halls.

V.

Oh, vain thy boast, proud city, desolate!
Thy curses rest upon thy guilty head!
In folly's madness, thou didst desecrate
Thy sacred vows, to holy Union wed.
And now behold the fruit of this thy sin:
Thy courts without o'errun, defiled within;
Gross darkness broods upon thy holy place;
Forsaken *all*, thy pride in deep disgrace.

VI.

Wail, city of the proud palmetto-tree!
Thy figs and vines shall bloom for thee no more!
Thou scorn'dst the hand of God, that made thee free,
In driving freemen from their native shore.

Thy rivers still seek peacefully the sea,
Yet bear no wealth on them, no joy for thee.
Thy isles look out and bask beneath the sun,
But silence reigns — *their Sabbath is begun!*

VII.

Blood! BLOOD is on thy skirts, oh, city doomed!
The cry of vengeance hath begirt thee round;
Here, where the citron and the orange bloomed,
God's curse rests on the half-forsaken ground!
Thy treason, passion-nursed, is overgrown —
Thy cup of wrath is full, is overflown.
Repent, for God can yet a remnant save,
But traitors and their deeds shall find the grave!

Hospital, Charleston, S. C., Sept. 25, 1864.

CHAPTER XI.

REMOVAL TO COLUMBIA.

EARLY on the morning of October 5th, Captain Mobly of the Thirty-second Georgia Volunteers gave us notice to prepare to remove to Columbia, the capital. In an hour's time we were securely packed in cattle-cars, ready for a start. These cattle-cars deserve a little notice. They were not exclusively cattle-cars, but were used to convey Union prisoners as well. One day they would be loaded with cattle, which did not tend to improve their sanitary condition to any great extent; the next day — without any policing — they would be filled with barrels of sorghum molasses, a few of which would be smashed; and the next day fifty or sixty Yankees would be crowded into each of them, to be jumbled over a southern railroad a hundred miles or more.

Ye who pursue pleasure in splendid coaches along our northern railroads, think of this, and estimate the luxury of a trip from Charleston to Columbia under such circumstances. Our guard was the Thirty-second Georgia Volunteers, to whom too much credit cannot be given for their uniform kindness and courtesy.

The Georgia troops seemed to be by far the most civil and gentlemanly of the southern army. They were the most respectable in appearance, most intelligent and liberal in conversation, and most fully recognized the principle that a man is a man under whatever circumstances he may be placed, and is entitled to humane treatment. They very generally addressed the prisoners as "gentlemen."

It is refreshing to find occasion to notice something commendable in those who were so almost universally tyrannical and cruel.

Our journey was marked with no features of peculiar interest, as the country through which we passed was a barren and sandy tract, with no vegetation to meet the weary eye, save occasionally a small patch of cotton, and sometimes sugar-cane growing by the roadside.

We were about fourteen hours on the way, and arrived at Columbia, in the midst of a terrific rainstorm, without food, blankets, or a necessary amount of clothing. We were compelled to vacate our quarters in the cars, and take up with such as were provided us by the Confederate officers in command, to wit: none at all.

We were closely guarded, and one of our number, Lieutenant H. L. Clark, Second Massachusetts Artillery, received a serious wound in the back by a bayonet in the hands of one of the sentinels, for attempting to take a small loaf of bread offered him by a sympathizing citizen.

We remained in an open field on "Bridge Street"

during the night, suffering from hunger, without blankets, tents, or any conveniences for comfort, at the mercy of the elements, with four pieces of artillery trained upon the ground which we occupied.

It was just before this that Alexander H. Stephens, their Vice-President, inaugurated his peace movement, and the Rebels expressed great anxiety for a knowledge of the result. They were anxious for peace, and hoped the movement would terminate in a settlement of their difficulties on a basis satisfactory to the interests of the southern people. Ever loud-mouthed and boastful, they still had misgivings as to the result, and eagerly caught at any prospect of a settlement.

COLUMBIA.

This capital city of the first State to raise the dark hand of treason against the American Union, has a population of from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants, and is one of the finest in the State. It is handsomely situated on the Congaree River, one hundred and twenty-five miles from the sea, covering a gentle slope of ground which overlooks the surrounding country for a distance of from twenty to thirty miles, and it is equidistant from Charleston and Wilmington, North Carolina, on the line of the South-Carolina Central Railroad.

It is regularly laid out, its streets crossing each other at right angles; some are wide and planted with handsome trees, among which are found the

Palmetto, which is familiar to all, as it was represented upon the first flag raised as a signal of war in opposition to the laws of our country.

Except in the busy, commercial parts of the town, the houses are surrounded with gardens, crowded with shrubs and flowers of all kinds; each establishment being generally encircled with hedges of hawthorn, interspersed with a luxuriant growth of roses.

The dwellings, which stand amid these beautiful pleasure grounds, are built of many different forms. Those of wood are usually painted white.

To the Southerner, this lovely place, during the war, has been one of perfect safety. It being the farthest of any from the lines of our advancing armies, and free from attack by our ever-watchful navy, many have flocked here from all parts of the Confederacy, where they might be beyond the reach of the dread sounds of war.

The Confederate government, influenced by the thought of impending danger, moved its treasury from the city of Richmond to this place, fearing that the Union army might make an inroad into its capital, and destroy its worthless currency.

The public buildings are of magnificent structure. The Capitol, or State House, occupies a commanding position near the centre of the town. The grounds adjoining are adorned with beautiful walks and avenues.

The military academy, court house, and its church edifices are built in splendid style. With

all the beauty and magnificence combined to make these buildings grand to look upon, there yet remains connected with their history the memory of the dark deeds perpetrated within their walls, which resulted in the secession of the Palmetto State from our great and glorious Union. Here it was that the first steps were taken, which placed South Carolina foremost in the ranks of those States which afterwards adopted the ordinance of secession.

Although co-operation had been urged by many leading men of the South, among whom were Mr. Rhett, long conspicuous in the councils of the State, and Mr. Trenholm, afterwards a member of the Confederate cabinet, yet the fiery devotees of slavery forced their opinions, and controlled the public feeling, until a convention was called, which met on the 20th of December, 1860, when South Carolina launched forth upon a sea, above whose tranquil bosom brooded a pent-up storm, dark and tremendous, which, when it burst forth from its deathly silence, drenched her soil with the blood of her own sons, and scathed and blackened her as with fire from heaven, carried all away who had embarked upon its alluring surface, and dashed in one final wreck the frail structure upon which this unrighteous and unjust government was to be formed.

She entered upon a struggle which has devastated her lovely fields and finest cities, depopulated many of her most flourishing towns, and

CHAPTER XII.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA—"CAMP SORGHUM."

An attempt was made yesterday by the authorities to persuade us to take our paroles, in order that we might enjoy the privileges of an open field. We were threatened with confinement in some old tobacco houses in case we did not comply with their wishes; but we sternly refused to accept their base proposition, and utterly disregarded their threats, knowing that our condition could be made no worse by the change.

It may seem strange to some that these paroles were not accepted. Our reasons for not accepting them were these: 1st. They prevented our escaping, and this was the thought nearest our hearts. 2d. We thought the punishment threatened rather more endurable than our condition when not under punishment.

They stated that they would confine us in some old tobacco houses, if we did not comply. Now, we considered confinement in any kind of a building more desirable than lying on the ground, without covering, during the damp chilly nights, exposed to the wind and storm.

For some reason unknown to us, we were not

removed from this place into the tobacco houses; but a guard and "dead-line" were established; and in the open field, with no covering save the broad canopy of heaven, our band numbering upwards of fifteen hundred men was obliged to remain.

After many unsuccessful attempts to get a newspaper, I at last, by bribing one of our guards, secured a copy of the "South Carolinian," a weekly sheet published in the city, from which I learned the position of the Union army under the gallant Sherman.

A DAY OF JOY.

October 8. — This day was one of joy and thanksgiving. Our hearts were made glad, and our hopes brighter, by the receipt of clothing, and many other articles of comfort sent to us from the North by that ever-beneficent organization, the Sanitary Commission.

Those of our number who were the most needy were supplied with such articles as the authorities saw fit to allow them, which to some degree alleviated their sufferings, and made life somewhat sweeter. It was my happy lot to get a towel and an undershirt. The last-mentioned article was of great value to me, as more than three months had passed since I had had a change. Notwithstanding the distribution of clothing, many were without shoes, stockings, shirts, and coats — dying by inches for want of some protection from the inclement weather. They submitted to their fate, however

trusting in the Government and the ability of their country to save them before they finally perished.

THE TEST ELECTION.

October 16. — Our prison pen had been remarkably quiet for six or eight days, nothing having transpired among the prisoners to cause any excitement, and we were fast falling into a state of melancholy sadness, when, in view of the approaching presidential election, it was suggested that we vote upon the subject ourselves. The idea was approved by most of our number, as it was also by the Rebels; for they wished to get an expression of the prevailing sentiment among us, that they might the better judge of the feeling that pervaded the people of the North. There were men among us from every State in the Union, and they naturally inferred that a vote in our camp would be an index of the vote at the North. Accordingly they urged the thing on, and promised to publish the result in the city papers, — though when they saw what the result was, they hastily changed their minds, and no mention was made of our election.

Many warm and even violent discussions had taken place for a number of days among the prisoners, and political spirit ran so high that they could not wait till election day. The vote was taken by States at the quarters of the senior officer of each State, and the results sent in to the general office. Written ballots were used which were handed to the officer, and by him deposited in an old meal bag,

which served as a ballot-box. A bulletin-board and telegraph-office were established, and sham telegrams were published from the different States, especially New Jersey.

I cast my vote for Abraham Lincoln, as did my messmates, Hampton and Richardson, deeply regretting that it was my sad lot to be denied the privilege of doing so where it might count for some good. At six o'clock P. M. the counting was finished, the result being ten hundred and twenty-four votes for Lincoln, and one hundred and forty-three for McClellan.

This was the expression of feeling and opinion among men who had been deprived of all the common comforts of life, half starved, with nothing but dirty rags hanging to their emaciated limbs to protect their bodies from the cold, wasting away by hunger and exposure, yet would not favor a peace degrading to their country's honor.

Cheer upon cheer arose from our feeble voices, and resounded through our prison yard, upon the announcement, making the McClellanites, who had been very confident of the success of their candidate, look crest-fallen and disappointed.

The Confederates understood the significance of the re-election of Mr. Lincoln full well. They knew it would be impossible to free themselves from the serpent into whose coils they had been drawn; but that they must fight for a cause that originated in sin, that was nurtured in iniquity, and that must perish in infamy and disgrace.

The Rebel officers had continually misrepresented the Federal administration to the prisoners; and as we had no means by which to refute the arguments of these wily secessionists, except the firm confidence in our government, our souls were filled with joy and gladness by this favorable result of our impromptu election.

"The song of war shall echo through the mountains
Till not one hateful link remains
Of slavery's lingering chains;
Till not one tyrant treads our plains,
Nor traitor lips pollute our fountains."

AN ESCAPE.

October 18. — Our camp was to-day thrown into a state of wild excitement, owing to the escape of three prisoners, who ran the guard and made towards "God's country." Several shots were fired at them as they passed the outer line, but without doing them any injury, and they passed out in safety. The entire guard was aroused. The men flew to arms, the artillerymen to their guns. The Rebel officers, calling loudly to their men to fall in, could be distinctly heard at my quarters, making me tremble for the fate of the brave men who, risking life, were trying to make their escape from this den of misery. After the occurrence of this affair, our guard was doubled, and orders given to the sentinels to shoot down every prisoner who should in any manner approach the "dead-line." This action on the part of the Confederates did not, however,

intimidate us in the least; for we well knew if compelled to remain there, in the condition we were then in, that death would surely overtake us; and to die in the attempt to free ourselves from the grasp of heartless tyrants would be no worse than starvation.

My plan for escape was not in the least disconcerted by this movement of the Rebels; on the contrary, my determination to be free was more fixed in my mind, and I continued the preparations for a leave-taking of Columbia and the hated Prison Pen, "Camp Sorghum."

After two days had passed, and no tidings were received from our friends, we began to feel that they must have escaped the vigilance of Rebel search. There was general rejoicing at their escape, and we worked ourselves into a state of feverish excitement over their success in passing the "dead-line." Our physical debility rendered us more intensely susceptible to excitement, and yet there is something about watching the progress of an escape from prison that will excite the most unimpassioned.

We looked upon their success as an index of what our own might be, should we make a similar attempt. And besides this, I trust we had higher motives to awaken interest. Although often reprehensibly selfish in matters that did not materially affect their lives and safety, our soldiers could still rejoice as thoroughly at the successful escape of a fellow-prisoner as though the good fortune had been their own. Many prayers were offered that a kind

Providence would guide them safely through darkness and doubt to the Federal lines, and the most enthusiastic expressions of joy were manifested by all who had strength to rejoice.

The jubilation was somewhat quickened, I mistrust, by the satisfaction it afforded us to know that the Rebel guards had been outwitted, and that Yankees could make their way through the heart of the Confederacy without being recaptured.

But our gratulations were brought to a melancholy sequel. It seems, that for every prisoner who escapes to safety, some comrade must be sacrificed of those who remained. There came, in the midst of our rejoicings, the sad and whispered intelligence,

A PRISONER SHOT.

Lieutenant Young of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, was shot down in cold blood, by one of the sentinels, while conversing with some fellow-officers, near a small fire. He only survived the shot a few moments. This occurred about ten o'clock on the evening of October 20th.

No reason for this atrocity was apparent, and none was offered by our guards. It was another added to the already long list of cruel, heartless murders perpetrated in southern prisons. We were overcome with grief at the report, for Lieutenant Young was a brave man, a fine officer, a pleasant companion, and withal, had for a long time been a suffering friend.

Thus another noble spirit was ushered into the

presence of its Maker, sent thither by the brutal hand of a murderer.

Were they men, and suffer such conduct? had they been taught the principles of love and justice, which are given to all in the great Book of Books? had they any sense of humanity in their bosoms? No, the foul fiend of darkness possessed and influenced their thoughts. Not satisfied with depriving men of the necessary food to sustain life, they shot down our defenceless comrades like dogs, without a shudder at the heinousness of the crime.

How long, oh God! how long will such fearful atrocities be allowed?

LONG LIVE THE DUTCHMAN.

A German captain was sent by the authorities, not long since, to take command of the prison. He was a pompous individual, and did things generally on the "spread-eagle" style.

As soon as he arrived, we were ordered into line to listen to a speech from the new commandant. Everything was conducted with accurate regard to military precision, and just at the right moment our Teutonic orator stepped forward, and delivered the following oration: —

"Shentlemens, — I comes to take command of you. I've been a brisoner mein selif. Your peoples treats me like shentlemens, — I treats you like shentlemens. Break ranks! March!!"

There was a general burst of laughter among the prisoners, and cries of "Long live the Dutchman."

A few days after he got drunk and was removed, and thus our hopes of making game of the Dutchman came to an unseemly end.

From the time we left Charleston the weather had been exceedingly cold and disagreeable, and no tongue can tell or pen describe the sufferings of the brave men confined there. The want of clothing made their bodies more susceptible to cold, and many were dying daily of diseases contracted from exposure to the sun and storm, and from a constant diet of coarse and unwholesome food.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

Under such circumstances it was our custom to lie down after taking our night's meal, not to sleep, but to talk over the incidents of our boyhood days, and the events of our lives. Thoughts of home, and the friends gathered around loved firesides, came crowding upon us; memory dwelt with clinging interest on scenes that might never be repeated; imagination feasted herself on pictures that might never prove a reality, and thus the long night was wearied through until the stars were growing dim in the light of approaching day, when we sought that rest which our exhausted systems so much needed.

There were but few persons among us who had ever been compelled to suffer such privations and hardships. Most of them, before entering the army, had been clerks behind the counter, students at school, or well-to-do mechanics. Some were soldiers by profession, and many were sons of wealthy

men, who had never known anything but pleasure, and had always taken life easy. But all, through the common impulses of their natures, and the patriotism ever burning in the loyal American heart, had offered their services to their bleeding and distracted country, to assist in subduing the element of discontent at the South, and the foulest and most unwarrantable rebellion against just and proper authority, ever known within the annals of time.

As to their fate, many were thoughtless and indifferent, some were distrustful of our Government and its intentions to liberate them; but few were without hope of approaching succor, and depending upon the mercies of an all-wise and overruling Providence, we made the best of our miserable condition.

I did not intend to remain in "durance vile" a great while longer; but upon the first favorable opportunity to take my flight, with some one or two of my friends, if they chose to go with me; if not, I should risk my life alone. I did not think any of my companions would refuse an offer to accompany me, if I should propose a plan which presented any chances of success. I kept my own counsel, however, and when the time should arrive, I would cautiously make my intentions known to those I wished to have accompany me, and then set out together. As the days came and went, our sufferings increased.

The season being far advanced, the cold night air chilled us through, and the stars, from their lofty

stations in the heavens, shone upon us clear and cold, while the moon reflected its pale, silvery light upon our palid faces, making us look doubly haggard and ghost-like.

ALLOWED TO GET WOOD BY TAKING A PAROLE.

The prison authorities adopted a rule of allowing a certain number each day to pass outside the prison limits, for the purpose of backing in such quantities of wood as we could carry. This privilege was granted to such as would give their paroles not to attempt an escape.

The following was the nature of the parole issued:

CONFEDERATE STATES MILITARY PRISON,
COLUMBIA, S. C., October —, 1864.

I, —— ——, prisoner of war, confined near the city of Columbia, S. C., Confederate States of America, do pledge my parole, as a military man, and a man of honor, that I will not attempt to escape from the prison authorities, nor pass beyond the prison limits more than three-quarters of a mile, and that at the expiration of the time named in the parole, I will return promptly to the adjutant's office and have the same revoked.

It is understood by me that this parole is voluntary on my part, and that it is given with a view to securing privileges which cannot otherwise be obtained.

(Signed) —— ——

We were all very glad of the opportunity of doing something whereby the material could be procured for making a fire. Many accepted the offer, and went out to bring in what they could pick up in the shape of dry twigs, broken branches of trees and

bark. It was a sad sight to see us filing along under guard, picking up what we could carry, and returning with our loads upon our backs.

Some of the men were so weak that they became as helpless as a child, and had to be carried back to camp in a state of utter exhaustion and insensibility. In trying to help themselves, they overtaxed their remaining strength, which brought on fevers and delirium, from the effects of which many died.

I profited, however, by the arrangement; for not only a sufficient quantity of wood was procured to last me and my mess two days, but in carefully examining the plan of our pen, and the system by which it was guarded, I obtained and added to my small store of knowledge much valuable information concerning the surrounding country. All of which, at some future day, then not far distant, would be put to good use.

I was not by any means the only one to profit by these explorations. Others, as much on the alert as myself for adventure, conceived plans whereby they effected an escape; but unfortunately, after a few days had passed, were generally recaptured and thrown into county jails.

They had the satisfaction, during their absence, of getting some corn-bread and bacon of the faithful negroes, out of which they could make at least a few good meals; and this alone was enough to compensate for the attempt.

Every soldier knows that the times when he succeeded in getting "good square meals," as they were

called, were epochs in his military history, — so much are men the slaves of their wants.

MY OLD SHOES

Being badly worn, I took them to the "camp cobbler" to be repaired. He gave me no encouragement, but said they were past redemption, and could not be improved.

How could I travel barefoot through the hot burning sand of the highway, the stone-covered fields, or the dreary swamps? I must have some covering for my feet, and at once set about preparing something myself.

By dint of good luck, I obtained the rim of an old worn-out regulation hat, from which I cut some inner soles, and by tying the outer sole to the uppers with a piece of cord, made them appear no worse, and added largely to their worth and durability; thus my feet were protected from the heat and cold.

In making an escape it is absolutely necessary that there be suitable protection for the feet, and even under the most destitute circumstances all such contingencies had to be provided for.

During the last two weeks of my stay at Columbia, the nights had become so cold that we did not think of lying down, but would walk around the camp for the purpose of keeping the blood in circulation and to prevent chilling.

When the sun rose in the morning, and not till then, would we stretch ourselves on the ground to

sleep, the heat from its rays warming us and keeping us warmed while locked in the arms of Morpheus. We literally turned night into day and day into night. Those who have lived in northern latitudes know how disagreeable it is to be so situated as to be obliged to exercise continually in order to keep from chilling. It may be endurable for a few hours, but one after a time becomes weary of it. But our lack of clothing was such that we had to be on the alert during the whole night, — and that night after night.

November 8, 1864. — This eventful day was one of intense excitement and anxiety with us, as it was to decide who should be our chief magistrate for the next four years. We felt satisfied that the election would result in placing Mr. Lincoln, our then respected President, in the chair which for the past four years he had filled with so much credit to himself and honor to the nation; and yet an almost certain election has its excitement, and the certainty cannot be an absolute certainty until the last vote is cast. We would rather have known the result than believed it.

EXCHANGE RUMORS.

We were also notified by the prison authorities that a general exchange of prisoners would take place on the 20th. Captain Hatch, the Rebel commissioner of exchange, was there; and it was rumored about camp that a large portion of our number would be taken to Savannah immediately,

causing great excitement. The "fresh fish," especially, were in excellent humor over what they styled glorious good news. The old prisoners were not inclined, however, to be very jubilant over the announcement, as they had many times before been duped and deceived by the practical infamy of the Confederates. And it was very well that we put no faith in such loose reports, for at this time, as on many other occasions when such rumors were circulated, nothing official had been received.

"Hope comes again to the heart, long a stranger;
Once more she sings me her flattering strain;
But hush, gentle siren! for, ah! there's less danger
In still suffering on than in hoping again."

The Rebels always took advantage of the natural despondency following so much excitement, to endeavor to persuade the prisoners to believe that our government cared nothing for our suffering, and would use every other means at their command to cause us to lose confidence in the Federal authorities and the commanding officers of our army. They miserably failed in their endeavors to extinguish the fire of patriotism burning in our bosoms, by such contemptible misrepresentations, and only added to the bitter hate in which we looked upon these vile traitors and inhuman wretches who guarded and starved us.

CAUGHT BY HOUNDS.

Many of the recently-escaped prisoners were

brought back to us about these times, most of whom were caught by hounds. Lieutenant Parker was so lacerated that he died the next day after his capture. On the 7th inst. Lieutenant J. Clement, of the Fifteenth Kentucky Cavalry, was captured by a Rebel living but a short distance from Chapel's Ferry, South Carolina. After he had surrendered the dogs were let loose on him; and thus he was so seriously injured as to be disabled for a long time.

I should have made my escape on the fourth, had not my health been so delicate that I could not have walked out of camp, even had the road been clear. I had been suffering very much from camp diseases, and was so weak as to be unable to walk without the aid of a friend.

Near the 12th of November rumors reached us that General Sherman had left Atlanta, and was moving through Georgia in three columns. It was currently reported that he would occupy Augusta. The "great general's" movements were little understood by the Rebels; they were greatly alarmed, and began concentrating their forces at Augusta.

DRAWING MEAT RATIONS AT CAMP SORGHUM.

About this time quite an amusing scene enlivened our camp. An old wild hog chanced to pass the guard line; and as soon as he came within range of the prisoners, a general advance was made and he was ours. But a few moments elapsed after his entrance among us before no traces of his carcase could be found. From four to five hundred half-starved men

gave him a most hearty welcome. "He was a stranger and they took him in," in more senses than one. One seized a leg, another an ear, and another his tail; and as many as his dusky exterior would accommodate twisted their skinny fingers into his long, arrowy bristles, and closed their hands and eyes and teeth as if for a death-struggle. There was tumbling and tripping and pushing and yelling and swearing, while the Rebel guards, at a "parade rest," were laughing heartily at the ridiculous scene.

Every man clung to the part he first seized, and that part was to be his portion. Richardson was the first to seize a hind leg, and this leg he clung to through all the melée like grim death to his victim, and did not relinquish his hold until it was cut off and securely lodged in the mess kettle for supper.

Our guest was not "the fattest hog in Epicurus' sty," but we were in no condition to make a point of quality, and thankfully struggled for steaks that "would not fry themselves."

This was the first and only ration of meat issued to us while at Columbia, and this — no thanks to the Rebels — very foolishly issued itself.

It would have been useless for the prison authorities to try to deprive us of this well-earned booty, for in less than five minutes after the first salute it would have been impossible to find enough of the grunting porker to grease a skillet, if we except the intestines.

DRAWING MEAT RATIONS AT "CAMP SORGHUM."

"When the black hog was seen on a run through the camp
Each soldier forgot his starvation and cramp;—
The grunts of the hog and his running were vain—
His form will ne'er darken that camp-ground again."
The Wandering Poet of New Hampshire.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

A few days confirmed the rumors that had been floating with regard to Sherman's movements. It came to be generally understood that he was marching on Augusta, Macon, and Savannah. These reports had the usual effects — of depressing the Rebels, and inspiring the prisoners with hope. Many attempts to escape were made at this time — with varying success. Several shots were fired into the pen by the sentinels, and one prisoner had his arm blown off in an attempt to run the guard.

On the 23d, Lieutenant George R. Barse, Fifth Michigan Cavalry, of whom previous mention has been made, escaped by strategy while the prisoners were passing out on parole after wood. The officer of the guard had taken position without the guard-line, where he had a battalion of men in readiness to send to the woods with the paroled prisoners, allowing several to go at a time, and proportioning the number of guards to the size of the squad. As each party arrives near the "dead line," one of the number manifests a desire to pass out, at the same time exhibiting a paper with signatures attached to a written parole. The officer of the guard then beckons to the sentinel to permit them to cross the lines, when he takes their paroles and hands them to one

of a certain number of armed men, who are detailed to act as their escort. Barse followed a squad that observed all this necessary formality; but the officer and guard were none too bright; and Lieutenant Barse went on, rejoicing no doubt at his good fortune, until he reached the woods, when he claimed that he was a hospital steward, and had nothing to do with the men, whom he had only chanced to walk out of camp with. Luckily, there was no one present to contradict his assertion, and, without further ceremony, he marched off at his pleasure.

Great excitement prevailed just now over Sherman's terrific march through Georgia, which was just beginning to develop itself. The Legislature removed to Macon, and Governor Brown issued a proclamation ordering to the front every man capable of bearing arms.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Brought us much to be thankful for, to be sure, but little heart to enter into the celebration of such a day. There was great suffering in camp on account of the severity of the weather. We had heavy frosts frequently, and many, having no blankets, were obliged to find warmth in exercise. Hampton, Richardson, and myself, possessed a small blanket each, but with even these it was almost impossible to keep from freezing. We sleep in the middle by turns, and this privilege with us is a matter of the gravest importance. So unpardonable was the offence of attempting to deprive one of his equal

rights in this respect, that many quarrels originated from no other cause. In a case involving so much interest we did not trust to memory, but, on turning out in the morning, marked upon the ground the name of the individual who was to have the choice of position at night. This method was not resorted to until we found it to be our only safeguard against disputes. The one who slept in the middle was usually quite comfortable, although his sphere of operations was rather limited, for those on the outside naturally inclined to crawl away from the chilly flanks towards the centre. In this way we could get some sleep one night in three, if not drowned out by a rain storm.

MUD BURROWS.

After waiting our turn for more than three weeks, we at last succeeded in securing an old shovel, with which we dug a cave in the ground large enough to crawl into at night, and during storms.

There seemed no prospect of a general exchange, and the prisoners were determined to make the best of their miserable situation. So far as I was concerned, it was not my intention to spend a single night in this bear's den, if possible to effect an escape; and yet we always thought it worth our while to be prepared for the worst.

The greater part of the 25th was spent in digging, and we accomplished as much during the "long, weary day," as a first-class ditcher might have done in an hour. I became tired of it, and fully resolved

to make my escape on the 26th. Saw friend Lemon, and proposed to him a plan by which we could relieve "Camp Sorghum" from any further care of our persons. We could not think of being longer dependent on the bounty of our enemies, and determined to strive for some advantage of situation which would enable us to return their compliments.

PLAN OF ESCAPE.

It was customary to extend the guard-line in the morning, for the purpose of allowing the prisoners to pick up wood on a piece of timbered land just opposite camp; and it was our intention to take a shovel, when permitted to pass to the woods, and make a hole in the ground large enough to receive our two skeletons, and then have our friends cover us with brush and leaves. Thus concealed, we hoped to be left without the camp when the guard should be withdrawn. Should we succeed in escaping the vigilance of the sentinels, it was our purpose to strike for Augusta, Georgia, feeling assured that General Sherman would soon occupy that place. Many preferred to strike for Knoxville, Tennessee, considering that the safer, though it was much the longer route to our lines. Our course would incur more risk, but the sooner bring us within the Federal camp. Indulging these expectations, we lay down to rest.

On the morning of the 26th Hampton and Richardson asked if we should continue work on our "mud burrow." I replied that I should dig no more holes

in South Carolina; that they need make no arrangements in their cellar for me, as I did not propose to have any further use for subterranean caverns. They looked at each other with a knowing smile, doubtless thinking a temporary disgust had come over me, which would soon wear away, and I would again return to my quarters. Under the circumstances, I am disposed to pardon them.

Lemon and I kept a careful lookout, anxiously waiting for the guard to be extended out into the woods. But the morning was cold and rainy, and the guards not caring to leave their snug tents along the line of the encampment, we were left without fires.

Thus our hopes were again blasted, and nothing was left us but to make a bold strike, and pass the guards by a plentiful exhibition of "brass." How this was accomplished will be set forth in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ESCAPE FROM COLUMBIA.*

FIRST DAY.

LEXINGTON C. H. ROAD, SIX MILES FROM COLUMBIA, S. C.,
Saturday, November 26, 1864.

WHILE taking a stroll through "Camp Sorghum" in the morning for the purpose of discovering a weak point in the guard-line, I observed one of the guards to be a stupid-looking fellow, and proposed testing his abilities before he should be relieved by one of brighter appearance. Accordingly I hastened in pursuit of Lieutenant M. W. Lemon, of the Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery, a man of courage and enterprise, and with whom I had decided to escape. I only told him to meet me at a certain point, and be ready to leave the pen in three minutes.

No time was lost in packing or checking our baggage to any given point; and we also deemed it

* Written during the escape, while in the swamps and cotton gins of South Carolina and Georgia, where we were secreted by the ever-faithful negroes.

unnecessary to bid our friends good-by, or to thank the proprietors for hospitalities received.

PASSING THE DEAD LINE.

We were soon at the specified place, passed up to the "dead line," as if that point possessed no further interest to us, and were in the act of stepping over, when the aforementioned worthy brought his gun to bear upon me with an uncomfortable precision; at the same time ordering a halt.

"Where are you going, Yanks?" he demanded; but with an air of offended dignity, I only said, "Do you halt paroled prisoners here?" His meek "No, sir," was almost lost in the distance, as I boldly crossed the dreaded line, adding, "Then let the gentleman in the rear follow me;" and so we passed, while the brilliant sentinel murmured, "All right."

And right it was; for now we were free, breathing the fresh air, untainted by the breath of hundreds of famishing, diseased, and dying men.

Outside of the pen were numbers of paroled prisoners gathering wood, and Rebel guards strolling about. We at once commenced discussing the most favorable locality for obtaining brush with which to cover our "mud-burrow," and thus conversing about our domestic affairs, it was not long before we were well into the woods, — the guards thinking, no doubt, if they thought at all, that we had a right to be out with the others. Once well beyond the sight of gray-coated sentinels, we put our untried strength

to a test and placed a few miles between us and "Camp Sorghum" rather hurriedly. There was not very much of dignity in our departure, to be sure, — not to say grace or beauty; — and it may be that there was something a little suspicious in a certain looking over the shoulder that might have been observed as we sloped through bushes and leaped over logs. Quite likely horse thieves, when thwarted in their purposes have propelled themselves from the scenes of their embarrassments in a manner not remarkably dissimilar. It may be that not very high-toned curs, in getting away from the back-doors of butcher shops would find it convenient to imitate us rather closely; — and yet there was something in this style of locomotion that seemed peculiarly adapted to our circumstances, and we fell into it instinctively, as it were.

We have never, as yet, to any great extent, had occasion to regret our haste and want of dignity.

As soon as we had put sufficient distance between ourselves and the "Prison Pen" to make leisure compatible with safety, we proceeded more slowly.

The country, outside of cities and villages at the South, is always so sparsely settled that, once on the road, and no hounds upon the track, one can readily find places of concealment. Of course, it was our policy at the first to keep comparatively scarce for a time. We made a little progress, however, following ravines and concealed places, and always avoiding roads and openings.

Several times we ran on to white people, but

succeeded in hiding ourselves until they were past. About two o'clock we lay down to rest, and remained concealed until nearly dark — sleeping little, however, on account of the excitement of our situation.

MEETING NEGROES.

When night began to fall we were up and doing, and soon struck the Lexington Court House road. Following this for some little time we heard voices behind us, and slackened our pace to discover whether they were negroes or white men. It is sometimes difficult to determine, as their manner of conversation is almost the same in the South.

When they were within ten or fifteen feet of us, partly turning, I said, "A pleasant evening, gentlemen."

This was intended to be equally applicable to both whites and negroes, but the answer was equally indefinite. One of them merely remarked, "Indeed it is," and said no more.

We were rather led to believe they were white men, and so quickened our step and left them somewhat behind.

As the distance increased, their conversation commenced again, and we heard one of them say, "I guess deys Yankees." Another replied, "I hope to God dey is."

This satisfied us that they were negroes, and we turned round, and met them face to face. I asked, in a low voice, "Do you know who I am?"

N. I reckon I dun no ye, Massa.

G. Have you ever seen a Yankee?

N. Lor' bless ye, Massa. I've seed a heap ob 'em down to Columbia.

G. Do we look like Yankees?

N. Can't very well tell in de night-time; but I s'pect you talk like 'em.

G. Well, my good fellow, we are Yankees, just escaped from Columbia. Can't you do something for us?

N. Ob corse, I will do all I can for you. I'se no nigger if I wouldn't 'sist de Yankees.

Being satisfied that they were entirely trustworthy, we unfolded our plans to them. There were three of them. They had been at Columbia, working on a new prison stockade, which the Rebels were building for the reception of Federal prisoners. Judging that Sherman's movements might make this labor useless, they had stopped work and sent the negroes to their masters. These three fellows were the "property" of a Mr. Steadman, whose plantation is situated some twenty-five miles southwest of Columbia, on the road to Augusta. Thus we were travelling in the same direction.

We stepped aside in the bushes to arrange a plan of procedure, and after a discussion of the subject, one of their number, "Ben Steadman" by name, agreed to become

OUR GUIDE,

while the other two were to travel by themselves. This proved a wise arrangement in the end, for the fact that there were only three of us together prob-

ably saved us from recapture, and "Ben" from detection and punishment.

Our guide decided to leave the main road, and take a shorter cut to his master's plantation. It was arranged that "Ben" should walk in advance some little distance, and if he met any white men, give us warning by a peculiar kind of cough; — while we, on the other hand, were to give him notice of danger in a similar manner.

After a tramp of two or three hours we struck a "blind road," and, being assured by our guide that it was never frequented by white men after dark, disregarded our first precaution, and walked carelessly along, chatting vigorously with "Ben" upon those subjects which most interested us. We had not proceeded far, however, before we were reminded of the necessity of moving more cautiously. Our reminder was none other than

A REBEL PICKET

of eight men, a little to the left of the road. Fortunately for us but one of the number was awake. Supposing that we were negroes he allowed us to approach until we were nearly opposite the picket before the challenge, "Who comes there?" was given, and our guide answered, "Friends;" — Lemon and myself could not see that anything would be gained by a recapture, and so we flew down the road at the top of our speed. This was the first test of our fleetness, and in justice to Lemon, I am compelled to confess myself badly beaten.

I could not help saying, "Go in Lemon," nor avoid a suppressed laugh while straining every nerve to overtake my rival in the race.

"Ben" made a good story of it, telling the picket that the other two darkies got scared and ran away, adding, —

"I DUNNO WHAT MAKE DEM NIGGERS RUN SO."

His story being corroborated by those who had seen him leave the stockade with two other negroes, he was soon set at liberty, ready to do another good job when called for.

Expecting to be pursued, we soon concealed ourselves behind a log near the roadside. After a little a detachment of the picket passed by escorting "Ben" to the reserve of the picket; he, in the mean time, narrating the adventures of the night, and denouncing "dem two cowardly niggers" in good round terms.

After they had passed, we followed them cautiously in the deep sand, until they came to a squad of men sleeping and watching around a large fire. Not being able to flank them, on account of swamps, which lay on either side of the road, we halted and slept near them till morning.

While looking for a place of concealment, Lemon and myself became separated, and not daring to speak, crawled around nearly an hour before we found each other. We had eaten nothing save a small piece of corn-bread since leaving Columbia, and had not dared to present ourselves before any

habitation; but hoped to break our long fast after ten o'clock the next night.

SECOND DAY.

NEAR BARNWELL COURT HOUSE,
Sunday, November 27.

Soon after daylight the picket, near which we were sleeping, scattered in every direction, and went to their homes. They were not regular soldiers, but bushwhackers, who were on their plantations during the day, and met at night to patrol and picket the highways.

This left the coast clear, and, breakfastless, we began to pick our way through the swamp which lay before us; passing through it, we soon came into a rolling wooded country and pushed on, taking the road for a guide, but not daring to come nearer to it than a quarter of a mile. We found nothing to eat but a few blueberries, not the best travelling diet in the world, but thankfully received under the circumstances. About nine o'clock A. M. we crossed the road with a view to putting possible pursuers off the track. About eleven o'clock we came to a clearing, and made our way to a barn near by; but seeing a planter standing by a fence across the field we hastily retraced our steps, and got into the woods again. Shortly after, we came to another open field, which we crossed successfully.

Near four o'clock in the afternoon we came to a large plantation, approaching within thirty or forty

rods of the building, and lying in the bushes. Here we tried to attract the attention of negroes, but were unsuccessful. While snugly ensconced behind a large log, a white woman and several small children came riding down the road on a mule, and passed within a few feet of us, but we hugged the ground closely, and were not observed.

AN ACCIDENTAL FRIEND.

As it began to grow dark, we crept cautiously on our way along the side of the road, and about nine o'clock came to the junction of four roads where we fortunately found a friend in an old guide-board.

Jumping on my companion's shoulders, I was enabled by the light of the moon to read the direction and decide upon the course to be pursued. We then pushed on our way at a rapid pace until about two o'clock A. M., when we laid down in the bushes near the roadside to sleep.

THIRD DAY.

NEAR BLACK CREEK, S. C.,
Monday, November 28.

We were awakened just before daybreak by the villainous barking of dogs, and found ourselves but a few rods from the plantation of Alexander Taylor. The dogs had attracted the attention of the people towards our hiding-place, and as soon as a move was made, we were observed. Running I knew would be useless, as I could see the planter's wife looking at us.

My companion preferred remaining at a safe distance from his dogship, while I approached the ladies who were already assembled near, and after learning there were no white men on the plantation, I frankly stated my case, and appealed to their sympathies for something to eat. They were at first unwilling to grant me any assistance. Mrs. Taylor said that her husband was in the Confederate army, that her heart was with the Southern people, and further, that she thought it wrong for her to aid a Yankee in making his escape. I then addressed to her a brief speech, recounting in pitiful terms my misfortunes, and my disappointment, should I fail in reaching Gen. Sherman's lines.

KINDNESS OF MRS. TAYLOR.

I made no gestures, struck no attitudes, and used none of the enticements of rhetoric, but simply made a direct appeal to her benevolent feelings, and this, aided by my forlorn and destitute condition, seemed to win the day. The kind-hearted lady remarked that she "would see what could be done for us," and going into the house she returned with a generous supply of corn-bread, bacon, and sweet potatoes.

After extorting a promise from the ladies that they would not betray us, I promised Mrs. Taylor that if ever her husband came in Yankee hands, and it was in my power, I would see no harm befall him; and this promise I would have kept even at the expense of my own life. The rations were soon

hurried into my haversack, and after again thanking my benefactress for her kindness, I returned to my companion, when we hastened off to a thicket in the woods, built a pine-knot fire, roasted our potatoes, and made a "royal breakfast." Oh ye who sleep on beds of down in your curtained chambers, and rise at your leisure to feast upon the good things provided, smile not when I say you never knew the luxury of a night of rest, nor the sweets of a meal seasoned by hunger, and the grateful remembrance that it was provided by woman's kindly heart, which, wherever it may beat, sooner or later responds to the tale of misfortune and suffering humanity.

A bath in a stream near by, with the washing of our stockings, completed the duties of the morning, and we were glad to rest, being weary, weak, and sore, the result of violent walking.

After resting all day, we roasted more potatoes at night, and putting our feet to the decaying embers, again lay down to sleep. It was our purpose to awaken at eleven o'clock and pursue our journey, but we were so much exhausted by walking and exposure that sleep entirely overpowered us, and the night was far spent before we again awoke. We were soon on our way, however, endeavoring to redeem the lost time.

FOURTH DAY.

NEAR NORTH EDISTO RIVER, ON THE ROAD TO AIKEN, S. C.,
Tuesday, November 29.

We reached Black Creek this morning just before daybreak, and while crossing the bridge over said stream, met a negro on his way to work, who turned back and conducted us to a hut for safe-keeping during the day.

This hut, familiarly known throughout the neighborhood as

AUNT KATY'S,

Was the general gathering place of all in want of assistance. The good old soul gladly roused from her morning slumbers when she learned that Yankees were at the door awaiting her attention. We were welcomed with a hearty "God bless ye, Massa," and while she made preparations for our "creature comforts," a little boy was sent to ask in her dusky neighbors that they might "rejoice with her" over the good fortune of having an opportunity to aid friends in escaping from a common enemy. In an incredibly short space of time the entire colored population of the plantation were assembled.

To exhibit their deep religious interest in our welfare,

A PRAYER-MEETING

Was improvised for our especial benefit, and they conducted it in a manner both creditable to them-

selves and amusing to us. The burden of their petitions was, that all the prisoners held by the Rebels might make a general exodus and reach the Yankee lines in safety; that we in particular might succeed in making our escape; that our armies might speedily conquer the whole of Secessia, liberate the slaves, and take possession of the land.

UNCLE ZEB,"

who seemed to be a ruling spirit, by common consent, led off as follows:

"O Lord God A'mighty! we is your chil'en, and 'spects you to hear us widout delay, — cause we all is in right smart ob a hurry. Des yer gemmen has rund away from de seceshers and wants to git back to de Norf. Dey hasn't got time for to wait. Ef it is kording to de destination ob great Heaven to help 'em, it'll be 'bout necessary for de help to come right soon.

"De hounds and de Rebels is on dere track. Take de smell out ob de dog's noses, O Lord! and let 'Gypshun darkness come down ober de eyesights ob de Rebels. Confound 'em, O Lord! dey is cruel, and makes haste to shed blood. Dey has long 'pressed de black man, and ground him in de dust, and now I reck'n dey 'spects dat dey am agwine to serve de Yankees in de same way

"'Sist des gemmen in time ob trouble, and lift 'em fru all danger on to de udder side ob Jordan dry-shod.

"And raise de radiance ob your face on all de Yankees what's shut up in de Souf. Send some Moses, O Lord! to guide 'em fru de Red Sea ob 'flicshun into de promised land.

"Send Mr. Sherman's company, sweepin' down fru dese yer parts to scare de Rebels till dey flee like de Midians, and slew dereselves to sabe dere lives.

"Let a little de best ob Heaven's best judgments rest on Massa Lincum, — and may de year ob Jubilee come sure.

"O Lord! bless de gen'rals ob de Norf — O Lord! bless de kunnels — O Lord! bless de brigerdeers — O Lord! bless de capt'ins — O Lord! bless de Yankees right smart. O Lord! Eberlastin'. Amen."

This prayer, offered in a full and fervent voice, seemed to cover our case exactly, and we could join in the "Amen" with heartfelt devotion. We may never know how much negro prayers have aided the cause of the Union, — and availed in behalf of our escaping prisoners. Other prayers followed "Uncle Zeb's," and a "refreshing season" was the result.

As faith without works amounts to nothing — their next step was to make arrangements for our future.

It was now near daylight, and they advised that we remain within the hut during the day, assuring us that "no white folks nebber come near Aunt Katy's — so don't be 'fraid, massa."

of the use to which it could be put, were somewhat different from ours, as his presentation speech will serve to show.

"Here, gemmen, is yer knife. I reckon ye'll find it bery useful in yer trabels. Ye can cut yer hoe cake wid it, and ef yer happens to be on de trail ob a pig ye can chop his head off afore he gits to give a squeal (flourishing the knife).

"And likewise, gemmen, ef ye comes in a bery tight place, dis yer might cut a Buckrey's (Rebel's) head off. I'se grounded it right sharp for ye (feeling of the edge), to have it ready for quick work."

This speech was delivered with all the dignity of a Senator, and it never occurred to him that his labor had been thrown away.

Just here, another brought us the bag we had bargained for. It was an old tow-string sack, and would hold two bushels or more. We could hardly repress laughter at these generous attempts to meet our demands, but took them with us as relics of our experience.*

One of their number, a friend of "Ben Steadman," by the way, offered to accompany us as guide. Ben, he said, was taken prisoner, as before related; and upon examination, told the plausible story aforementioned, that Lemon and myself were two foolish darkies who were scared at the pickets. The latter part of the narrative being strictly true, it was hardly necessary for us to rectify the former.

* Lemon had the knife at the time of our recapture.

The Steadman plantation was only three miles away, and "Ben" was afterwards brought to our place of concealment in the thicket by his colored friend from Black Creek, and kindly offered his services for the occasion.

We told him we were anxious to learn of Gen. Sherman's movements, and would like a paper. He insisted upon our going to his hut, although we much preferred the swamp; but were at last prevailed upon to accompany him. Arriving here, we were politely introduced to Mrs. Steadman and family. They viewed a live Yankee with not a little curiosity; after which, Ben instructed his daughter to go into her mistress' house and snatch a paper at the earliest opportunity. She soon came running back with the "Augusta Constitutionalist," published that morning. The celerity with which the blacks carry off a desired article, or accomplish a mission for a friend, is truly wonderful; and no watchfulness on the part of their masters can stay a project when once the heart is in it.

CROSSING THE NORTH EDISTO.

Having possessed ourselves of the contents of the paper, we struck the road and crossed the North Edisto at ten o'clock P. M.

The water was over the bridge in many places. So we were compelled to ford the stream.

It was our intention to reach and cross the South Edisto before morning, but having become confused by the intersection of "blind roads," and having lost

our way, we were obliged to halt for the night in a pine grove, we knew not where.

FIFTH DAY.

On the South Edisto, Wednesday, November 30.

Had breakfast on hoe-cake and pindars, the latter being known at the North as pea-nuts. We were in great tribulation on account of the loss of our moorings. After following roads the previous evening for several hours, we were brought to a standstill at the edge of a swamp.

There were no stars visible, and we had not yet learned to take the moon for a guide. Besides, the heavenly bodies in southern latitudes have so different an appearance from those seen at the North that we were for some time after the escape in constant doubt, as to the points of compass. I remember it caused me great grief to find that the north star was much nearer the horizon, and seemed to have lost that prominence which is given to it in high latitudes, where it is a guide standing far above tree-top and mountain. Yet I soon came to hail it as a faithful sentinel "that guards the fixed light of the universe, and bids the north forever know its place."

After moving to the pine grove mentioned in the last chapter, which was only a short distance from the swamp that stopped our progress, we slept till about ten o'clock A. M. Thinking it necessary that we get our bearings by daylight, we were obliged

to skulk along during the whole day, passing many plantations, and exciting the ire of an array of contemptible curs, whose only business and only pleasure was to howl at civil people who asked no recognition.

Good luck favored us remarkably, for we were in sight of buildings several times during the day. These dangers and annoyances made us irritable. We could scarcely agree upon anything. Just before dark we heard wood-choppers, and Lemon went to spy them out. He soon returned and led the way to three negroes, who had just stopped work, and were about to return to the plantation. We accompanied them to a thicket within a few rods of their master's house, and after they had supplied us with rations one of their number piloted us to the Aiken road, which was distant about two and a half miles. This brought us within four miles of the South Edisto. The distance between the North and South Edistos at this point is twelve miles. The South Edisto is about fourteen miles north of Aiken, and Aiken is seventeen miles from Augusta.

As we pursued our way towards the South Edisto we could hear dogs barking far in advance of us, and judged that some one must be travelling the same road, — perhaps escaped prisoners, — perhaps a Rebel patrol. This gave us some uneasiness, as we knew they had a decided advantage by being in the advance. However, we plodded on, and when near the river heard a rustling in the bushes. We

then laid low for a few moments, and two men passed us in the clear moonlight. It was impossible to tell whether they were Federals or Rebels, so we decided to watch their movements. After a time we followed, creeping along very cautiously.

CROSSING THE SOUTH EDISTO.

The South Edisto in that part of South Carolina has half a dozen channels or more, which are very narrow, and between them are long, narrow strips of marshy land. In fact it is nothing more than a vast swamp, with several parallel bayous running through it. These bayous are crossed by bridges, and while crossing one of these we again heard footsteps behind us, on a bridge we had just passed over. At this we ran lustily over the remaining bridges, then turned aside and concealed ourselves in some bushes.

THE CHALLENGE.

Presently the two men, previously described, came trudging along with the same slow and weary pace. From the manner in which they had manœuvred I felt assured that they were "escaped prisoners," and resolved to challenge them at all hazards; so, stepping boldly from the bushes, I sang out, "Who comes there?" With a trembling start the foremost man replied, "Friends." I then commanded, "Halt, friends, — advance one, and be recognized." The man stepped slowly forward, peering into my face, when a mutual recognition took place.

They were also escaped prisoners from Columbia, and yet we had been dodging each other for more than an hour. Lemon had known one of the officers while in prison.

We at once determined that it was not best to travel in company, yet we pursued our way together, talking over our adventures, until we saw a large fire in the road directly in our front. Stealthily approaching, we found a band of Rebels encamped there, and thought we must be on a picket post; they proved, however, to be a squad of "tax-gatherers" going about the country with quartermasters' wagons, gathering supplies.

Here was an obstacle to our farther progress. There were great ponds of water on either side, and the road was blocked. No amount of reconnoitring could discover a solution of the difficulty. Then there was a resort to strategy by both our newly-found friends and ourselves, but both parties resorted to the same tactics. Each wished the other to advance, and incur the risk of a recapture. But neither seemed willing to accept the preference, so we found a safe retreat, and lay down for the night.

SIXTH DAY.

AIKEN ROAD, SEVEN MILES SOUTH OF THE SOUTH EDISTO, Thursday, December 1.

In the morning the Rebel band of tax-gatherers struck tents "like the Arabs, and silently stole away." This left the road clear, and we parted company with our friends, each to try the chances by

different routes. Just here we were overpowered with thirst, but there was nothing accessible save the swamp, so we pushed on hoping soon to find a spring or brook. Our course lay over a high, barren, sandy table-land, covered with stunted oaks, and entirely destitute of water. We travelled for a distance of seven miles, when we came to a small stream near whose banks was a beautiful spring. Here we were taught the value of "cold water to a thirsty soul."

This stream ran through a ravine nearly a hundred feet in depth, while high up on the banks were pine groves. It was a wild, romantic spot, and we could not tear ourselves from it, but lay concealed in the grove, going occasionally to the spring to drink.

SEVENTH DAY.

In a Swamp, near Aiken, S. C., Friday, December 2.

Late in the night we reluctantly bade farewell to the beautiful spot where we had been refreshed so finely, and pursued our journey. Nothing of interest occurred. The march was unbroken until near daylight, when we turned into a by-road, and found a hiding-place in some thick underbrush, close by a fine stream of water. It was always our purpose to do this, as we knew thirst would drive us to searching for water during the day, and thus expose us to danger.

Just at the break of day we espied a colored boy

passing down the road with a basket on his arm. Lemon ran out to him, and called out, "Hold on, my boy, I want to see you;" thinking, meantime, that the basket doubtless contained what we most needed, something of an eatable character.

We inferred the boy had a chicken with him; for saying that word, in a manner which betokened the greatest fear, he set off at a wild run, and I would have defied a race-horse to catch him. As for the lieutenant, after exhausting all his rhetoric in endeavoring to bring back the boy, he returned to the spot where I lay, saying, "Now they will have us again, and we shall be prisoners before night."

"Never fear," I said, "as long as there is a swamp in the neighborhood;" and, without further ceremony, we picked up our baggage and hastily decamped. Flora Temple would have been distanced had she attempted to overtake us; for her stakes would have been only a few dollars to her owners, while ours were life and liberty.

We made for a swamp, about a mile away, as fast as our tired limbs could carry us. This swamp lay on either side of the Aiken road, and our place of concealment was so near, that the passers-by were in plain sight. While lying here three ladies came walking down a forest path, accompanied by several hounds. The dogs followed squirrels and other game very near our hiding-place, but we were not discovered.

One of the ladies was telling the others what a fright her mother had early in the morning by the

hurried advent of nigger boy John, who went to a neighbor's for a chicken. The boy was wild with terror, having been chased by Yankees, as he said. Thus we learned that our presence was known, and we began planning more caution.

Towards evening several old

BUSHWHACKERS

Rode along towards Aiken, with shot guns on their shoulders. They were doubtless thinking that the foolish Yankees would be verdant enough to pass through town at night, and were determined to be ready for them. But we intended to flank the town, and, thinking with satisfaction of our purpose to give the bushwhackers the slip, fell asleep.

EIGHTH DAY.

In a Corn-fodder House, near Aiken, S. C., Saturday, December 3.

We did not resume our tramp until after midnight, when after walking a short distance we found ourselves in the village, much to our mortification and dismay. Being much nearer the town than we had supposed, we had not begun to exercise the caution resolved upon, when we found ourselves in the very midst of the danger.

MEETING FRIENDS.

It was the hour of deep sleep, however, and we quietly passed through without opposition until the outskirts on the further side were reached, when

two men, accompanied by a boy, were seen approaching. When they saw us they quickly turned aside into a by-street. This convinced us that they were escaped prisoners, as Rebels had nothing to be afraid of in these parts. We called to them softly, "Don't be afraid, Yanks; we are friends." They proved to be Captain Bryant, of the Fifth New York Cavalry, and a companion whose name I did not learn. They had a negro guide, who was to secrete them in a hut until night again, when they were to proceed as we had done, and reach the lines of freedom by the nearest route. Something of a discussion took place during the few minutes we remained, with regard to the most feasible course. They had become satisfied, from information obtained, that it was not General Sherman's intention to strike Augusta, hence they concluded it not worth while to go so far out of our way to reach that place. We had also learned that all the boats on the Savannah River had been destroyed south of Augusta, and were satisfied that it would not be possible to cross below that place. They, therefore, took their course and we took ours — meaning to cross the river at Augusta, and from thence strike across the country to Millin, some sixty miles south-east, where we felt certain of finding at least the rear-guard of Sherman's army.

After leaving these friends with fervent wishes for their success, Lemon and myself started for a swamp about a mile away, and, becoming a little confused, another difference of opinion arose. Such

things will occur. Our no patience rested on no sure foundation. The result was, he took one route and I another. We came together shortly afterward, however, and forgot our differences. We reached the swamp, where we secreted ourselves, and soon were gratified to see an old sow with a large litter of pigs approaching. We greeted them otherwise than did wandering Æneas the "*alba sus*" lying under the hollow trees of ancient Italy, — for, enticing them with crumbs of hoe-cake, we both in unison struck one juvenile porker over the head with our heavy canes. He died easily, nothing more being necessary to stretch him a lifeless corpse at our feet. No relative waited to attend his funeral. Here Uncle Zeb's mammoth knife did excellent service. We dug a hole in the ground, and made a fire of pine-knots, which soon became a bed of intensely hot embers. Over this we spitted the dressed carcase of the unfortunate little fellow, and after it was done brown sat down to a feast that might have tempted an epicure. No more luscious barbecue ever moved the salivary glands of a London alderman. This was a peace-offering, though not strictly according to Levitical law. Our asperities were lubicrated for that day.

We heard the sound of an axe in the distance, and I crept cautiously along to reconnoitre. Found it to be a black boy, and, remembering Lemon's experience of the day before, I said, "Hollo, Sambo!" His hat came off suddenly, but he made no attempt to run. The grinning imp, when he learned who

we were, gladly led us to a fodder-house near by for concealment; and after dark a large number of colored boys and girls came up to pay their respects. They entertained us with their views of the war, and proposed a prayer-meeting for our especial benefit; also told us where to look out for trouble from bushwhackers, hounds, and so forth. Our parting from these friendly people was tender and affecting, each one shaking hands, and saying, "God bless you, massa!"

Following their directions, we expected to strike the railroad running from Charleston to Augusta on the west side of Aiken, and pursue it west to Augusta; but instead of this we struck it on the east side, and pursued it east toward Charleston.

NINTH DAY.

ON THE SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD, EAST OF AIKEN, S. C., Sunday, December 4.

Late in the night we passed through a small village just as a freight train was leaving, and tried hard to find a hiding-place in one of the cars, expecting to be carried into Augusta before daylight. Had we succeeded in this, we would have been borne triumphantly into Charleston, and sent back to imprisonment. A merciful Providence directed our way.

We followed this railroad all night. A hound was on our track just before morning, but he must have barked on his own rash responsbility, for he soon ceased, and gave up the chase.

Soon after daylight a passenger train came sweeping along, loaded with Rebel soldiers. They set up an infernal shout as they passed; and, fearing the train might be stopped, we turned off into some scrub-oaks and secreted ourselves. Here we heard heavy cannonading all day. It came from a southeasterly direction, and was the sweetest music we had heard for many an hour. It seemed as if we were in the neighborhood of friends; and we took heart, being hopeful for the future.

TENTH DAY.

SEVENTEEN MILES EAST OF AIKEN, S. C.,
Monday, December 5.

All night we travelled on, wondering why we had not reached Augusta, and having suspicions that all was not right. During the day we lay in a thicket. About dusk Lemon went in search of negroes, and soon found some wood-choppers. They soon informed us of our mistake. We were *en route* for Charleston, travelling east instead of west, and not having the least desire to visit the last-named city. Our distance east of Aiken was seventeen miles; a bad mistake, we concluded. But Providence still seemed to favor us, for we learned through our colored friends that it was possible to cross the Savannah twenty miles below Augusta, at a place called Point Comfort. Our army was marching on Savannah; so we rather gained than lost by our mistake.

Getting a supply of hoe-cake and a guide for a

few miles, we started for Tinker Creek — a station fifteen miles distant, and on the way to Point Comfort. We were in excellent spirits, and again undertook to follow the voluminous directions of our colored friends.

ELEVENTH DAY.

NEAR TINKER CREEK, S. C.,
Tuesday, December 6.

During the night we came to a fork in the road, and, after debating some time as to which we should follow, I jumped over the fence, and made for a negro hut, while several hounds from the plantation followed hard on my track. I managed, by some tall running, to come out a few feet ahead, and bolted into the shanty without warning or formality, slamming the door behind me to keep out the dogs. A great stupid buck negro was standing in front of the fire, his hands and face buried deeply in fresh pork and hoe-cake, which he was making poor work of eating. His broad, fat countenance glistened with an unguent distilled partly from within and partly from without. Turning my eyes from the negro to the untidy hearth, they were greeted, as were also my olfactories, with a skillet of pork frying over the coals. Without troubling him to answer my questions, I opened the mouth of my haversack, and poured into it the dripping contents of the skillet. I next observed that the ashes on the hearth had a suspiciously fat appearance, and taking the tongs began raking among them. My

suspicions were verified; for two plump-looking hoe-cakes came to light, which were also deposited in the haversack.

Looking around still farther, I saw what had not been observed before —

DINAH'S BLACK HEAD

peering out from among the bed-clothes, rolling two of the most astonished white eyes that ever asked the question, "What's you g'wine to do next?" Not seeing any practical way in which I could answer her mute question, I said to Sambo, "Call the dogs into the house."

This he did hastily, when I asked, "Uncle, what road must this Rebel take for Tinker Creek?"

"De right han' one, out dar, I reckon," he answered. Again bidding him keep the hounds in the house till morning, I rushed out to the road, and joined my companion. We made lively time for about three miles, after which we took it more leisurely, stopping to rest and refresh ourselves at every stream that crossed the road.

The weather was very cold, and we suffered much from its severity as soon as it was necessary to lie down.

About daylight we found shelter in a piece of woods near the roadside, and slept till ten o'clock in the morning, when we were awakened by some boys driving cows along the road. Some of the animals came within a few feet of us, but the boys kept a respectful distance.

Thinking our quarters too much exposed, we cautiously crossed the road and plunged into the woods on the other side.

About four o'clock P. M. we heard chopping in the distance, and came to a negro boy who had never seen a Yankee, but reckoned it would not be very wrong to render one a little assistance. Accordingly, he brought to our hiding-place, in the evening, several other negroes with corn-bread, bacon, etc. One of their number, an intelligent fellow, volunteered to guide us to a place near Point Comfort, on the Savannah, intending to return before day and be ready for his labors without exciting suspicion.

TWELFTH DAY.

NEAR POINT COMFORT, ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, Wednesday, December 7.

Our guide, being in somewhat of a hurry to get back to his work, urged us on more rapidly than we cared to proceed. Seeing that we began to lag behind, he soon offered to "tote" our baggage. We, of course, could not refuse so generous an offer, fearing that, perhaps, the effect of a refusal might be to chill the streams of benevolence flowing from his kindly heart. It is certain that there would be no call for kindness, if everybody should refuse to receive a kindness. Not caring to render ourselves obnoxious to the charge of banishing benevolence from the world, we magnanimously consented to his proposal.

But even this effected his purpose none the more surely, for we were still often far in the rear, and obliged to call on him to travel more slowly.

This noble-hearted fellow led us on for fifteen miles, and at last secreted us in a thicket by the roadside, not far from a large plantation. Advising us to find some negro to take us to the Savannah, which was only three miles away, he said good-by, and was off.

Morning revealed to us the fact that we were rather too much exposed to be entirely safe, and as we were very thirsty, with no prospect of water near, it was decided to move farther into the woods. This seemed, in a measure, to secure both objects. A large ravine about half a mile away, afforded an abundance of water, and we felt that it must be a more safe retreat. A negro, who came that way with an axe on his shoulder, informed us that boys were in the habit of hunting in the woods, and that we had better seek a more sheltered place.

He pointed to a round sand hill a short distance away, on the top of which was a sort of pitfall, and advised us to go there — promising to bring some more negroes to us in the evening. Accordingly, we made for the sand hill, and hid ourselves in the pit.

But even this could not escape the vigilance of boys, guided by no purpose whatever, but their own pleasure. In the afternoon, they came bounding over the hills with a troop of dogs, hunting squirrels, and came within a few feet of finding

larger game. This disturbed us again, and we sought another shelter — and so, in fear and anxiety, spent the day.

At the appointed time in the evening, the negroes came, and one of them piloted us to the hut of some colored fishermen on the Savannah River, which we reached late in the evening.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

IN A CYPRESS SWAMP, ON THE SAVANNAH, Thursday, December 28.

These fishermen, who had plied their trade before the war, were acquainted with every bend in the river, and now proposed exercising their skill in our behalf. On a tributary of the Savannah, about a mile away from their huts, there lay an old cypress-tree canoe, and to this one of their number conducted us — taking with him a supply of cotton and pitch. This craft had recently come under the boat-destroyer's notice, and had been pretty roughly handled; and yet our colored friend thought he could make it sea-worthy. All night long the faithful fellow worked, caulking and pitching, while we lay concealed in an old hollow cypress log. The ring of his hammer went out through the forest as if bidding a "beautiful defiance" to those who had destroyed his property.

Near morning, he seemed to have satisfied himself, for throwing her into the stream, he called out, "Now she's ready, massa. I'll soon land you in Georgia."

The moon was shining brightly, and viewing the shabby dug-out by her treacherous light, I confess to a want of faith in its ability to carry us safely to the other side.

We lost no time in speculations, but resolved to put the matter to the test at once. Hastily taking our seats in the boat, which at once commenced leaking fearfully, our pilot pulled for dear life, while Lemon and myself lustily bailed her out with a couple of large gourds. In spite of our utmost endeavors the water kept gaining on us, and when within a few rods of the other side, seeing that she was going down, we sprang into the stream which happened to be shallow, and dragged the swamping boat up the beach.

A NARROW ESCAPE,

for had our craft gone down when out in the stream, the alligators would have made our chance of escape rather slim. The Savannah here is about half a mile wide. We at once plunged into the swamp, leaving the good negro wadding his boat with cotton, preparatory to his return. Our prayer was that he might reach the other side in safety, and live to send many other poor fellows on their way rejoicing. We were in the midst of a Southern cypress swamp. These swamps extend continuously along both banks of the Savannah, and are about three miles in width. They are thickly interlarded with bayous and small streams, and abound in small lakes and ponds. The ground in the wet

season is entirely overflown, and it is next to impossible to travel over it.

The cypress-tree, which is the glory of these swamps, grows to immense size. The trunk of the tree near the ground swells out somewhat like the base of a cone, terminating in huge roots that stand widely apart — making splendid hiding-places for escaped prisoners, etc. In cutting down these trees, it is customary to build a scaffolding to a considerable height in order to get above the bulge.

All who have visited these swamps have been struck with the number and appearance of the *natural stumps* with which they abound. I can call them by no other name. They are all heights from one foot to ten, look like stumps at a distance, are cone-shaped and rounded at the top, and the most of them are alive. The impression conveyed is, that trees of full size had commenced to grow from the ground, and after reaching the height of a few feet had changed their minds, and concluded that they had grown into a stump. Add to all this, the long, trailing Spanish moss that burdens every tree, from the sapling to the king of the forest, and you have some idea of a Southern swamp.

In such a place were we — and we wandered about nearly the whole day in our attempts to get out. Great winking

ALLIGATORS

Lay along the bayous, and on every cool, damp log, watching our motions, apparently pleased at our misfortunes, and sending towards us loving, hungry glances. As soon as we approached, they would hobble to the water's edge, and apparently fall in. They, too, might have belonged to some detachment of Southern chivalry, doing duty on their own grounds.

Towards night we came to a corn-field skirting the swamp and rising towards the highlands. Here was a most delightful spring of water, and near it a kettle of clothes boiling. Expecting to see the owners soon, we lay down in the bushes and waited. Soon a colored man came, found us a hiding-place, and promised to meet us again at eight o'clock in the evening.

While we were waiting the washerwoman returned, accompanied by several white children. Their contemptible little dog came yelping to within a few feet of our place of concealment, while the children stood back urging him on. His discretion proved the better courage, however, and he became tired eventually, and went away. In the evening our negro returned and conducted us to some friends of his a few miles away. On the way we met a planter, who was a sort of independent scout. The negro was somewhat in advance, and when the planter stopped him, we skulked behind some logs and were not observed.

The whites were on the alert at this time, as it was only a short time since "Mr. Kilpatrick's company had flogged Mr. Wheeler's company right bad," down at Waynesboro', only a few miles distant, as our colored friends informed us. Cavalrymen were patrolling the roads during the whole night, and we began to feel the necessity of the greatest caution.

Our guide led us to a field a short distance from some negro huts, and made our whereabouts known to the occupants. Soon some negroes came out with a generous supply of hot griddle-cakes. We left this place after a brief halt, with a guide who knew where the pickets were stationed, and travelled cautiously on towards Brier Creek, a stream about eighteen miles distant in the direction of Millin.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

NEAR BRIER CREEK, GA.,
Friday, December 9.

Our guide left us before morning secreted in a thicket at a fork of the road, about four miles from Brier Creek. Being weary, we soon fell asleep. Nothing occurred to disturb our slumbers, but when we awoke sentinels were guarding us.

Four large hounds stood looking down on us with an air of calmness and responsibility, snuffing occasionally to know whether we had the scent of game. After we awoke they seemed to consider their guardianship at an end, and, walking around us a little in the most natural manner imaginable, they quietly,

and with much show of dignity, swaggered away without deeming it worth while to salute us. We were not deeply offended by their silence.

A large cavalry patrol passed near us, and judging it not safe to be very demonstrative, we ate our sweet potatoes raw — they composing our only rations. A fire was out of the question.

We had, up to that time, no information with regard to General Sherman's army. The bridges across all the principal streams were either broken down, or heavily guarded, to check the advance of raiding parties. The planters drove their stock far into the swamps, and remained with it during the day, returning at night to their plantations.

An old woman came down into the swamp in plain sight of us, and called her "critters" together to feed them. We would gladly have answered the call for ration's sake, had it been prudent.

Found an old darkey near our hiding-place splitting rails, and warmed ourselves a few moments at his fire, as it was very cold and raining fiercely, after which we sought our shelter again, and made a roof of our blankets to keep off the rain. This old friend promised to find us in the evening, and bring some hoe-cake. What was best of all, he could repair my shoes. These old shoes, like many other unimportant looking things, have a history. Shortly after my capture I was relieved of my cavalry boots, and a pair of pasted shoes given me, which yielded to the first moisture and left me worse than barefoot. A fellow-prisoner having re-

THE ESCAPE—FED BY NEGROES IN A SWAMP.

ceived a remittance of good things from home, among them a pair of boots, kindly presented me with his shoes. Smile not, gentle reader, at the gift, for to me they were invaluable; and with these I marched many weary miles, although they were patched and wired together until little remained of their former substance, and now they were well-nigh gone. Cuffee took them home, and spent the greater part of the night in making them answer their appointed end. A piece of 'possum skin formed the uppers, which was nicely tucked under. The whole shoe was covered with the skin, and a slit cut in the top, in the right place, or somewhere near it, to admit the foot. I was disposed to find fault at first with their generous dimensions, but soon learned, partly from the good darkey and partly from experience, that the cobbler knew best, for the 'possum skin, though soft and pliable when moist, is hard and wrinkled as a horn when dry.

This man took us in the evening to the negro quarters, and the warm-hearted black insisted on our staying with them all night, as it was cold and rainy.

FIFTEENTH DAY.

NEAR GODBEY'S BRIDGE, FIVE MILES FROM ALEXANDER, GA., Saturday, December 10.

Before morning our negro friends conducted us back to the swamp, where we passed another gloomy, disagreeable day. The rain kept drizzling from

"Indeed, I cannot," he answered; "but I reckon it's a right smart distance, sir."

"Are there any horses or mules in the neighborhood?" I asked.

"Not one," he replied, "the cursed Yankees have cleaned us out, and done gone with our last piece of bread."

"Well, come now, uncle, can't you give this Rebel something to eat?"

"No," he returned; "there is not a mouthful in the pantry, we are whipped clean out."

"I know better, sir," I said; "you have bacon and sweet potatoes; you must shell out or I shall have to help myself." Rebel wishing to shirk the responsibility of a falsehood from his own shoulders, called to Mrs. Rebel to know if there was anything eatable on the premises; to which she replied, "I reckon you will find something in the pantry;" and in a moment more my rebellious friend returned with a small bit of bread and two sweet potatoes. After receiving which, I delivered him a lecture upon his treatment of a soldier who had ventured all upon the defence of his country; telling him he was unworthy the cause he had espoused, and that his patriotism did not reach to his pockets, to say nothing of his falsehood and mean attempts to defraud me of a breakfast.

Expressing the hope that I should find him a better Rebel when we again met, I hurried off to Lemon, who was still waiting by the road, and shared our

hard-earned meal with an appetite well whetted by hunger.

Pushing on at a rapid pace in the direction of our army, we spied a person crossing the road a short distance before us, and as the whites seldom stir before daylight, our first conclusion was that we had found a colored friend, but were soon undeceived by discovering a burly-looking white man. After passing the compliments of the morning, we inquired how long since our cavalry passed. "Last Tuesday," he replied; and not wishing to detain him, we proceeded on our way, grateful that our uniforms were hidden under our blankets, which answered at once as overcoats and a good disguise.

Leaving planter No. 2, to his own reflections, we reached a swamp at daybreak. Here met two negroes going to their work, and after a "Good-morning, boys," inquired the distance to the next plantation.

"Just a mile from this swamp, massa."

"Are there any white people there?" we asked.

"Not one, massa.

DE PLANTER WAS A BUSHWHACKER,

And Mr. Sherman's company took 'em all off."

Wishing to have my stories of the morning agree, and not knowing how soon they would be tested, I did not think it necessary to make myself known to my colored friends, but asked whether they had seen any of Wheeler's cavalry of late.

"There's a right smart of 'em down at Massa Brown's three miles from de swamp, and dey's hazin' about de country in ebery direction."

Feeling a little uneasy after the above information, we started for the plantation described. As we hove in sight, I saw the house was closed, but that smoke was rising from a hut in the grounds — so made for it in double-quick time; walked up to and opened the door without hesitation, when to my surprise and horror, I beheld

A REBEL OFFICER,

Standing before the fire. Without the least hesitancy I advanced, gave him the military salute and said, "I see you, too, are in the service, sir; but hope, like myself, you have not been unfortunate."

"How unfortunate may you have been, sir?" he asked. Now I might have stated all the mishaps of my life; but only quietly said, "I was in the cavalry fight at Waynesboro' the other day, had my horse shot from under me, failed to get remounted, and have walked the entire distance to this place."

"I reckon our cases are not unlike, after all," he rejoined; "I had my horse shot there, too, but luckily got a mule;" and, stepping to the door, he pointed out his long-eared animal, eating hay at the gate.

Fearing he might get the start of me, I asked to what command he belonged.

"The Fifty-third Alabama Mounted Infantry," he returned; and then inquired my regiment.

"The Third South-Carolina Cavalry," I said; and true it was, that my last service was in that State.

I was careful to name some other State than Alabama, as he would be better posted with regard to the regiments of his own State than those of any other. Lemon, during this time was walking uneasily backwards and forwards in front of the gate. He once carelessly remarked that we had better be going, but I thought haste would be the ruination of us, and so occupied a few minutes more in recounting the barbarities of General Sherman's army, remarking, "Now we have him just where we want him — between two swamps; and when he is thoroughly starved out we shall catch him easy enough."

The lieutenant seemed to indorse my remarks, notwithstanding my blue clothes; and just as I thought his suspicions fully allayed he remarked "that it was strange for a gentleman of my professions to be dressed in Federal colors."

I returned, "It is not strange at all, sir. A poor fellow must wear what he can get in these times. I have not had a full equipment since I came into the service, and I never expect one. You know, in the fight at Waynesboro' we captured a few Yanks; and I just stripped a dead one, and appropriated his attire to myself."

"A good idea," he said, pointing to his tattered pants; "I wish I had been as sensible."

My poor stomach had gained nothing during this

interview, so I asked, "Do you suppose aunty could give me some breakfast?"

"I reckon not, stranger," he returned; "the Yanks have done gone with all the corn on this plantation; but if you will go down to Mr. Brown's, you can get all you ask for. He was a good Union man when General Sherman passed through, and on that account had a guard set over his property; then, when our army came along he was all Secesh."

"Well, sir, I shall be at Mr. Brown's without delay, and shall be happy to breakfast with you there. How far do you call it to his plantation?"

"About two sights and a jambye," he returned, in true Rebel parlance.

A "sight" was as far as one could see in that broken country, while a "jambye" was nothing more than a swamp — neither of the terms being a very accurate measure of distance.

The good officer also informed me it was fifty-two miles to Savannah, twenty-five to Wheeler's head-quarters, and about thirty-five to the rear of Sherman's army; adding, "It's a smart walk you'll have, I reckon.

With a hearty, "Thank you, sir, and a good-morning; we shall meet you at Mr. Brown's," we left him, and kept the road until entirely out of his range, when we suddenly struck into a swamp. Messrs. Brown & Co. may be still waiting that breakfast for us, for aught I know; may they wait and watch with due patience.

We made rapid strides for a mile or more, and

finally concealed ourselves in some bushes. Seeing a smoke in the woods, we crept towards it, and found a black man and his wife lying by the fire. After arousing them, we learned their history.

They had followed General Sherman's army from Burke County, Ga., and being encamped on an island in Big Ebenezer Creek, with four or five hundred others, were shelled out by the Rebels, and compelled to seek safety by flight into the swamps.

In this way they lost his trail, and reasoning that if the slaves were all emancipated they should be free when the war ended, without any trouble of their own, they were going back to their masters.

We were at this time without food and very hungry, and as our colored friends had nothing but a little shelled corn, we lent Sambo our haversack and sent him to find some negroes, detaining Dinah as a hostage for his safe return. He rather objected to the risk of such an expedition, but as we were very urgent, at last complied, while we sat roasting and eating corn during his absence. He brought back some sweet potatoes, which were in no way objectionable.

Very soon the worthy couple decided, after a little persuasion on our part, that they were not in very safe quarters, and consequently left us in full possession of the fire and potatoes, the latter of which we roasted in the former. Here we spent the remainder of the day and the early part of the following night.

NINETEENTH DAY.

On the Savannah River Road,
Wednesday, December 14.

We did not travel much till after midnight, when we pursued our way without interruption till daylight; then turned into a swamp. We heard the sound of an axe. Early in the afternoon Lemon went to reconnoitre, while I sat down to write in my journal. I had no pencil of my own, but Lemon had a short piece which he kindly lent me. Having no knife, I was obliged to sharpen it by picking the wood away from the lead with my finger nails.

Soon Lemon returned in extreme consternation. Seeing a negro, he had walked boldly up to him, when, to his utter dismay, he saw a great burly, white man sitting on a log. Springing from the log, the planter demanded almost in a fury, "What are you doing here, in a blue uniform?"

The lieutenant replied, "I am serving my country, as every loyal man should be."

The planter then said, "I believe you're a damned Yankee."

Lemon returned the gallant answer, "You are welcome to your opinion, old Blowhard, — this is a free country. I *am* a Yankee — all but the damned — and what do you propose to do about it?"

"We'll see, we'll see," said the planter, and at the same time started hurriedly toward the house. Lemon came back double-quick, and we suddenly

REBEL MODE OF CAPTURING ESCAPED PRISONERS.

decamped, supposing of course, that the planter had gone for his gun and hounds.

Taking the sun for a guide, we set off in a south-easterly direction, and did not venture to halt before dark.

We were pursued by hounds for more than two miles, but struck a stream of water, and waded up a half mile to evade our pertinacious followers. This put them off the scent, as it usually did. The cowardly old stay-at-home had been true to his instincts. Nature had printed no lie on his face. He might have taken Lemon by the collar, and walked him off to his home as he would a negro boy; but his big fists had no manly courage to back them, and he lost his prey.

During our run we found some ears of corn and a piece of pork, left by the army. The meat was badly tainted, but no matter — it was no time to be fastidious. Making a small fire, we roasted it and made a good meal. There was no prospect of better, for the country was thoroughly stripped, and there were very few negroes to befriend us.

Several planters galloped along to take possession of Sherman's corduroy road through the swamp just ahead, thinking, no doubt, that we could not possibly find another passage through it. This put us on our guard, and lying low till late in the night, we determined to flank their position.

TWENTIETH DAY.

In a Swamp near Big Ebenezer Creek,
Thursday, December 15.

Began about ten o'clock to creep cautiously up to the edge of the swamp. Soon discovered a large fire. This gave us their locality, and in the darkness we began to wade through the mud and water on their left flank. It was a terrible undertaking, but there was no alternative. Sometimes in to our armpits, we continued to push our way through. We were never further from the picket than fifteen rods, and on account of stopping to rest, and the obstacles in the way, were about two hours in going two hundred yards. Several other pickets were passed during the night; in fact, we approached so near as to hear their conversation; but as the ground was firmer, had no difficulty in turning their flank. The last was passed at the edge of the swamp skirting the Big Ebenezer Creek. This swamp was corduroyed, and had been passed through by a portion of General Sherman's army.

On either side of the road the land was entirely submerged, and it was not among things possible to travel through it. Three miles or more brought us to the stream, which was very wide.

The bridge had been burned, and we stood on the charred abutment, surrounded by water, with no visible means of making a crossing. Although inspection did not bring to light anything satisfactory, daylight was just coming, and through the

rising mists we could see the opposite shore. Were there friends there, or foes? We did not know. A sense of desolation came over us. A broad river lay before us and an impenetrable swamp all around, and we possessing not even a pocket-knife to aid us. We thought of secreting ourselves, and stealing back past the pickets at night, to get boards with which to construct a raft. Just how this was to be done we did not know; but it was a plan, and better than no plan at all.

Accordingly, we began searching for a place of concealment. In walking back along the road toward the picket we saw what had the appearance of being a walk of logs leading out into the swamp. Following along this, and jumping from log to log, we soon came to an island, or elevated bit of ground, in the midst of the swamp. No discussion was needed to determine that this was the place we were looking for. Men had evidently rested there before. There were pieces of garments, and ashes of fires. Weary with our tramp of more than twenty miles, we soon fell asleep. Our nap was short, however. Lemon soon shook me, saying that he had heard a noise like the sound of oars falling into a boat. Most are familiar with this peculiar ringing sound.

Wide awake then, we watched the road, and soon saw two Rebel couriers pass along with papers in their hands. Waiting till they were well past, we crept out, and watched them till they were out of sight, when we went down to the river's edge.

Here we found a boat with two broken paddles pushed up among the trees in the swamp.

Seeing the coast apparently clear on the opposite side, it was only the work of a moment to get it back into the stream. There was no quarrelling for the post of honor; each took what his hand first reached, and we were soon standing "on the other shore." A hurried pull of the boat up the beach and we were away. Following the corduroy we soon came to two horses tied under the trees. These evidently belonged to the couriers. It was a hazardous affair throughout, and thinking the danger would be no greater on horseback than on foot, we borrowed the gentlemen's horses.

It was a splendid ride. Two miles or more we sailed along, when, the country becoming more open, we reluctantly slipped bridles, and let the noble animals loose to grass.

Turning into the woods we soon heard voices in the distance. They proved to be Rebel pickets. Fearing to venture any more that day, we found a close retreat, and lay down for the day, employing our waking hours in eating corn from the cob — our only diet for several days. Slept till nearly midnight, and then, flanking the picket, pursued our way.

CHAPTER XV.

RE-CAPTURED BY A REBEL PICKET.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

TWENTY MILES FROM SAVANNAH, GA.
Friday, December 6.

WHILE lying in our hiding-place near Big Ebenezer Creek, we congratulated ourselves on our escapes thus far, and felt as though our toils and marches were nearly over. Our hearts beat high with delight at the thought that we were near the Federal lines, for we knew that at the utmost it could be but a few hours' walk to Sherman.

Feeling thus elated, we left our place of concealment with joyous hearts, although we had been without rations for more than thirty-six hours, and were unable to obtain either guides or information with regard to the situation of our armies. In fact, we were groping about like blind men — driven from point to point by the yelping of hounds or the movements of troops.

The Little Ebenezer was reached about midnight, and to our chagrin we found the bridge destroyed. After reconnoitring a few moments, to ascertain, if possible, whether there was a picket on the opposite bank, we became satisfied that the coast was

clear, and, constructing a raft out of such boards as we could find, made our way across the stream.

We then proceeded very cautiously, examining closely all the old camping grounds for crumbs of hard bread, and any other rations that we thought might have been left by our army; for we were now on the Savannah River road, over which Kilpatrick's cavalry and the Fourteenth Army Corps had passed but a week before.

It was just as we were about turning from the road for the above mentioned purpose, that we were challenged in a very gruff tone of voice, —

"WHO COMES THERE?"

I had long ere this decided upon the course to be pursued in case that we should be so unfortunate as to run upon a picket; and being too near the challenger to make running a safe expedient, I answered without hesitation, "Friends." Upon which the picket commanded, "Advance one." I advanced promptly, and, arriving near my captors, found them to be mounted infantrymen. They were sitting upon their horses, in the shade of some cypress-trees. One asked, "Who are you?" to which I replied, "I am a scout to General Hardie, and must not be detained, as I have important information for the general."

Sentinel. "I am instructed to take every person to the officer of the picket that approaches this post after dark."

"I can't help it, sir. It is not customary to arrest scouts, and I must pass on."

"You cannot; I must obey orders. I do not doubt the truth of your assertion; but until you have seen the lieutenant, you will not be allowed to pass this post."

Finding that I had met a good soldier, I saw that it was useless to trifle with him, and tried to console myself with the thought that I should be able to dupe the lieutenant; and as we were hurried on toward the reserve of the picket, my mind was occupied in arranging a plan for our defence as spies to the great "Rebel Chief." Reaching the reserve, we found nearly all asleep, in close proximity to a large rail fire, including my antagonist the lieutenant. He, being roughly shook by one of the men, soon became sensible of his unconscious state, and, rubbing his eyes for a moment, he asked, "What is wanted?"

I answered, "I am surprised, sir, that scouts to our generals should be arrested by your picket."

He said, "My instructions are positive, and no man can pass this post without examination."

"Very well, then," said I, "be good enough to examine us at once."

"Have you passes?"

"No, sir; not at present. We had papers when we left the general's headquarters; but having been scouting in Northern Georgia for the past two weeks, our papers are worn out and lost."

"You have some papers about you, I suppose?"

Thinking that by answering in the affirmative, and producing quickly an old package of letters which had been received while in Libby Prison, that none of them would be criticised, I hastily drew them from the side-pocket of my jacket and held them before me, saying, "I hope here are enough, sir." The lieutenant's curiosity led him to take one which had been received from Colonel C. Buel, of Troy.

REGARDED AS A SPY.

He held it near the fire, and noticing the date, turned his eyes towards me and again to the letter; the second glance seemed to satisfy him that I was not a Rebel, and he remarked very indignantly, "Then you are scouting for General Hardie, are you? I believe you are a damned Yankee spy, and if you were to get your just deserts I should hang you to the first tree I come to." Said I, "Lieutenant, do not be too hasty, I can convince you that I have been a prisoner of war, and if you are a true soldier, I shall be treated as such."

The lieutenant, becoming a little more mild, gave us to understand that we should start at ten o'clock the next morning, for Springfield, the head-quarters of General Wheeler.

After detailing a special guard for the prisoners, and instructing them to be on the alert, the lieutenant laid himself down by the fire, leaving us to reflect upon the hardness of fate, and the uncertainties attending an effort to escape the clutches of a barbarous enemy.

I soon found an opportunity of speaking to Lemon, and communicated to him my intention of making another attempt to reach the Federal lines. I told him that I did not know what he had determined to do, but as for myself, I should never return to South Carolina a prisoner. I recounted to him the horrors and frightful consequences of prison life, and the privations and long suffering attending our attempt to escape from the hands of our merciless enemies. I told him that in my estimation it was quite as well to be hung by bushwhackers or torn to pieces by hounds in Georgia, as to return to South Carolina and meet a miserable death from starvation and exposure. I was terribly exasperated, and could hardly contain myself.

The lieutenant seemed to agree with me in every particular, and although he made no decisive answer, I concluded that I could count upon his co-operation. While with the picket, we learned that we had been arrested at the outpost, and that if we had been so fortunate as to pass this post, we might have reached General Sherman's lines in less than an hour. This intelligence was very disheartening indeed, when we saw that but a step intervened between suffering and happiness. Still, I endeavored to look upon the bright side of the picture, thinking that if I could but have another chance in the "swamps," I should be more successful.

A KIND ACT.

I shall never forget the kindness of James Brooks.

one of the pickets, who came to us a little after daybreak, and asked if we would like some hoe-cake and bacon (he said he had been out "prowling," and would share his rations with the prisoners); we answered in the affirmative, as a matter of course, having been without food for more than forty-eight hours, save a few ears of corn which we had been so fortunate as to find by the roadside, where the cavalrymen had fed their horses. In a moment more the hoe-cake was forthcoming, much to the disgust of our friend's comrades, who called him "blue belly," and said he must be a fool to give his bread to the damned "Yanks." He made no reply to their insults, but set before us a most excellent breakfast.

AN ATTEMPT TO BRIBE THE GUARD.

After we had finished the hoe-cake and bacon, we asked permission to pass under guard to a little stream of water which was in sight of, and but a few rods, from the reserve.

The favor was granted, and after we had taken a bath, I endeavored to bribe the guard by offering them one hundred dollars in "Confederate scrip" (which had been given to me by the negroes), if they would give us an opportunity to make our escape.

They said that they would be right glad to have the money, but feared the consequences, as they

were held responsible for our return. I told them that if they would listen to me, I would show them how they could make a good pile of Confed., and have no fears of punishment.

As we could be easily seen by the picket, my plan was to apparently take advantage of the guard by setting off at a run for the swamps, when they were to turn in pursuit, and without taking aim, fire in our direction.

I was confident that the scheme would work admirably, but the guards seemed to distrust each other, and instead of acceding to my proposition, they marched us back to the picket, and reported that we had attempted to bribe them. The lieutanant ordered a search at once, and what little scrip had been given us by our colored friends was soon in the hands of the "gray jackets." We were also threatened with severe punishment; one said, "Shoot the damned Yankees;" another,

"LET 'EM STRETCH HEMP."

Several reckoned that they had better take us into the *swamp*, and send us after Sherman's raiders; referring, I suppose, to the manner in which they had disposed of some of our sick that had necessarily been left in rear of the army; for, before our recapture, we were told by the negroes that fifteen of our sick that fell into the hands of the Rebels but a few days since were taken to a swamp.

where their throats were cut, and their bodies thrown into a slough hole.

I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement; but it came to me from many whose veracity I had no reason to doubt.

Our guard was universally applauded for their fidelity; but I am thoroughly convinced that if either had been alone, he would have thanked me for the suggestion and pocketed the money.

We remained with the picket until ten o'clock A. M., when a guard, consisting of a corporal and two men, were detailed for the purpose of taking us to General Wheeler's head-quarters.

We had not proceeded far, however, when very suddenly I became so foot-sore as to render it seemingly impossible for me to walk, which I claimed was the result of my long tramp since my escape from Columbia.

ONCE MORE IN THE SADDLE.

I affected to be too weak to mount without assistance, and allowed "Johnny Reb." to help me into the saddle. It was not long before we came to some little trees by the roadside, and, riding under one, I broke off a small limb which I thought might be of some service in the future; for I was no sooner in the saddle than I had decided to effect my escape by flight, and determined to watch my opportunity.

I had ridden the Rebel charger but a short distance, when my guard espied a black squirrel a few rods

from the road. Forgetting the responsibility of his detail, he set out at a wild pace after the squirrel, which, after darting off a short distance, ran up a tree, and then, as if to show his superiority over Blondin, leaped from limb to limb with an expertness creditable to his species. His follower was upon the point of giving up the chase as a poor investment, when, suddenly, the little fellow halted, and perching himself upon a limb, seemingly bade defiance to pursuit. I could not help regarding this little animal with some favor; for it appeared that he was about to sacrifice his life to my interests.

THE ESCAPE AND PURSUIT.

The carbine was instantly brought to the shoulder, and its report told me then was my time, while the piece was unloaded; and, without waiting to mark the result of the shot, I whipped up and dashed off at a fearful rate, urging my charger to the top of his speed.

I was noticed immediately by the corporal, who left the other guard with Lemon, and came after me in a manner that was not the most flattering to my prospects. He was armed with a Colt's revolver, and while in pursuit discharged its contents at my unfortunate self, ordering me to halt at every shot. I paid no attention to the summons, but continued to urge my pony to his utmost. His time, however, at the best, was quite unsatisfactory to my wishes; for had he been more fleet, I could have distanced the corporal, dismounted, and got into the swamps

unobserved; but in this respect I was unfortunate, and was soon surprised to find myself approaching a camp, which was situated on both sides of the road. I turned my horse, leaped a fence, and endeavored to make my way across an open field; but the corporal's demand, to halt the damned Yankee, was responded to by not less than fifty Texan rangers, from the Rebel General Iverson's Cavalry Division. They came hooting and yelping, mounted and dismounted, armed and unarmed. Several blazed away at me with carbines and revolvers, but without effect.

I was, however, soon overtaken by fresh horses, and compelled to surrender myself once more a prisoner of war into the hands of the Texans.

The guard, whom I thought so kind, and whose horse I had thus unmercifully ridden, came up in time to heap a most fearful tirade of curses upon me before we again resumed march.

The Texans seemed to enjoy the sport hugely. One of them said to the squirrel-hunter, "You are a damned smart soldier, you are, to let a blue-belly get away from you — and on your own horse, too!" Another put in, "I say, corporal, which of them nags can run fastest?"

The corporal had little to say, and as soon as Lemon and the other guard came up he started us on. We were then forced to walk the entire distance — my lameness exciting no more sympathy from the mortified guards.

ARRIVAL AT WHEELER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

We reached General Wheeler's head-quarters late in the afternoon, and the corporal reported to the general that he was in charge of two prisoners that had attempted to pass the out-posts as scouts to General Hardie. Wheeler ordered us into his presence, questioned us closely, and ordered our clothing searched. This investigation over, we were sent to the county jail and locked up in a cell, ten by fifteen feet, to await our trial as "Yankee spies." We considered it an easy matter to prove our identity as escaped prisoners, and the only facts that could tell against us were, that I wore a gray jacket, and that we had represented ourselves to be scouts to a Confederate general.

I shall ever remember our interview with General Wheeler; for it was quite an amusing scene, and illustrates, to some extent, the character of that Rebel cavalry chief, whose career in the South and West had made his name so famous in the history of the Rebellion. He first said to us, —

"Then you are scouting for Confederate generals, are you?"

I replied, "We would have rejoiced could we but have convinced your outpost that we were ——"

W. Enough of your impudence, sir. Remember that you are a prisoner.

G. Very true; but when you ask questions, you may anticipate answers.

W. What are you doing with that gray jacket?

G. I wear it, sir, to protect myself from the sun and storm.

W. Where did you get it?

G. One of the guard at Columbia was kind enough to give it to me, when he saw that I was suffering for the want of clothing with which to cover my nakedness.

W. He could not have been a true Rebel, thus to assist a Yankee in making his escape.

G. He knew nothing of my intention to escape; and I believe he was, at least, a sympathizing, kind-hearted man.

W. Why don't you wear the Federal uniform? Is it possible that the Yankees are ashamed of the blue?

G. By no means, sir. What few garments were spared me at the time of my capture were worn out during a long imprisonment, and the clothing which was sent on to Richmond by our Government during the winter of '63 for distribution among the prisoners, was, for the most part, appropriated by your authorities.

W. Like many others of the contemptible Yankee crew, I believe you to be a lying scoundrel, and you shall answer to the charge of spy.

G. Very well, sir, I am compelled to await your pleasure; but you have heard nothing but the truth.

W. Guard, take the prisoners to the jail, place them in a cell, and keep them in close confinement until further orders.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

COUNTY JAIL, SPRINGFIELD, GA., Saturday, December 17.

Springfield is a very pleasant little village on the Middle Ground Road. It is the county seat of Effingham county, and before the war contained several fine public buildings, which have recently been laid in ruins by the hostile armies.

We were the only military prisoners confined in the jail, which was then in the hands of the military authorities. We were kindly allowed to leave our cell and go into the yard to take the fresh air. The news spread rapidly that there were

TWO LIVE YANKS IN THE JAIL YARD.

The citizens became alarmed and enraged to think that we should be permitted to leave the cell, and threatened to take the keys into their own hands, if we were not taken back.

The officer in charge told them that he was personally responsible for our safe keeping, and that they need not give themselves any uneasiness.

A large crowd gathered around and looked upon us with seeming wonder. Seeing that we appeared quite harmless, several ventured up to us and asked many curious questions. I found them to be the most ignorant class of people that I have ever met in the South. Many of them have supposed, until very recently, that the Yankees actually wore horns.

Their ideas of the war were laughable in the extreme.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

MIDDLE GROUND ROAD, NEAR SPRINGFIELD, GA.,
Sunday, December 18.

In the afternoon, we were brought up before a Military Commission, composed of officers from General Wheeler's staff.

The officials had already become pretty well satisfied that we were only prisoners of war, and all the Commission did, was to ask us where we were captured, where we had been imprisoned, when we made our escape, etc. This farce of a trial being over, a heavy guard was detailed from the Second Georgia Cavalry, with instructions to proceed with us to Waynesboro', together with fifteen prisoners from our Fourteenth Army Corps, who were captured while out on a foraging expedition a few days before.

From them I gained much valuable information concerning the situation of our army.

I also learned where the Rebel troops were stationed in General Sherman's rear. Such information was absolutely necessary in the event of another attempt to escape. No rations were issued to us. The Rebel troops depended entirely on foraging for their supplies, and seemed to care very little for the wants of the prisoners. A few ears of corn were all we had to keep soul and body together. As night drew on, we were in very low spirits — owing

to the fact that all attempts to elude the vigilance of the guards during the day had failed.

I first urged the prisoners to straggle, so as to lengthen the column as much as possible, thinking that if we were permitted so to do, I might succeed in dodging into a swamp unobserved; but the vigilant sergeant was too shrewd to be duped in this manner, and instructed his men to keep us closed up.

Failing in this scheme, I hoped that the sergeant would continue to march us during the night, in which case I could take advantage of the darkness and make off at my pleasure; but in this plan also I was destined to be disappointed; for much against my wishes we came to a halt but a few moments after dark, and were hurried into an old building for the night.

Just before halting we had passed through a large swamp, where the water was so deep in the road as to compel each man to use his own discretion in making his way through.

The guard did its best to keep us together and prevent escapes; but in spite of their exertions one of our enlisted men fell out, whose absence was soon noticed by the sergeant.

VERIFYING REBEL DETAILS.

We succeeded in convincing him that all the prisoners were present with whom he had started from Springfield. Our programme was this: I found out the absent man's name; and then, as the

sergeant had a list of the prisoners, I volunteered to call the roll for him. Getting us into a safe position, and lighting a piece of fat pine, he handed me the list, and I proceeded to call the names; as a matter of course, all who were present answered promptly, and then (according to previous instruction), as no one had heard such a name as the absent man bore, the sergeant concluded that it must have found its way upon the roll through mistake.

Under ordinary circumstances, I should be far from volunteering to aid a Rebel in verifying his details; but, in this case, I thought that by a little ingenuity, a fellow-sufferer might return to liberty; for had not this scheme been devised, strenuous efforts would have been made by the guards to insure his capture. Picked men would have been detailed, hounds called out, and a few hours, at the furthest, would doubtless have convinced the unfortunate victim how little hope there is for him who seeks to shun the horrors of prison life by an escape.

We were entertained during the evening by the good humor of one of the guards, who, having seen something of the world, was inclined to make light of the verdant and somewhat peculiar speeches of his more unfortunate fellow-Georgians, who had never passed the limits of the swamps that surround their dreary homesteads. A story was told by this jovial cavalier of an old lady to whom he had applied for bread during the day. It was designed to show her appreciation of General Wheeler. She struck out as follows: "Mr. Wheeler and his critter-company

drove into my back yard t'other day, tipped my ash hopper over, and drawed out ten streaks of fight half a mile long, with his wagon-guns on the ends of 'em — and when he went away he never paid me nary cent. I allers thought you'uns was a decenter set of men, but the Yanks theirselves is no wusser. Now, ef you'uns don't go 'long and leave us what little we've got, we'll surely perish."

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

NEAR SYLVANIA, GA., }
Monday, December 19. }

Commenced our march at daybreak, and made about twenty-five miles during the day.

Sylvania is a small town, and to all appearances of but little importance. It is situated on the Middle Ground Road, midway between Springfield and Waynesboro'. The armies did not halt here; and, consequently, the people knew but little of the sad realities resulting from the devastating tread of armed hosts.

They were generally disposed to be talkative and friendly. Many of them beseiged the guard and prisoners with questions and observations. This was just what we wanted — for the guard could not be vigilant when entertaining citizens.

Early in the evening our station was on the porch of a large unoccupied building, while the sentinels were posted in front in the form of a semicircle.

Soon after halting, the sergeant came to me and said, "My foragers have found some corn-bread and sweet potatoes, which you see at the other end of the porch. I will give you all some potatoes, and keep the bread for the guard." "Very well — very well," I said, and continued to myself, "If we are permitted to remain outside the building till dark, your guard will get very little of that bread, unless it is issued soon." As he was walking away, I called to him, "Sergeant, have you any objection to our remaining outside till after supper, as we shall want to use the fire?"

After looking carefully around and hesitating a moment, he answered, "Ye-es, I reckon you can." "Thank you — thank you," I replied; "We will consider it a privilege." This favor granted, I at once set myself at work on a plan of escape.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ESCAPE FROM SYLVANIA, GEORGIA.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

IN A SWAMP NEAR SYLVANIA, GA.,
Tuesday, December 20, 1864.

HAVING been told by the sergeant that we would be allowed to remain without the building until after supper, I called the attention of Lieutenant J. W. Wright, Tenth Iowa Volunteers, who was conversing with a citizen, and asked him if he had not better get his potatoes. I at the same time gave him a look, which he understood to mean a change of base. Hastily withdrawing from the citizen he met me on the porch, where I communicated to him my plan for escape, and inquired if he would join me in its execution. He replied without hesitation that he was up to anything but going back to South Carolina, and would not shrink from bearing a hand in any move which I might make.

Lemon, my former companion, was prevented by circumstances from participating in this plan, and was taken back to Columbia. I will here say that Lieutenant Wright was also an escaped prisoner

from Columbia, whom I had often met during my imprisonment; he left Columbia a few days after Lieutenant Lemon and myself, but unfortunately, like us, was recaptured at a time when he felt that he was about to say adieu to the scenes of his suffering. Finding that Wright had

"ESCAPE ON THE BRAIN,"

I lost no time in making what I considered the necessary preliminaries.

I first saw one of the prisoners, whom I had been told by the sergeant would be allowed to issue the potatoes. I requested him to make the issue upon receiving a certain signal from me, which I made him understand perfectly.

I then asked Lieutenant Wright to step to the end of the porch, near where the corn-bread lay that was intended for the Rebel guard. I followed immediately after, but was observed by the sergeant, who seemed to wonder at this singular flank movement; he said nothing, however, as we allayed his suspicions of our intentions, by sitting down and entering into conversation. In a moment more a citizen came up, and called the attention of the sergeant.

A VALUABLE CAPTURE.

The signal was made, and the half-starved men closed up for their potatoes. It was now getting dark; I hastily took possession of the corn-bread,

and taking advantage of the crowd, which screened us from the guard, we sloped for a small clump of bushes that were but a few rods distant. The potatoes were no sooner distributed than our absence was noticed.

The sergeant suddenly aroused himself, and exclaimed, "By dog on't, the damned Yankee officers have done gone, and taken all of our corn-bread. I will have them, if it costs me a horse."

Calling out a corporal and four men, he instructed them to proceed to a plantation for hounds, and to bring back the Yanks either dead or alive. He thought it probable that we would take the Springfield road, as that was the nearest route to our lines.

We were all this time so near the guard that we could hear distinctly every word that was spoken, and, as a matter of course, understood the programme perfectly.

We decided with the sergeant, that the route by way of Springfield was unquestionably the one to be preferred; but we did not consider it policy to strike the road when we knew it was being patrolled with hounds, and concluded not to be in any hurry until the excitement was over.

As soon as it was sufficiently dark to warrant a movement, we hurriedly decamped from our place of concealment, and made our way around to the Middle Ground Road, over which we had passed but a few hours before under guard. We leaped across it, so as to avoid the suspicion which tracks would

very naturally excite, and hastened into a large swamp but a short distance from town. While there, we decided upon the course to be pursued, which was recommended by Wright.

The lieutenant had been over the Middle Ground Road before, to within a few miles of Springfield, when he was recaptured; and his experience we considered a valuable possession, as we intended to get back to Springfield as quickly as possible, and then strike for some point on the Savannah, near which Lemon and I were recaptured.

We remained in the swamp until after ten o'clock, when Wright started up and told me to follow. He then went in quest of an old negro hut, where he had before obtained succor. It was within a stone's throw of the plantation house, and therefore not safely approached without a thorough reconnoissance.

Secreting me in a corner of the fence which surrounds the plantation, Wright proceeded forthwith to the hut, in which he was confident that

OLD RICHARD

Slept; for this was the name of the kind-hearted negro who had supplied him with hoe-cake and bacon before he was re-taken at Springfield.

It required but a moment to convince Richard that his guest was none other than Massa Wright, whom he had befriended during his escape, and whom he had the mortification to see pass back toward Sylvania a prisoner in the afternoon.

I was soon introduced, with all due formality, to this swarthy descendant of Ham, whose warm and hearty shake of the hand convinced me, beyond a doubt, that he was an earnest friend to the Yankee, who would not hesitate to stake his life, if necessary, in an endeavor to further our wishes.

Wright said that he had found a friend, and that I must make arrangements for the "grub." I said to Richard, "We want to leave this place to-morrow night at twelve o'clock, and would like to take four days' rations with us. Can you let us have some bacon and sweet potatoes to put with our corn-bread?"

He replied, "It is a pretty hard case, massa; but dis yer darkey will do de best he can. Can't get nuffin on dis plantation, but reckon I can buy some potatoes down at Massa Smith's three miles from yer, and will go down there after I finish my task to-morrow. As to meat," he said, "you know, massa, dat in the Souf de slave takes what de white folks frows away; and I reckon you all couldn't eat a tainted ham dat old massa gib me tother day; but if you can, God knows dis chile gibs it to you wid all his heart."

I gave him to understand that we should be greatly obliged for the described ham; as we had become so entirely oblivious to the sense of taste that we do not stop to question the quality of anything which could be eaten by man.

The ration question being settled, we asked Richard if he could not take us to some safe spot

where no Rebel would ever think of coming. Leading the way, our colored friend conducted us to a swamp, and found a secure place of concealment in the top of an old pine tree.

Here we spent the day unmolested and unobserved by any one. The whippoorwill and turtle-dove enlivened us with their inspiring notes during the day, and as night began to approach the gloomy owl from the tree-tops uttered his solemn warning-cry. The pine and cypress trees, swayed by the breeze, moaned a perpetual chorus, and under their tuition we learned, during the long, dreary hours, how much we were indebted to these dismal wilds that have concealed alike both friend and foe.

Here the Rebel deserter concealed himself from his pursuers. Here the loyalist found a hiding-place from the Rebel conscripting officer. Here the trembling negro had his first taste of freedom. Here the escaped prisoner was enabled to baffle blood-hounds and human hounds, and make his way to the Federal lines.

I always considered that a prisoner of war was justified in making his escape, and might claim the consideration due to a human being, even though he were depriving his enemies of the fruits of victory; and it hardly seems possible that in our own free country such an one should be tracked with blood-hounds, like a wild beast, and shot down without mercy, like an outlaw.

I cannot help asking, with the poet Whittier, —

"Is this the land our fathers loved,
The freedom which they toiled to win?
Is this the earth whereon they moved?
Are these the graves they slumber in?"

How wonderfully degenerated have become these unworthy descendants of the mighty fathers of the revolution. Could their spirits but speak from the heavens, they would warn these fiends of earth not to stain the pages of history by acts so foul and barbarous that the most unfeeling savage would shrink with horror from their contemplation.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

BETWEEN SYLVANIA AND SPRINGFIELD, GEORGIA,
Wednesday, December 21.

We met Old Richard in the evening at the spot agreed upon, near a spring on his master's plantation. He gave us the tainted meat which had been spoken of the previous night, and a few sweet potatoes. This was the best that he could do for us; and after we had asked God to bless him for his kindness, and told him that we believed the day was not far distant when he would be a free man, started on our way rejoicing, hoping that we might reach our lines before we should need another supply. We walked about twenty-five miles after leaving Richard, for the most part keeping the road over which we had marched while prisoners on our way to Sylvania.

Our progress was necessarily very slow, for, to

use an army phrase, I was about "played out," from starvation and long exposure. My weight could not have been more than ninety pounds. Wright is a hardy Western man, much larger than myself, and, besides, he had a good pair of shoes, which are almost indispensable to the success of an escaped prisoner. They were given him by a negro, soon after his escape from Columbia. During the night's tramp he carried me through several swamps on his back, as I was entirely too weak to make my way alone without falling into slough-holes. Nothing occurred during the night to lessen our chances of reaching Sherman's lines, although at one time we came so near being seen by two

REBEL DESERTERS,

That we had barely time to turn from the road and secrete ourselves behind a log, when they passed the spot where we had stood but a moment before. It was a bright moonlight night; and had they been looking for Yanks, they could have found us very readily; but it appeared from their conversation that they were conscripts, and that not feeling disposed to fight against the defenders of the "old flag," they had deserted from General Wheeler's command, and were making their way back to their homes in Tennessee. We did not venture to hail them, but thinking that for the alleged reasons they were justified in deserting the Rebel ranks, we silently wished them success, and pushed on.

At daybreak we came to a halt, thinking we had

secured a hiding-place entirely removed from the haunts of men, but soon discovered a plantation house near by. Finding that it was occupied, we deemed it wisdom to change our base of concealment, and accordingly "got up and dusted."

Half a mile brought us to a swamp, where we found a lodgment between the roots of a large cypress-tree. As the moon did not rise till midnight, we determined to get an early start and improve the darkness. Heavy cannonading was heard all day in the direction of Savannah.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

ON OUR WAY, WITH RENEWED OBSTACLES, } Thursday, December 22. }

In accordance with our intentions, we set out at an early hour. Had not proceeded far when a plantation became visible.

A PROPOSITION.

Wright said, "Glazier, if you would like a good supper and something to put in the haversack, I will tell you where you can make a raise on a safe scale, by just representing yourself to be a Rebel, and trusting to your face." We always considered it advisable to replenish the commissary department as often as possible; and I asked him to mention the particulars. He replied that the plantation house, toward which we were directing our eyes, was occupied by a planter's wife and some small

children, whose husband and father was in the Rebel army. He had also been informed that there were no hounds upon the plantation.

THE INTERVIEW WITH MRS. KEYTON. — TURNING THE TABLES.

After listening to the details, we agreed upon a signal which should warn him of my approach upon returning from the designed foraging expedition, and then I went in quest of the house. Stepping up to the door, I rapped, and a very intelligent lady soon made her appearance. I asked, "Can you give this Rebel a supper?" She replied, "You shall have the best the house affords," and invited me to step in and take a seat by the fire. I did so, saying, as I took my seat, "Madam, I am shocked at the dastardly conduct of General Sherman in his march through Georgia. It has been characterized by nothing but what should excite the revenge, and move to action, every man possessing a true Southern spirit. Our aged citizens, who have banded together for mutual protection, have been treated as bushwhackers — have been driven from their homes, and their property confiscated. Our hounds, always true to the interests of the South, have been shot down by the roadside for no other reason than because they have been used in tracking escaped prisoners ——"

Here I was interrupted by the lady, who remarked, to my great surprise, that she could not

see that the Yankees were much worse than the Confederates, after all. She said, —

"When the Federal army passed through the State, it took from the rich the supplies necessary for its sustenance; and when our cavalry followed on in the rear, it took nearly all that was left, seeming to care but little for our wants; often stripping defenceless women and children of their last morsel of bread."

G. I regret that the conduct of our troops has been such as to give you reasons for complaint.

Lady. I, too, regret that our men have not proved themselves worthy of a cause which they appear so willing to defend.

G. Remember that our commissary department has been broken up, and that we are entirely dependent upon the people for the subsistence of a large army.

L. And what do you think of present prospects?

G. Our future seems dark — our cause appears almost hopeless; but the sacrifices of our gallant dead remain unavenged. "We must fight while there is a man left, and die in the last ditch."

L. If there is no longer any hope of success, I should say that it would be better to lay down our arms at once, and go back under the "old flag."

G. We must fight.

L. It is wickedness to continue this awful massacre of human beings, without some prospect of ultimate success.

G. Very true; but we have lost all in this struggle, and must sell our lives as dearly as possible.

L. My husband is a captain in the Twenty-fifth Georgia Infantry. He is the father of these children, and is very dear to both them and me. Long have I prayed that he might be spared to return to his family, but fear that we shall never be permitted to see him again. When he entered the army I admired his patriotism, and was glad to see him go in defence of what I supposed to be the true policy of the Southern people; but we have been deceived from the beginning by our military and political leaders. It is time to open our eyes, and see what obstinacy has brought us. We are conquered. Let us adhere to the administration of the Federal government, ere we are ruined.

G. Madam, your sympathies appear to be with the Federals.

L. It is not strange; I was born and educated in New England; — and your speech would indicate that you, too, are not a native of the South.

G. You are right; I am a New Yorker by birth, but have been for a long time in South Carolina.

After partaking of the frugal meal set before me, which consisted of corn-bread and sweet potatoes, I thanked the lady for her kindness, and told her that I regretted very deeply that I was not in a situation to remunerate her for so much trouble. Noticing my blue pants as I arose from the table, she observed: "It is impossible for me to know our men from the Federals by the uniform; but a few days

since, two soldiers asked me to get them some supper, claiming to be scouts to General Wheeler; they told many very plausible stories, and the next day, to my astonishment, I was charged with harboring Yankee spies."

G. I do not wonder that you find it difficult to distinguish the Confederate from the Yankee soldier, for in these trying times a poor Rebel is compelled to wear anything he can get. The dead are always stripped, and at this season of the year, we find the Federal uniform far more comfortable than our own.

L. It must be an awful extremity that could tempt men to strip the dying and the dead.

G. We have become so much accustomed to such practices, that we are unmoved by scenes which might appall and sicken those who have never served in our ranks.

L. I sincerely hope that these murderous practices will soon be at an end.

G. I must go, madam; may I know to whom I am so much indebted for my supper and kind entertainment this evening?

L. Mrs. James Keyton. And what may I call your name?

G. Willard Glazier, Fifty-third Alabama Mounted Infantry.

L. Should you chance to meet the Twenty-fifth Georgia, please inquire for Captain Keyton, and say to him that his wife and children are well, and send their love.

G. He shall certainly have your message if it is my good fortune to find him out. Good-night.

The interview with Mrs. Keyton ended, which seemed to convince her that I was a bitter Rebel, I hastened out to receive the congratulations of Wright upon my success, but found him in very bad humor, as he was entirely out of patience with waiting for my return. I explained to him the reason of the delay, but all to no purpose, for he was so provoked that he would not listen, and thus feeling a little angry at each other, we moved toward Springfield. Being determined to gain as much information as possible concerning the strength and movements of the enemy in General Sherman's rear, we made a thorough reconnoissance before leaving Springfield.

We found General Iverson's head-quarters to be at that place, and were at one time within fifteen paces of the house which he occupied.

We were so near his provost guard, as to hear distinctly every word that was spoken. They were discussing present prospects, and the news which they had received the day before of the fall of Savannah. It seemed to be the prevailing opinion that the Confederate army was about played out, and that sooner or later

ILL-FATED DIXIE

would be compelled to submit to the tyrannical rule of the invader. One long, gaunt-looking fellow, who appeared to be the mouth-piece for a large

number, straightened himself up in front of a fire, around which a group had gathered, and burst forth as follows: "By dog on't, the damned blue-bellies have got ahead of we'uns on this tramp." I could not help thinking what a change had taken place in their views since the 17th, when we were prisoners at Wheeler's head-quarters, for at that time they asserted that they had

GENERAL SHERMAN JUST WHERE THEY WANTED HIM.

Now their victim is evidently in the ascendant, and the army that was to sacrifice its chivalrous blood in the defences of Savannah, seeks safety in flight, having abandoned its artillery and supplies. Leaving Springfield, it was the intention to strike the Savannah River road at Helmy, where we supposed the enemy's outpost to be. My companion knew nothing about this route, and left all to me, as I had been re-captured near that point.

It was by no means an easy task to pursue any direct course in this swampy country, intersected as it is by blind roads. The sun, moon, and stars, were our only guides; and it was to them that we were chiefly indebted for our success thus far.

While in South Carolina and Northern Georgia, we depended entirely upon the negroes for guidance; but the passage of our army through this section of the State opened the way to freedom, and invited the bondman to cast off his shackles, and enjoy the blessings of liberty.

Strange as it may seem, nearly every slave had embraced the opportunity presented him, and very quietly taken leave of his kind old master without waiting for ceremony. I say strange, for the simple reason, that it has been the boast of the Southerner that the slave would not exchange his chains for freedom; that he was happy when governed by a kind master, and would not seek to better his condition by a change.

Having passed Springfield about six miles, we found daylight approaching, and hurriedly turned from the road which we had been following for more than an hour, and secreted ourselves in some tall swamp grass. Here we laid little more than an hour, when we were suddenly

STARTLED BY HOUNDS.

Wright turned to me and said, "We are followed"

I asked, "What do you propose to do?"

"I am undecided," was his reply.

"It is my opinion," I said, "that there is no time for reflection. If we are not off at once, we will be prisoners before leaving this swamp."

"Well, off it is, then," said Wright; and jumping into our shoes, which we had taken off in order to dry our feet, we got out of the swamp in double-quick time, crossed the road, and, taking the sun for a guide, struck a south-easterly course, leaping fences and ditches, fording streams, and passing through thickets, that would greatly retard the progress of the bushwhackers in pursuit.

The chase continued until about one o'clock. The hounds, for the most part, being so near that we could hear their yelping distinctly, when, fortunately, we came to a large creek; jumping into the stream, we followed the current fifty or sixty rods, and then, turning to the sun for our point of compass, pushed on.

The precaution taken upon our arrival at the creek must have foiled the hounds; for we had not proceeded far when we became fully satisfied that we had outgeneralled the bushwhackers. We did not halt, however, but continued on towards the promised land. Greatly encouraged by our success since morning, we became so indiscreet and reckless as to venture into open fields whenever they happened to be in our line of escape.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

At about two o'clock P. M., just as we were clearing the outskirts of a swamp, I was surprised to see my companion drop suddenly behind a large cypress-tree without uttering a word. I followed his example, not deeming it prudent to ask a question.

I fixed my attention upon Wright, who, after remaining motionless a few moments, raised his head and looked to the front. Falling back behind the aged cypress, he whispered, "Did you see the picket?" I answered, "No;" but looking up, saw that we were within twenty rods of armed men.

No further observations were necessary to convince us that the sooner out of such quarters the better. We had not time to move, however, before a cavalry patrol came up to visit the post, and to give new instructions. As soon as the patrol had passed, we crawled back upon our hands and knees into the swamp, keeping behind a clump of large trees that screened us from the picket. Coming to a dry spot, we halted to consider the propriety of proceeding farther, as there was great danger of being seen in an attempt to leave the place.

Wright decided that it would be policy to remain where we were, and here a difference of opinion arose again; as I was so wet and cold that the thought of confining myself to such limited quarters, I confess, made me not a little uneasy; for we could neither stand up nor lie down. Our clothes, too, were wet, the weather extremely cold, and we had not slept in forty-eight hours; and then, too, the idea of sitting up like a pair of mummies five hours.

I told my companion the thing was not to be thought of, and that I would strike for dry land if it cost me a re-capture.

Wright said he preferred to remain, and I set off without him. The doubtful point was passed by watching the picket and making good time when their backs were turned.

Getting out of the swamp, I went in quest of a favorable haunt where I might lay my weary limbs and dry my clothes.

I was delighted as well as amused to find W.

close upon my heels, glad enough to abandon the sitting posture for something more agreeable. I welcomed him to my new place of concealment; and here we have spent the afternoon unmolested by any one. Our distance from the picket is not more than eighty rods. We are inclined to think it the outpost.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

occurred this evening a few moments after sunset. The weather being extremely cold, and our clothes still damp, we agreed that a small fire would be very pleasant; and, suiting the action to the thought, dug a hole in the ground, gathered some pine knots and started a blaze, which in my judgment could not have been seen by any one at a distance of fifty feet, but, to my companion, it appeared to be of gigantic proportions; and his imagination became so much excited, that he set one of his feet over it, and thus put an end both to my enjoyment and the fire.

I was disposed to be angry, but thinking it not best to challenge a recapture by loud words, "Nursed my wrath to keep it warm."

These little differences of opinion are things to laugh at after the danger is over, — but then they might have proved serious. It is next to impossible for two men to travel under such circumstances without more or less of disagreement, and when a man considers that his life may depend upon some

thoughtless act of his companion, he is disposed to adopt energetic measures.

We congratulated ourselves very much on having escaped the pursuit of the hounds. It is a difficult matter to elude them, as their scent is very accurate. There are two kinds of hounds, — blood-hounds and baying hounds. The baying or yelping hounds take the lead, and are followed by the blood-hounds, which make little noise.

These yelping curs will not come nearer to a person than four or five rods, but will cut circles, and thus mark their locality until the blood-hounds or planters come up.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

SAVANNAH, GA., Friday, December 23.

December 23d was the happiest day of my life, and one that will ever remain a bright landmark in the recollection of the past.

We succeeded in flanking the picket the previous evening just after dark, and were not long in finding a colored friend, familiarly known as

"UNCLE PHILIP"

among his acquaintances. From him we learned that we had passed the Rebel outposts. Our joy was inexpressible and emotions beyond control for more glorious news never fell upon the ear.

Uncle Philip also informed us that our friends were at Cherokee Hill, on the Savannah River road,

only eight miles distant. We asked him if he could not guide us to the lines. He replied, "Ize neber been down dah, massa, since Mr. Sherman's company went to Savannah; but I reckon you can get Mr. Jones, a free culerd man, to take you ober. He is a mighty bright pusson, and understands de swamps jest like a book." Calling at Mr. Jones' hut, we learned from his wife that he was out on a scout, but would be in by eleven o'clock. She assured us that he was ever glad to do all in his power for the Yankees, and asked us to come into the hut and await his return. We very reluctantly complied with her invitation, fearing that

REBEL SCOUTS

might venture down between the lines, and thus blast our brilliant prospects.

Mrs. Jones, however, was by no means a dull tactician, and offered her two sons, one a lad of eight, and the other six years, for outpost duty.

I divided the command and posted the pickets, stationing the oldest boy in the road, at a distance of twenty rods from the hut, and used the other for patrol, who was to keep a sharp lookout; and, in case any one might be seen approaching the post, was to notify his mother, thereby giving her an opportunity to conceal us.

This matter attended to, a generous supply of hoe-cake and parched corn delighted our eyes; for Auntie was not long in appeasing our hunger with

the best her humble cot afforded. Jones came in at the mentioned hour, but did not think himself sufficiently well acquainted with the safest route to warrant his acting in the capacity of guide; but, like all other negroes that I have met in the South, he very readily called to mind one whom he thought would accompany us, and whom he could recommend very highly as an active and intelligent fellow.

Securing a small piece of fat pine for a torch to light our way through an intervening swamp, we started for the Savannah River road, beyond which the negro could be found whose many good qualities had been pointed out to myself and companion. Much to our astonishment,

COLORED MAN NO. 2

was not so well posted as the man who recommended him; but luckily, and much to our delight, he very promptly referred to another negro, who had come up from our lines the same morning, and who, he thought, would be glad to return with us. The negro last recommended bore the name of

MARCH DASHER.

We found him to be a genuine Ethiopian, as black as any colored individual I have ever met; and as dignified and devout as he was active and swarthy. Upon being asked if he could show us the way to Cherokee Hill, he replied, —

"I'LL DO IT, MASSA, IF GOD BE MY HELPER."

We desired to start at once, but could not persuade him to move before daylight. He said, "Dis chile knows where de pickets is in de day time, but knows nuffin 'bout 'em after dark." Several attempts were made to induce us to remain in the hut till morning; but no amount of safety insurances could persuade us to take such an apparently inconsiderate step.

The idea that it would not be policy to move on before morning inclined us to think that our landlord might be treacherous, and we were not a little uneasy until prayer was offered for our benefit, when we became fully satisfied that we could at least repose confidence in his fidelity. As soon as prayers were concluded, we betook ourselves to a pine thicket, determined to give March no peace until he should set off with us.

THE NEGRO'S CLOCK NEEDS NO REPAIRING.

At about one o'clock in the morning, Wright turned out and told him that day had just began to break. He got up, came to the door, looked for the seven stars, and then remarked, in a very good humored way, "I reckon it's good many hours yet till break ob day, massa. Yer can't fool March on de time; his clock neber breaks down. It's jest right ebery time." Feeling somewhat chagrined at his ill success, Wright returned to the thicket saying, "Glazier, there is no use of being in a sweat; for

you might as well undertake to move a mountain as to get the start of that colored individual." We made no further attempt to dupe our guide, but very impatiently awaited his call. He came to our place of concealment at the first peep of day, and said, "Gemmen, now I'ze ready to take you right plum into Mr. Sherman's company by 'sun up.'" We followed him without ceremony; and just as old Sol began to tint the hill-sides with his first rays, we saw, with unbounded joy,

A GROUP OF BLUE COATS

watching very eagerly our approach; for it was the Federal outpost. At first, we were evidently regarded as an enemy; but by taking off our hats and making friendly signs, their suspicions were allayed, and they beckoned us to come on. A most cordial reception was given us by the picket, which proved to be a detail from the One Hundred and First Illinois Volunteers, Twentieth Army Corps.

We took each man by the hand, congratulating him upon his good fortune in surviving the death-blow to Rebellion in Georgia; and they, in return, rejoiced at our successful escape. Haversacks were opened, and placed at our disposal. There was a great demand for hard tack and coffee; but the beauty of it all was,

MAJOR TURNER WAS NOT THERE

to say what he has often repeated, "Reduce their rations; I'll teach the damned scoundrels not to

attempt an escape." I shall ever remember my feelings when I began to realize the fact that I was no longer a prisoner, and when I beheld the "old flag" floating triumphantly over the invincible veterans, who followed the "Great General" down to the sea.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

SAVANNAH, GA., December 24, 1864.

AFTER breakfast at the picket post, we came into the city with a brigade of the Twentieth Army Corps, which formed a part of the rear-guard of General Sherman's army. It would have been a difficult matter, even for intimate friends, to have identified us in our motley uniforms. For myself, I was clad in a coat of Southern gray, blue pants, my shoes, — before described, — a bewitched looking hat, and gray blanket, which for months had answered the purpose of bed and bedding.

My haversack was a curiosity in its way, being composed of an old towel, which was sewed up by Lemon many weeks before. Said haversack had borne its journey well, but now showed unmistakable signs of dissolution. Sweet potatoes, unless of a fabulous size, slipped through as readily as money through a soldier's fingers; and large must have been the loaf which could retain quarters within its awful depths. I would give Wright the preference of a description, but having had the impudence to look better than I did, he does not deserve it.

Many pleasant incidents occurred during our ride into the city. A major and a surgeon, whose names I have been so ungrateful as to forget, kindly offered us their horses, and dismounted for our convenience. The offer was gratefully accepted, for we were both weak and weary, and Lieutenant Wright had assisted me for some time on our way.

On reaching the city, Wright's first inquiry was for his old regiment; but it was like a search in the dark. The unsettled state of the army rendered it difficult to learn the location of any particular regiment or brigade; but we found the corps to which his regiment belonged, and were sent under guard from corps to regimental headquarters with a demand for recognition, and a receipt therefor.

Such treatment seemed hard at first; but when we reflected upon our checkered costume and suspicious appearance, we readily fell into their way of thinking; for, until we were identified, it would have been no wonder that we were looked upon as spies or desperadoes.

Having played the Rebel so long, we ourselves had our allegiance slightly mixed, but by a deal of recollecting and protesting, we came at length to convince ourselves, and the authorities also, that some time, away back in the past, we had been Union men, and belonged to the Federal army. In accordance with which conclusion we were pronounced genuine Union soldiers, and received certificates of the same to jog our memories in the future. At night we stopped with Captain A. L.

Swallow, of Lieutenant Wright's company. He is a noble man, and ministered to our wants like a father. Our circumstances becoming known, no pains were spared to make us comfortable and happy. Comfortable clothing was soon distributed to us, and we began to look like civilized persons.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

The greater part of the day was spent in the city. Took dinner with Mr. H. Brown. His residence was on Congress Street opposite the Pulaski House. Mr. Brown was known as a firm Union man, and although he had suffered much from adherence to his principles, and frequently been stripped of his goods, he still remained true to the old flag and the government of his fathers. Lieutenant E. H. Fales, who was a fellow-prisoner at Charleston, was found secreted at Mr. Brown's house when our army entered Savannah. The lieutenant was in the city for more than a month, representing himself as a very innocent foreigner, but was at one time conscripted and ordered on the defences.

AT KILPATRICK'S HEAD-QUARTERS, December 26.

Lieutenant Fales and myself procured horses from the quartermaster of the Twentieth Corps and rode out to Kilpatrick's head-quarters in the afternoon, my object being to secure identification by General Kilpatrick, in order to obtain transportation North, as he was the only officer in the department who knew me to have been in the United States service

previous to my capture. The General had the kindness to furnish me with the necessary papers, which were all that detained me from going by the first boat.

We took supper with the General and Captain Estes of his staff, who were much interested in my account of prison life and escape. One hardly likes to be the hero of his own tales, but modesty was no plea for silence under the circumstances.

My term of service having expired, I was very anxious to get home to the North. The unsettled state of the army made delays unavoidable, and I was forced to bide my time.

STEAMSHIP "PLANTER," December 29.

Took passage on the steamship "Planter" early in the evening. This is the boat which was run out of Charleston harbor by a negro pilot then in command of her as captain. The craft had seen hard service, and was badly peppered on her retirement from Rebel service. She was then running in Government employ, as far as the obstructions at the mouth of the Savannah River, where she transferred her cargo and returned again. There was a channel through these obstructions, but few pilots could take a vessel through them.

Only a few days after the capture of the city, a blockade-runner, fresh from Manchester, England, in happy ignorance of the result, carefully dodged our vessels, which, just as carefully kept out of the way, and made her way into the harbor. She was fast to the dock before the mistake was discovered,

when her commander was arrested, and her cargo confiscated.

The commander of the "Planter" was a "colored person" of some consequence. One of our officers going on board mistook him for the boot-black, and sang out, "Hello, cuffee, black my boots?"

The dusky captain turned, with a look of disdain and answered, "I dunno nuffin 'bout boot blackin'. I commands dis craft, I is."

Lieutenant Fales took passage with me for New York. Wright's term of service having expired, he remained at Savannah to be mustered out, and I bade him an earnest farewell.

STEAMSHIP "ASHLAND," HILTON HEAD, December 30.

We were transferred from the "Planter" to the "Delaware" during the night, and reached Hilton Head, S. C., in the afternoon where we were ticketed by the steamer "Ashland" for the Empire State — bless her dear old name! Many a poor fellow who started out with us will never again press her soil, nor be welcomed home by those who are anxiously awaiting their coming.

The "Ashland" is a small ocean steamer, and was commanded by Thomas Cowdry, an old sea captain, weather-beaten and brave.

IN A GALE OFF CAPE HATTERAS, January 2, 1865.

New Year's day we were in an awful gale, which threatened us with a speedy and watery grave. All the passengers were sea-sick, and all of the crew,

save those directly connected with the management of the vessel. This being my first experience with old Neptune, my case was none of the mildest. The captain comforted us by expatiating on the strong points of his vessel, and pointing out her beauties in a manner quite mistifying to a landsman.

NEW YORK, January 4.

Our vessel grated along the wharf about twelve o'clock at night, and I awoke to the glorious realization that I was again breathing the air of my native State. There was an exhilarating rapture in the thought, that has fixed its memory firmly in my mind. I hope never to become so hardened that that patriotic and Christian exultation will be an unpleasant recollection.

With many a brave and fondly cherished comrade, — and with thousands whose faces I never knew, but whose sufferings I shared, — I can sing, —

"Now our prison life is over! Ah! it is a pleasant thought,
And we here await our furloughs, ere again our homes are sought.
Farewell South, and all thy dead lines! Farewell traitors, robbers too!
Cherished friends of youth and childhood, we are coming home to you!
And will not your smiles of welcome half repay our griefs and cares,
When once more you see us sitting in the old familiar chairs?
But there's One who reigns above us — we should give our thanks to him,

For the bright hopes in the bosoms, where sweet hope alas was dim.
For his kind and loving presence, that at last we lived to stand
Free from prison life in Dixie, in our own beloved and loyal land.
Let us pray for peace forever, for the Union glad and free,
With a tear for comrades faithful, whom we never more shall see.
Ever trusting One above us, though the clouds may gather fast,
Knowing well our Father's mansion will receive us at the last."

CHAPTER XVIII.

[The succeeding pages are devoted principally to the testimony of individuals who have been confined in other prisons.]

AT MILLIN — "CAMP LAWTON."

CONSPICUOUS upon the list of Rebel prisons stands the pen known South as Camp Lawton, near Millin, Georgia.

The following is the testimony of Sergeant W. Goodyear, Seventh Regiment, C. V., who was removed to that place from Andersonville on the 1st of November, 1864.

It was pleasantly situated, about eighty miles north of Savannah, in a country where pine forests abound. Indeed, these were a prominent feature in the external surroundings of many of the Southern prisons. Trees would be felled, a clearing made, and here located the rude structure that was to be the cheerless home of thousands for long, weary months. Could a voice be given to these silent groves, and they become witnesses of what they have seen and heard, what revelations would be made of things that can never be known now!

The medium of human language fails to convey all the meaning involved in prison life in the South.

It is true that a great part of the suffering in this present war, as in all wars, must forever remain with the secrets of unwritten history. A few, who were themselves actors in the tragic scenes, may rehearse the story of their individual experience, and thus furnish, as it were, a key to unlock the gates through which others may enter and take a look. This is the only way in which the people at large can become acquainted with this thrilling portion of the war; and authentic and reliable statements are therefore of deep interest and importance.

THE INCLOSURE.

"Forty-four acres of ground were inclosed by the stockade at Millin. The large pine timber, which was cut down at the commencement of operations for building the prison, was left upon the ground; and when the first prisoners went into their confinement there, they found these to be greatly to their advantage; for they were able to construct for themselves comfortable huts of logs and branches lying about them. In this respect they were more fortunate than many, or most others. The last division that entered had no shelter at all, or at least of any account. A small stream of good water ran through the centre, which the men highly prized, particularly as it afforded the much needed privilege of bathing. At the time of my arrival there, the list of prisoners numbered nine thousand. The weather was very cold and stormy; and as the

majority of the men were very poorly clad, many of them being without shoes, blankets, or coats, and also without shelter, the suffering was very great No medicine was issued to the men within the stockade, and but very few were taken outside to the hospital; consequently the mortality was fearful.

AVERAGE NUMBER OF DEATHS PER DAY.

"The number of deaths averaged from twenty-five to thirty-five per day. The prevailing diseases were such as are common to almost all prisons — the scurvy, diarrhœa, and rheumatism. It was no uncommon occurrence for the morning light to reveal the pallid faces of three or four prisoners who had laid down side by side, showing that death had claimed them all during the night. Such sights were heart-rending to the most unfeeling — the most stoical. The prisoner is condemned to these things, and there is no alternative but for him to gaze upon them, however sad and revolting they may be. He must steel himself against that which once would have sent sympathy through his whole being — a gushing tide. It could not be that the fountain of pity be stirred to its depths so often. Nature could not sustain the pressure; therefore it seems that the whole is something like a martyr process, in which the very juices of life are crushed out by an uncontrollable force.

"At the beginning of my stay at Millin, the rations which were issued were double the amount we had

at Andersonville. We drew one pint of meal, six ounces of uncooked beef, six spoonfuls of rice, one teaspoonful of salt, as our allowance for twenty-four hours. Beans were sometimes substituted for rice; but these were so much eaten by insects that they were often thrown away without being tasted. After a little while, however, the quantity decreased every day, so that it became nearly as small and poor as those issued in other prisons.

INDUCEMENTS TO ENTER THE REBEL SERVICE.

"The prospect of being exchanged or paroled was so small that some availed themselves of the opportunity to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate government, and entered the Rebel service. The inducements which were offered them to do this, were three bushels of sweet potatoes, a suit of clothes, and one hundred dollars in Confederate scrip. I was myself acquainted with quite a number who did this; and although I would make no excuse for them, I know the motive by which they were actuated. They knew no chance of getting out of prison alive. They had barely clothes to cover their nakedness, and they thought to prolong their existence in this way; and coupled with this was the idea of escaping and fleeing to the Union lines at the very first opportunity. But the whole thing was considered a mean, disgraceful act by every true patriot I would have died a dozen deaths rather than to have been guilty of such a

CAME TOO NEAR THE DEAD LINE.

thing, and there were thousands of others of the same mind.

VOTING AT MILLIN PRISON.

"As the time of the presidential election drew near, the Rebels expressed a desire that we should vote upon the question ourselves. Accordingly ballot-boxes were procured, and on the day when the people of the North were deciding the momentous issue, we gathered together in Millin Prison, and in the midst of great excitement, gave expression to our political preferences. We knew that it was war or peace. As we deposited our votes, so did we speak for one or the other, and show forth our position in the country's cause. At sunset the votes were counted, and the result was three thousand and fourteen votes for Lincoln, and ten hundred and fifty for McClellan.

CAME TOO NEAR THE DEAD LINE.

"I am indebted to O. R. Dahl, late lieutenant, Fifteenth Wisconsin Infantry, for the following particulars relative to the murder of Lieutenant Turbayne, which occurred after my escape from Columbia.

"About ten o'clock on the morning of the 1st of December, 1864, Camp Sorghum was startled with the report of a musket, and soon the news spread through camp that Lieutenant Turbayne, Sixty-eighth New-York Infantry, had been shot — mur-

dered by one of the guard, a Mr. Williams of Newbury Court House, South Carolina:

"Turbayne was walking along a path that ran by the corner of a hut, near the "dead line," but inside of it. Along this path the prisoners had walked hundreds of times without fear, for it was on our own ground. As Turbayne came along, the guard brought his piece to the shoulder, halted, and ordered him back. He turned to go, walked a step or two, when the villain shot him through the back, the ball passing through his lungs. He staggered a few steps, fell, and died within a few minutes.

"Not only did Major Griswold refuse to investigate the matter, but after the murderer had been relieved by the officer of the day, he sent him back on duty that afternoon on the front line, and also into camp next morning, surrounded by a body guard, for fear the officers would do violence to him — an insult of the blackest dye."

CHAPTER XIX.

SALISBURY PRISON.

THE prison at Salisbury, North Carolina, which became so notorious during the war as one of the most loathsome dungeons in Rebeldom, was at first intended as a place of punishment for Southern soldiers guilty of military offences, and as a place of committal for hostages, who where usually sentenced to hard labor. It more recently came into general use, and hundreds of unfortunate victims said their last farewell in that miserable den. In order that we may obtain a better view of this horrible abode, I will transcribe the testimony of Messrs. Richardson and Brown, both widely known as correspondents for the public press.

The following statement was made by the former, before the Committee on the Conduct of the War:

"I was captured on a hay-bale in the Mississippi River, opposite Vicksburg, on the 3d of May, 1863, at midnight. After a varied experience in six different prisons, I was sent to Salisbury on the 3d of February, 1864, from which place I escaped on the 18th of December following.

"For months, Salisbury was the most endurable

prison I had seen; there were six hundred inmates. They were exercised in the open air, comparatively well fed, and kindly treated. Early in October ten thousand regular prisoners of war arrived. It immediately changed into a scene of cruelty and horror; it was densely crowded, rations were cut down and issued very irregularly; friends outside could not even send in a plate of food.

RATIONS.

"The prisoners suffered considerably, and often intensely, for the want of bread and shelter; those who had to live or die on prison rations, always suffered from hunger; very frequently, one or more divisions of one thousand men would receive no rations for twenty-four hours; sometimes they were without food for forty-eight hours. A few, who had money, would pay from five to twenty dollars in Rebel currency for a little loaf of bread. Many, though the weather was inclement and snow frequent, sold the coats from their backs and shoes from their feet. I was assured, on authority entirely trustworthy, that a great commissary warehouse near the prison was filled with provisions. The commissary found it difficult to find storage for his corn and meal; and when a subordinate asked the post commandant, Major John H. Gee, "Shall I give the prisoners full rations?" he replied with an oath, "No! give them quarter rations."

"I know from personal observation, that corn

and pork are very abundant in the region about Salisbury.

PRISONERS WITHOUT SHELTER.

"For weeks the prisoners had no shelter whatever; they were all thinly clad, thousands were barefooted, not one in twenty had an overcoat or blanket, many hundreds were without shirts, and hundreds were without blouses. One Sibley tent and one A tent were furnished to each squad of one hundred; with the closest crowding, these sheltered about half the prisoners. The rest burrowed in the ground, crept under the buildings, or shivered through the night in the open air upon the frozen ground.

"If the Rebels, at the time of our capture had not stolen our shelter-tents, blankets, clothing, and money, they would have suffered little from cold. If the prison authorities had permitted them, either on parole or under guard, to cut logs within two miles of the prison, the men would have built comfortable and ample barracks in one week; but the commandant would not consent, — he did not even furnish one-half the fuel needed.

HORRIBLE CONDITION OF THE HOSPITALS.

"The hospitals were in a horrible condition. More than half who entered them died in a few days. The deceased, always without coffins, were loaded into the dead carts, piled on each other like

logs of wood, and so driven out to be thrown in a trench and covered with earth.

"The Rebel surgeons were generally humane and attentive, and endeavored to improve the shocking condition of the hospitals; but the Salisbury and Richmond authorities disregarded their protests.

THE ATTEMPTED OUTBREAK.

"On the 25th of November, many of the prisoners had been without food for forty-eight hours, and were desperate, without any matured plan. A few of them said, 'We may as well die in one way as another; let us break out of this horrible place.' Some of them wrested the guns from a relief of fifteen Rebel soldiers, just entering the yard, killing two who resisted, and wounding five or six others, and attempted to open the fence; but they had neither adequate tools nor concert of action. Before they could effect a breach, every gun of the garrison was turned on them. The field pieces opened with grape and canister, and they dispersed to their quarters. In five minutes from its beginning the attempt was quelled, and hardly a prisoner was to be seen in the yard. The Rebels killed sixteen in all, and wounded sixty. Not one-tenth of the prisoners had taken part in the attempt; and many of them were ignorant of it until they heard the guns. Deliberate, cold-blooded murders of peaceable men, where there was no pretence that they were breaking any prison regulation, were very frequent.

"Our lives were never safe for one moment.

Any sentinel, at any hour of the day or night, could deliberately shoot down any prisoner, or fire into a group of them, black or white, and never be taken off his post for it.

"I left about six thousand and five hundred remaining in garrison on the day of my escape, and they were then dying at the average rate of twenty-eight per day, or thirteen per cent. a month. The simple truth is, that the Rebel authorities are murdering our soldiers at Salisbury by cold and hunger, while they might easily supply them with ample food and fuel. They are doing this systematically, and I believe are killing them intentionally, for the purpose either of forcing our government to an exchange, or forcing our men into their own army."

The testimony of Mr. Brown, also a correspondent of the "Tribune," corroborates the above statements of Mr. Richardson. He says:

"I have often wished that I could obtain a photograph of that room in Salisbury Prison; for I can give no idea of its repulsiveness and superlative squalor.

ORIGINAL DESIGN OF SALISBURY PRISON.

"The prison was formerly a cotton factory, about ninety by thirty feet; and when we were there, they had only six or seven hundred confined within its walls. A dirtier, smokier, drearier, and more unwholesome place I had never seen than the room in which we were placed. It reminded me of some old junk-shop in South Street of the city I had

left, and was hung round with filthy rags, tattered quilts and blankets, reeking with vermin, which the wretched inmates used as clothes and bed covering, and thronged mostly with Northern and Southern citizens, most of whom were in garments long worn out, and as far removed from cleanliness as the wearers from happiness. In that abhored abode we were compelled to eat and sleep as best we might. There were but two stoves, both old and broken, in the room; and they gave out no heat, but any quantity of smoke, which filled the apartment with bitter blueness. Vermin swarmed everywhere; they tortured us while we tried to sleep on our coarse blankets, and kept us in torment when awake. No light of any kind was furnished us; and there we sat night after night in the thick darkness, inhaling the foul vapors and the acrid smoke, longing for the morning, when we could again catch a glimpse of the overarching sky.

PRISON LIFE.

"Think of this death-life month after month! Think of men of delicate organization, accustomed to ease and luxury, of fine taste, and a passionate love for the beautiful, without a word of sympathy, or a whisper of hope, wearing their days out amid such scenes. Not a pleasant sound, nor a sweet odor, nor a vision of fairness, ever reached them. They were buried as completely as if they lay beneath the ruins of Pompeii or Herculaneum. They breathed mechanically, but were shut out from all

that renders existence endurable. Every sense was shocked perpetually, and yet the heart, by a strange inconsistency, kept up its throbs, and preserved the physical being of a hundred and fifty wretched captives, who, no doubt, often prayed to die. Few persons can have any idea of a long imprisonment in the South. They usually regard it as an absence of freedom, a deprivation of the pleasures and excitements of ordinary life. They do not take into consideration the scant and miserable rations that no one, unless he be half-famished, can eat; the necessity of going cold and hungry in the wet and wintry season; the constant torture from vermin, of which no care or caution can free one; the total isolation; the supreme dreariness, the dreadful monotony, the perpetual turning inward of the mind upon itself, the self-devouring of the heart, week after week, month after month, and year after year."

CHAPTER XX.

AT ANDERSONVILLE — "CAMP SUMTER."

"It is from no unfair motives that I am induced to make the following statement of what I saw and experienced while a prisoner in the hands of the Rebels during the spring, summer, and autumn of 1864. I have tried to give a truthful account of some of the cruelties and sufferings which our poor boys were called to endure in filthy, loathsome Southern prisons and hospitals. It seems to me there can be no reason for any one to make a false report of the miseries we received at the hands of our heartless captors and brutal prison-keepers. To tell the truth of them is all that is needed to convince any reasonable man of their barbarities and fiendish attempt to deprive our soldiers, whom the fortune of war had thrown into their power, of every comfort and enjoyment of life.

CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH.

"But to my narrative. I was captured April 2d, 1864, at Plymouth, North Carolina. It is to the credit of the Rebel soldiers whose good fortune it was to capture our command, stationed there to

hold and defend the place, that we were treated with considerable courtesy and kindness while in their power. To my knowledge, no outrages were committed upon any of our white troops, though I believe the small negro force with us fared very hard. Our men were allowed to retain their blankets and overcoats, and all little articles of value which they might have upon their persons. Many of the men had about them large sums of money, which they were allowed to keep.

MARCH FROM PLYMOUTH TO TARBORO'.

"From Plymouth a long and wearisome march was made to Tarboro', a very pretty town, situated on the Neuse, a few miles from Goldsboro'. By the time we arrived there the men were much fagged and worn out. The last day of the march we were without rations, and suffered a great deal from hunger and weariness. Soon after reaching our camping-ground, near the town, rations were issued to us. There were a few cow peas, or beans, more properly, some corn meal, a small piece of bacon, and a very meagre allowance of salt, for each man. Some old iron kettles, tins, etc., were provided for us to cook our food in, and a small quantity of wood furnished; and we managed to prepare a repast which was very palatable to our well-whetted appetites. A system of trading was immediately commenced, which was carried on for a while very briskly, but but was finally prohibited by the Rebel authorities. Our men would barter away their watches, rings,

gold pen-holders, pocket-knives, coat-buttons, etc., for Confederate pone cakes, hard bread, and bacon, from the Rebels. The most exorbitant prices were demanded by both parties; our men, however, generally getting the best bargain. We had remained at Tarboro' but a few days when orders were received to remove all the Union prisoners who could travel to Andersonville, Ga., immediately. We had already suffered much, both from hunger and exposure. Many were sick and feeble. All were anxious to leave, and we felt much relief at hearing that preparations had been made to remove us to a pleasanter and more fruitful portion of the Confederacy.

ANDERSONVILLE IN THE DISTANCE.

"We were informed that Camp Sumter, the prison to which we were going, occupied a delightful locality, and also that our food there would be more wholesome and plenteous than that which we had yet received. Their fair accounts and pleasing stories but increased our anxiety to be off; and it was with no little pleasure that, on the morning of April 29th, we bade adieu to the gloomy field into which we had been turned as so many brutes, and marched with quite joyous hearts to the depôt in town. Here we were confined, crowded by forties into small and loathsome box-cars. Besides our own enormous numbers, six Rebel guards were stationed in each carriage; a name which I heard applied by a foppish young officer to the miserable

concern aboard which we were literally packed. Of course, the Rebels occupied the doors, and we nearly suffocated. Under such circumstances, many of the boys, less sanguine and hopeful than others, began to express doubts concerning the stories which we had heard; and intimated that they were all mere fabrications to deceive us, and make it an easier matter to convey us to Camp Sumter. Without doubt, such was the case. It is certain that they made the utmost efforts to get us through to the stockade at Andersonville under as small a guard as possible.

ARRIVAL AT CHARLESTON.

"We arrived in Charleston on Sunday morning, May 1st. To our great surprise, we found that some of the inhabitants of the city were friendly to us. They distributed tobacco and cigars among the men, and some secretly brought them food. Months afterwards, some of our suffering, dying boys found inestimable friends in the Sisters of Charity, who abode in the city.

"Leaving Charleston at an early hour in the afternoon, we were hurried on at quite a rapid rate toward Savannah, Georgia. About six o'clock in the evening it commenced storming very hard, and, being on platform cars, we were thoroughly drenched with rain.

"At about nine o'clock we changed cars a short distance from Savannah for Macon, at which place we arrived the following day a little past noon.

"I was much pleased with Macon. It is a handsome city, and pleasantly situated on the Ocmulgee River—a stream of some importance. It contained a number of fine residences, several churches, two or three large iron foundries, and a car-factory, I believe. Trees, flowers, and gardens, presented an appearance not unlike that of early summer at home. Almost everything there was looking pleasant and beautiful, and I felt very sad at leaving, knowing, as I then did, something of the true character of our future abode.

ARRIVAL AT ANDERSONVILLE.

"Late in the afternoon of May 2d we left Macon on our way to Andersonville, at which place we arrived some time in the evening. Soon after our arrival there, we were marched into an open field near by, where we remained during the night. It being very cold, large fires had been made by the Rebel soldiers for our comfort. For this little act of kindness we indeed felt very grateful to them. The next morning, May 3d, a sinister-looking little foreigner came down to us, and, with considerable bluster and many oaths, began to form us into detachments, containing two hundred and seventy men each. These detachments were subdivided into messes of ninety each, and placed under the control of a sergeant, whose duty it was to attend roll-call, drawing rations, etc. At length, everything being ready, we were escorted into the prison under a strong guard.

"It is impossible to describe our feelings at this time. Everywhere around us were men in the most abject wretchedness and misery. Immediately on our arrival among them they began to gather around us, and, in a very touching manner, related the sad story of their sufferings and wrongs. We could only sympathize with them. Beyond that, we could do nothing. We knew full well that the same cruelties which they had experienced were in store for us. The prospect before us was dark indeed. In the afternoon of the day on which I entered the prison, I ventured out some distance into the camp. Everywhere was the most unmistakable evidence of intense suffering and destitution. Hundreds of the men were without shelter, and but very few had any comfortable clothing.

"The supply of wood was very small — scarcely enough to cook with; and the poor fellows were obliged to lie, night after night, week after week, on the cold, damp ground, without even a fire to warm themselves by.

"The Rebels may claim that there was some cause for not issuing a sufficient quantity of food to our prisoners at Andersonville; but for not granting us wood enough to keep us warm, and to cook with, there can be no apology. On three sides of the prison there was an immense woodland, from which all the wood that we needed could have been provided with very little difficulty. The same holds true in regard to shelter. I am persuaded that it was an act of premeditated inhumanity on the part

of our enemies not to give us shelter. It would have required but a few weeks' time, and a few scores of hands, to have built barracks for our comfortless boys there, which would have been the means of saving hundreds of precious lives. If the Rebels would have granted us even the rough, unhewn logs, and axes to work with, we would have built them ourselves.

"The camp at this time was in a most loathsome condition. It then covered an area of about fifteen acres, and was inclosed by a high stockade, built of pine logs, hewn and closely joined together.

"Upward of twenty feet from the stockade was

THE FATAL DEAD LINE,

Beyond which any poor fellow passing was almost certain to be fired upon by some of the ever watchful sentries. In the centre of the camp, and extending entirely around it, was a broad ravine, which, toward the beginning of summer, became one of the filthiest places imaginable, and was one of the chief causes of the vast amount of sickness which existed during the months of July and August following. About this time, May 10th, the average rate of mortality daily, was upward of fifteen. It afterward rose as high as seventy-five and one hundred.

"Sunday, May 15th, a wretched cripple, who had the reputation about camp of being a very dangerous fellow, willing, for a double ration, to inform the Rebels of all plans made for escape which he

INTERIOR VIEW OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

might discover or accidentally hear of, was mortally wounded by a Rebel sentinel while on duty. For some unknown reason, the miserable man purposely passed beyond the dead line. The guard ordered him to go back; he refused to do so, and used some insulting language in reply. The sentry then fired upon him. He fell, horribly wounded, and lived only about two hours.

"Sunday, May 22d, a little incident of some note occurred in camp, to the great satisfaction of the well-disposed. It must be confessed that great demoralization prevailed among the prisoners. Quarrels and fights were of frequent occurrence.

A BAND OF DESPERADOES.

"But the worst of all were the murderous deeds perpetrated by a desperate set of fellows, who had banded themselves together for the purpose of robbing the defenseless among them. From the sick and powerless they would steal blankets and pails for cooking in; and if a man was known to possess money, he was in danger of being deprived of it all, and possibly of his life besides. This morning one of the heartless scoundrels had been caught in the act of stealing from some one of his companions, and met with summary punishment. A part of his head and beard were shaven, and he was then exposed to the view of any who might wish to see him. After this he was turned over to the commandant of the prison, who immediately released him, but promised the men that in the future they might in-

flict what punishment they should deem proper on all whom they should catch engaged in robbing their comrades. The prime cause of all this demoralization among the men was the treatment they received at the hands of the Rebels. Had the Confederate authorities provided food in sufficient quantities for our men, and furnished other necessary comforts, it is altogether possible that no such deeds would have been committed in the camp; certainly, they would have been very rare.

RATIONS.

"Toward the close of May our rations were 'cut down' fearfully. Starvation really began to stare us in the face. There were but few who were not suffering the pangs of hunger continually. Our daily allowance was only about half of a small loaf of corn bread, about four ounces of bacon, and a little 'mush' made of Indian meal partially cooked in water.

A portion of the camp drew raw rations, and fared somewhat better than those whose food was prepared before issued to them. Our food, when cooked outside, was always prepared in the most careless and indifferent manner. It not unfrequently occurred that even the meagre supply of bread which we did receive was sent into us half cooked, and, when in this condition, it would become during the night totally unfit to eat.

"About the close of summer, cooked beans were issued to us. These were always in a most disgust-

ing state, and could have been eaten only by starving men. There was always a copious supply of gravel, pods, and, what was still worse, bugs, in each man's allowance of this miserable farce.

"June 3d, a large number of wounded men were received at the camp, many of them in very destitute circumstances.

"But few, if any of them, were admitted to the hospital, though a large number had severe and painful wounds. Their sufferings became intense, almost unendurable. Without shelter during the day, they suffered indescribably from scorching, burning heat, and at night perhaps not less so from the cold. Many died. It could not be otherwise. Who but the merciless enemies of our country can be held accountable for this fiendish sacrifice of valuable lives?

AN UNJUST ORDER.

"The morning of June 9th, a very unjust order was promulgated throughout camp. We had been permitted to send, nearly every day, a small squad of men from some of the detachments, under Rebel guards, into the woods near by, to procure some fuel for the camp, but it was now decided that no more should be allowed to go forward until they would solemnly pledge themselves not to attempt to escape while outside the stockade for that purpose; and if, after having given their pledge, they should violate it, the detachment to which they belonged should receive rations only every alternate day until

the time that those who had escaped should be recaptured. To go without wood was impossible; to submit was the only way by which we could obtain it, and consequently we were under the necessity of yielding to the base demand.

"Sunday morning, June 19th, one of our men, unfortunately getting beyond the dead line, was fired upon by the guard. He was missed, but the ball wounded two others, one severely.

"On the 21st, another man was shot while merely reaching beyond the dead-line for a small piece of wood which he needed.

BARBAROUS TREATMENT OF THE SICK.

"Toward the close of June, sickness and death began to prevail in camp to an alarming extent. The men died by scores daily. But few were admitted to the hospital, and even when received there, it was not until life was nearly extinct. The old prisoners who had been incarcerated for months at Belle Island, were falling away with fearful rapidity. Nearly all those still living, could see nothing before them but a slow, torturing death, from a most painful disease, which had been caused by a want of proper food, and constant exposure. None can fully realize the intense agony, the horrid suspense and wretchedness, felt by these unfortunate men, but those who have had a like experience. Indeed, their sufferings were beyond description. Only a few could receive medical treatment, and that scarcely worth mentioning,

while in every part of camp were as brave and loyal soldiers as any that had ever taken up arms in defence of freedom, suffering and dying in a manner that might have shocked even the rude sensibilities of an American savage. It seemed that the more bitter our anguish became, the more delighted were our fiendish keepers. Not satisfied with the cruelties inflicted upon us, they even carried their animosities beyond this life, and declined to give a Christian burial to our dead. I will not now longer dwell upon this subject. It is too painful to contemplate.

"July 13th, one of the men in attempting to procure some clean water to drink, passed a little beyond the dead-line, and was fired upon by two of the guards almost simultaneously. Both balls missed him, but took effect upon two other men, killing one of them immediately.

"About the middle of July I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of a most excellent young man from Philadelphia, a member of the Seventh Pennsylvania Reserve Corps Volunteers,

JOSEPH EGALF

by name, who was actively engaged in caring for our neglected wounded men. From morning to night, he went about dressing their wounds, and ministering to their wants, and was unremitting in his efforts to benefit and comfort them. All in suffering had his sympathy and compassion, and his aid, so far as it was in his power to render assist-

ance. What finally became of him I do not know, but, should he be living, it is hoped something may be done to reward him handsomely for his many acts of love and kindness toward our poor boys who were with him at Andersonville.

"I find the following written in my diary under date of July 25th: 'While walking in camp this morning, I observed several poor fellows lying upon the ground, without shelter, blanket, coat, or even blouse — merely shirt and pants to protect them from the bitter cold of the past night.' There are a great many in camp in the same condition, and hundreds who are without shelter, blanket, and overcoat.

"To some it may seem incredible that it should be very cold during the night at this season of the year, but such was indeed the case.

"It may be asked, What became of the prisoners' clothing? I answer that, except in a few instances, it was stolen by the Rebels. Many a poor fellow can remember how unceremoniously he was stripped of almost every thing of value in his possession in an hour after his capture. Resistance was useless. To resist was to expose one's self to certain death. If a bare command would not bring a man out of his new boots, or induce him to give up his coat, a loaded pistol pointed at his head would.

"July 27th, another of our men was shot. He received a horrible wound in the head, and was carried out of camp in a dying condition.

"August 4th, still another was shot, receiving a

severe wound through the body. August 6th, another cold-blooded murder was committed.

"One of the men, passing a little too near the stockade, was shot dead by a guard on duty. It had become dangerous to pass at the regular crossing. The sentinels seemed to be more vigilant than ever before in watching for opportunities to shoot down our poor unarmed men. No one was safe. No warning was given to a thoughtless intruder. The first thing one would know of his terrible condition after passing the fatal line, was a quick, sharp report, a groan, and all was over — another murder was committed. About the middle of August, the rate of mortality was about eight per day. Diarrhœa and scurvy were the chief scourges of the camp. The fearful work of death was visible every where around us. I have frequently seen as many as thirty dead men lying in a row at the prison gate to be carried out for burial. It was sad, indescribably so, to see these brave men dying so far from home and its hallowed associations. No fond parents near to speak words of comfort and tenderness. None able to minister to their temporal necessities — none who could alleviate their sufferings. Alone they must writhe in the agonies of death, alone to die.

"It was under such circumstances of darkness and misery, that the shining truths of Christianity shone out before men in their unsurpassed glory and heavenly beauty. Many a freed, joyous spirit, went from that foul, loathsome prison, to immortal life and happiness.

"Thus far, only some of the physical sufferings consequent to our imprisonment have been briefly mentioned; it is now time to refer, for a few moments, to the

INTENSE MENTAL TRIALS

and afflictions which we prisoners experienced.

"In my diary, under date of August 24th, I find the following: — 'I believe the loss of health, exposure to privations, and physical sufferings consequent upon the manner of life in which we are now compelled to live, are not the saddest effects of our present captivity. But that which is the most lamentable is the mental debility, which, under the present state of things, we must necessarily experience.' Again, 'The finer feelings — that which makes more lovely — as social being, love, affection, friendship, kindness, and courtesy, are being constantly deadened — rooted out from the heart, leaving it in a most woeful condition.' Scarcely an hour in which anxiety about distant friends, suspense in regard to the future, and frequent despair, were not felt. It seems to me that the mind must have been in a state of trouble and anxiety nearly all of the time its frail tenement was suffering from confinement and disease. It was almost impossible to procure reading matter. Some of the soldiers had Bibles and Testaments, which were eagerly sought after, and read by many of the men.

"It was with great difficulty one could think very attentively about other subjects than home and release from imprisonment. A topic for conversation might be introduced among a squad of men; perhaps they might talk about it for a few moments, but it would soon be dropped, and home, friends, and possibility or probability of exchange would come up for discussion. Men — brave men, indeed — became gloomy and despondent. Light faded from the once brilliant, fiery eye; the color disappeared from the manly countenance; manhood seemed to forget itself; the entire man was speedily drifting toward a fearful ruin. Hope had nearly vanished. The mind was laboring under intense agony. To some the burden was too much, and they have never recovered from its baneful effects. Others have nearly recovered, but the scars remain.

REMOVAL OF PRISONERS FROM ANDERSONVILLE.

"September 7th, the removal of the prisoners from Camp Sumter to other parts of the Confederacy was commenced. We were induced by the Rebel authorities to believe that this unexpected movement was for a general exchange. With this belief our men could be sent away with only a small force guarding them, which was a consideration of no little importance with the Rebels just at that time.

"Suddenly stricken down with a violent attack of the scurvy, I was unable to leave with my detachment, and was left with the sick in camp. After suffering several days, I managed to get out with

the first squad of sick which left for Florence, South Carolina. I was quite weak and feeble when I arrived at Florence, but a change of climate and diet rapidly improved my condition, and in a few days I was able to walk about without crutches. Soon afterward I was detailed as hospital steward, and paroled. From that time till my release, Nov. 30th, my treatment was much better then it had been while I was at Camp Sumter. But in regard to that received by the thousands of poor fellows in the prison, there was but little apparent change. They suffered from cold and hunger perhaps more than while at Andersonville.

"I will here close my accounts of the sufferings of our friends. So far as I am concerned personally, I can forgive our bitter foes the cruelties which they have inflicted upon me. I do not desire revenge. That is farthest from my heart. God will punish them for their evil deeds. They have already suffered terribly. I feel that all should now try to do whatever they can to narrow the breach which exists between them and ourselves. I have always been glad our government so nobly declined to resort to retaliation. We cannot afford to be cruel. It is our highest honor to award good for evil.

"The magnanimity of our people is beyond question, and our enemies must acknowledge it. Our arms have conquered their proud hosts; our kindness must now subdue the enmity of their hearts. We must be neither too lenient nor too severe. To the leaders who precipitated us into four years of

bloodshed and war, the severest punishment which the law can give; but to the poor misguided masses, that clemency which only a noble people are capable of exercising.

[The following poetical description of prison life in the South is from the genial pen of an Andersonville prisoner, whose name I have not been able to learn:]

UNION PRISONERS, FROM DIXIE'S SUNNY LAND.

Air — "TWENTY YEARS AGO."

I.

Dear friends and fellow-soldiers brave, come listen to our song,
About the Rebel prisons, and our sojourn there so long;
Yet our wretched state and hardships great no one can understand,
But those who have endured this fate in Dixie's sunny land.

II.

When captured by the chivalry, they strip't us to the skin,
But failed to give us back again the value of a pin —
Except some lousy rags of gray, discarded by their band —
And thus commenced our prison life in Dixie's sunny land.

III.

With a host of guards surrounding us, each with a loaded gun,
We were stationed in an open plain, exposed to rain and sun;
No tent or tree to shelter us, we lay upon the sand —
Thus, side by side, great numbers died in Dixie's sunny land.

IV.

This was the daily "bill of fare" in that Secesh saloon —
No sugar, tea or coffee there, at morning, night or noon;
But a pint of meal, ground cob and all, was served to every man,
And for want of fire we ate it raw in Dixie's sunny land.

V.

We were by these poor rations soon reduced to skin and bone,
A lingering starvation — worse than death! you can but own,
There hundreds lay, both night and day, by far too weak to stand,
Till death relieved their sufferings in Dixie's sunny land.

VI.

We poor survivors oft were tried by many a threat and bribe,
To desert our glorious Union cause, and join the Rebel tribe,
Though fain were we to leave the place, we let them understand,
We had rather die than thus disgrace our flag! in Dixie's land.

VII.

Thus dreary days and nights roll'd by — yes, weeks and months untold,
Until that happy time arrived when we were all paroled.
We landed at Annapolis, a wretched looking band,
But glad to be alive and free from Dixie's sunny land.

VIII.

How like a dream those days now seem in retrospective view,
As we regain our wasted strength, all dressed in "Union Blue."
The debt we owe our bitter foe shall not have long to stand;
We shall pay it with a vengeance soon in Dixie's sunny land.

RATIONS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT TO REBEL PRISONERS OF WAR. (Note the difference.)

Hard bread,	14	oz. per one ration, or 18 oz. soft bread, one ration.
Corn meal,	18	oz. per one ration.
Beef,	14	" " " "
Bacon or pork,	10	" " " "
Beans,	6	qts. per 100 men.
Hominy or rice,	8	lbs. " " "
Sugar,	44	" " " " "
R. Coffee,	5	" ground, or 7 lbs. raw, per 100 men.
Tea,	18	oz. per 100 men.
Soap,	4	" " " "
Adamantine candles,	5	candles per 100 men.
Tallow candles,	6	" " " "
Salt,	2	qts. " " "
Molasses,	1	qt. " " "
Potatoes,	30	lbs. " " "

STATEMENT OF CLOTHING ISSUED TO PRISONERS OF WAR AT FORT DELAWARE,

From Sept. 1st, 1863, to May 1st, 1864.

7,175 pairs Drawers (Canton flannel).
6,260 Shirts (flannel).
8,807 pairs woollen Stockings.
1,094 Jackets and Coats.
3,480 pairs Bootees.
1,310 pairs Trousers.
4,378 woollen Blankets.
2,680 Great Coats.

Average number of prisoners, 4,489.

APPENDIX.

The following Appendix is not as perfect as I could wish, it being very difficult to avoid errors in lists of this kind. The principal portion of the names were taken from the Rebel adjutant's book at Libby Prison, during the winter and spring of 1864, by Captain Fisher, to whom I have alluded in my preface. I compiled the remainder while imprisoned at Columbia. The post-office address of the officers has been given, as far as they could be obtained.

Those marked thus (*) died during their imprisonment.

OFFICERS

OF THE

UNITED STATES ARMY AND NAVY,

Prisoners of War, Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.

[This list comprises those officers who were imprisoned at Libby Prison during the winter and spring of 1864. They were removed from Richmond to Danville in the early part of May, and from thence to Macon, Savannah, Charleston, Columbia, Charlotte, Raleigh, and Goldsboro'.* The succeeding list furnishes the additional captures of the summer and fall campaigns:]

BRIGADIER GENERALS.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
Neal Dow,	1st Brig. 2d Div. 19 A. C.,	Portland, Me.
E. P. Scammon,	3d Dept. W. Va.	
H. W. Wessells,	Plymouth, N. C.,	Washington, D. C.

COLONELS.

F. A. Bartleson,	100th Ill. Vols.	
C. H. Carlton,	89th O. Vols.,	Oswego, N. Y.
P. De Cesnola,	4th N. Y. Cav.,	New York City.
Wm. G. Ely,	18th Conn. Vols.,	New Haven, Conn.
W. P. Kindrick,	3d W. T. Cav.	
O. A. Lawson,	3d O. Vols.	
H. Le Favour,	22d Mich. Vols.,	Detroit, Mich.
R. W. McClain,	51st O. Vols.	
W. H. Powell,	2d Va. Cav.	
Thos. E. Rose,	77th Pa. Vols.	
A. D. Streight,	51st Ind. Vols.,	Indianapolis, Ind.

*A small portion of the Libby prisoners were sent North for special exchange during the month of March, and a few succeeded in escaping before we reached Georgia.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
Chas. W. Tilden,	16th Me. Vols.	
A. H. Tippin,	68th Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. T. Wilson,	123d O. Vols.	

LIEUTENANT COLONELS.

S. M. Archer,	17th Ia. Vols.,	Indianapolis, Ind
I. F. Boyd,	20th A. C.	
T. F. Cavada,	114th Pa. Vols.	
C. Farnsworth,	1st Conn. Cav.,	Hartford, Conn.
W. A. Glenn,	89th O. Vols.	
H. B. Hunter,	123d O. Vols.	
A. P. Henry,	15th Ky. Cav.	
E. L. Hays,	100th O. Vols.,	Columbus, O.
H. C. Robert,	21st Wis. Vols.	
Wm. Irvine,	10th N. Y. Cav.,	Albany, N. Y.
O. C. Johnson,	15th Wis. Vols.	
G. C. Joslin,	15th Mass. Vols.,	Boston, Mass.
W. P. Lasselle,	9th Md. Vols.	
A. C. Lichfield,	7th Mich. Cav.,	Grand Rapids, Mich.
W. O. McMackin,	21st Ill. Vols.	
D. A. McHolland,	51st Ind. Vols.	
C. H. Martin,	84th Ill. Vols.	
J. D. Mayhew,	8th Ky. Vols.	
D. Miles,	79th Pa. Vols.	
W. B. McCreary,	21st Mich. Vols.,	Flint, Mich.
R. S. Northcott,	12th Va. Vols.	
M. Nichols,	18th Conn. Vols.,	Hartford, Conn.
Wm. Price,	139th Va. M.	
P. S. Piper,	77th Pa. Vols.	
I. J. Polsley,	8th Va. Vols.	
A. F. Rogers,	80th Ill. Vols.	
J. T. Spofford,	79th N. Y. Vols.,	Little Falls, N. Y.
J. M. Sanderson,		Brooklyn, N. Y.
G. Von Helmrich,	4th Mo. Cav.,	St. Louis, Mo.
A. Von Schrader,	A. I. Gen.	
I. H. Wing,	3d O. Vols.	
J. N. Walker,	73d Ind. Vols.	
J. Williams,	25th O. Vols.	
T. S. West,	24th Wis. Vols.,	Racine, Wis.

MAJORS.

A. Bogle,	35th U. S. C. T.,	Boston, Mass.
E. N. Bates,	80th Ill. Vols.	
W. T. Beatley,	2d O. Vols.	
C. H. Beers,	16th Ill. Cav.	
J. P. Collins,	29th Ind. Vols.	
M. E. Clarke,	5th Mich. Cav.,	Ann Arbor, Mich.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
D. A. Carpenter,	2d Tenn. Cav.	
E. F. Cooke,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	Deckartown, N. J.
J. J. Edwards,	32d Mass. Vols.	
G. W. Fitzsimmons,	30th Ind. Vols.	
N. Goff, Jr.,	4th W. Va. Cav.	
J. H. Hooper,	15th Mass. Vols.,	Boston, Mass.
J. Hall,	1st Va. Cav.	
J. Henry,	5th O. Cav.	
J. B. Hill,	17th Mass. Vols.,	Chelsea, Mass.
I. H. Johnson,	11th Tenn. Vols.	
S. Kovax,	54th N. Y. Vols.	
D. M. Kercher,	10th Wis. Vols.	
W. D. Morton,	14th N. Y. Cav.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
S. McIrvin,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	Lafayette, Ind.
B. B. McDonald,	101st O. Vols.	
A. McMahan,	21st O. Vols.	
M. Moore,	29th Ind. Vols.	
W. S. Marshall,	5th Iowa Vols.	
S. Marsh,	5th Md. Vols.	
J. R. Muhlman,	A. A. Gen.,	Woodburn, Ill.
W. P. Nieper,	57th Pa. Vols.	
W. N. Owens,	1st Ky. Cav.,	Somerset, Ky.
E. M. Pope,	8th N. Y. Cav.,	Rochester, N. Y.
L. N. Phelps,	5th Va. Vols.	
A. Phillips,	77th Pa. Vols.	
H. L. Pasco,	16th Conn. Vols.,	Hartford, Conn.
T. B. Rodgers,	140th Pa. Vols.	
W. I. Russell,	A. A. Gen.,	Albany, N. Y.
I. C. Vananda,	3d O. Vols.	
A. Von Witzel,	74th Pa. Vols.	
H. A. White,	13th Pa. Cav.	
J. B. Wade,	73d Ind. Vols.	
Harry White,	67th Pa. Vols.,	Indiana, Pa.

CAPTAINS.

W. F. Armstrong,	74th O. Vols.	
S. C. Arthurs,	67th Pa. Vols.,	Brookville, Pa.
W. Airey,	15th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
E. C. Alexander,	1st Del. Vols.	
W. B. Avery,	132d N. Y. Vols.	
J. A. Arthur,	8th Ky. Cav.	
H. H. Alban,	21st O. Vols.	
W. R. Adams,	89th O. Vols.	
C. A. Adams,	1st Vt. Cav.,	Wallingford, Vt.
J. Albright,	87th Pa. Cav.	
E. W. Atwood,	16th Me. Vols.	
C. S. Aldrich,	85th N. Y. Vols.,	Canandaigua, N. Y.
S. Allen,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Black Creek, N. Y.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
S. B. Adams,	85th N. Y. Vets.	
M. Boyd,	73d Ind. Vols.,	
Chas. Byron,	3d O. Vols.	Lenox, O.
E. Baas,	20th Ill. Vols.	
L. T. Borgess,	67th Pa. Vols.	Dyberry, Pa.
W. K. Boltz,	181st Pa. Vols.	
H. R. Bending,	61st O. Vols.,	Circleville, O
M. R. Baldwin,	2d Wis. Vols.	
C. D. Brown,	18th Conn. Vols.	
W. P. Bender,	123d O. Vols.	
John Bird,	14th Pa. Cav.	
L. D. Blinn,	100th O. Vols.	
D. E. Bohannan,*	3d Tenn. Cav.	
D. I. Bailey,	99th N. Y. Vols.	
A. J. Bigelow,	79th Ill. Vols.	
J. Birch,	42d Ind. Vols.	
D. M. Barritt,	89th O. Vols.	
W. M. Beeman,	1st Va. Cav.	
F. Barton,	10th Mass. Vols.,	Boston, Mass.
J. H. Barton,	1st Ky. Cav.	
E. B. Bascom,	5th Iowa Vols.	
B. V. Banks,	13th Ky. Vols.	
J. G. Bush,	16th Ill. Cav.	
W. J. Barnes,	83d N. Y. Vols.	
J. A. Brown,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Wellsville, N. Y.
G. W. Bowers,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Pittsburg, Pa.
H. S. Benner,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Gettysburg, Pa.
A. Berry,	3d Md. Cav.,	Baltimore, Md.
E. Beale,	8th Tenn. Vols.	
T. F. Burke,	16th Conn. Vols.,	Hartford, Conn.
A. Carley,	73d Ind. Vols.	
H. Casker,	1st N. Y. Cav.	
W. F. Conrad,	25th Iowa Vols.	
J. W. Chamberlin,	123d O. Vols.	
J. Carroll,	5th Md. Vols.	
J. C. Carpenter,	67th Pa. Vols.	
B. G. Casler,	154th N. Y. Vols.,	East Randolph, N. Y.
C. C. Comee,	94th N. Y. Vols.	
E. Charlier,	157th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
Jno. Cutler,	34th O. Vols.	
R. T. Cornwall,	67th Pa. Vols.	
Jno. Craig,	1st Va. Cav.,	Wheeling, W. Va.
Jno. Christopher,	16th U. S. Infty.	
J. P. Cummins,	9th Md. Vols.	
M. A. Cochran,	16th U. S. Infty.	
T. Clarke,	79th Ill. Vols.	
J. Cusac,	21st O. Vols.	
W. A. Collins,	10th Wis. Vols.,	Milwaukee, Wis.
B. F. Campbell,	36th Ill. Vols.	

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
S. S. Canfield,	21st O. Vols.	
T. Cummins,	19th U. S. Infty.	
Miles Canton,	21st O. Vols.	
S. D. Connover,	121st Ill. Vols.,	Squaw Village, N. J.
G. A. Crocker,	5th N. Y. Cav.	
W. N. Cochran,	42d Ill. Vols.	
M. Callahan,	9th Md. Vols.	
W. E. Conway,	9th Md. Vols.	
J. P. Cummins,	9th Md. Vols.	
M. C. Carns,	3d Tenn. Vols.	
J. R. Copeland,	7th O. Cav.	
A. R. Calhoun,	1st Ky. Cav.,	Louisville, Ky.
R. S. Curd,	11th Ky. Cav.	
J. A. Clark,	7th Mich. Cav.	
A. G. Cartwright,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Philips Creek, N. Y.
M. L. Clark,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Mansfield, Pa.
A. Compher,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Ramsburg, Pa.
J. B. Clapp,	16th Conn. Vols.,	Wethersfield, Conn.
E. G. Cratty,	103d Pa. Vols.,	Butler, Pa.
H. A. Coats,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Wellsville, N. Y.
J. Donaghy,	103d Pa. Vols.,	Alleghany City, Pa.
E. M. Driscoll,	3d O. Vols.,	
W. N. Deung,	51st Ind. Vols.	
B. Domschke,	26th Wis. Vols.	
F. B. Doten,	14th Conn. Vols.	
F. W. Dillion,	1st Ky. Cav.	
H. C. Davis,	18th Conn. Vols.,	Canterbury, Conn.
Jno. Dunce,	A. D. C.	
W. H. Douglass,	C. S.	
K. S. Dygert,	16th Mich. Vols.	
H. Dietz,	45th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
J. M. Dushane,	142d N. Y. Vols.	
G. C. Davis,	4th Me. Vols.	
R. H. Day,	56th Pa. Vols.	
E. Day, Jr.,	89th O. Vols.,	Bainbridge, O.
R. Dinsmore,	5th Pa. Vols.	
E. J. Dunn,	1st Tenn. Cav.	
E. Dillingham,	10th Va. Vols.	
F. C. Dirks,	1st Tenn. Vols.	
O. Eastmond,	1st N. C. U. Vols.,	New York City.
H. H. Eberheart,	120th O. Vols.,	Wooster, O.
B. F. Evers,	100th O. Vols.	
S. H. Ewing,	26th O. Vols.	
M. Ewen,	21st Wis. Vols.,	Fond Du Lac, Wis.
A. Eglin,	45th O. Vols.	
Jno. M. Flinn,	51st Ind. Vols.	
E. A. Fobes,	C. S. U. S. Vols.	
B. F. Fischer,	S. O.	
A. Field,	94th N. Y. Vols.	Weedsport, N. Y.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
J. B. Fay,	154th N. Y. Vols.	
E. Frey,	82d Ill. Vols.	
W. Forrester,	24th O. Vols.	
J. W. Foster,	42d Ill. Vols.,	Belvidere, Ill.
D. W. D. Freeman,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Irish Ripple, Pa.
J. E. Fisk,	2d Mass. Arty.,	Grantville, Mass.
Dl. Getman,	10th N. Y. Cav.,	Mayfield, N. Y.
G. C. Gordon,	24th Mich. Vols.,	Detroit, Mich.
G. W. Green,	19th Ind. Vols.,	Muncie, Ind.
H. W. Gimber,	150th Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. L. Gray,	151st Pa. Vols.	
J. H. Green,	100th O. Vols.,	Fremont, O.
Chas. Gustaveson,	15th Wis. Vols.	
J. F. Gallaher,	2d O. Vols.	
J. Goetz,	22d Mich. Vols.,	Mt. Clemens, Mich.
A. G. Galbraith,	22d Mich. Vols.,	Lexington, Mich.
J. Gates,	33d O. Vols.	
O. C. Gatch,	89th O. Vols.,	Millford, O.
S. A. Glenn,	89th O. Vols.,	Hillsboro', O.
J. W. Grose,	18th Ky. Vols.	
B. Grafton,	64th O. Vols.,	Marion, O.
H. H. Gregg,	13th Penn. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Jas. Galt,	A. Q. M.	
M. Gallagher,	2d N. J. Cav.	
Daniel Hay,	80th Ill. Vols.	
A. Hodge,	80th Ill. Vols.,	Fosterbury, Ill.
J. G. Hagler,	5th Tenn. Vols.	
A. M. Heyer,	10th Va. Cav.	
J. Hendricks,	1st N. Y. Cav.	
J. Heil,	45th N. Y., Vols.,	New York City.
A. Haack,	18th N. Y. Vols.	
S. G. Hamlin,	134th N. Y. Vols.,	Schenectady, N. Y.
W. L. Hubbell,	17th Conn. Vols.	
P. H. Hart,	19th Ind. Vols.,	Edensburg, Ind.
A. Heffley,	142d Pa. Vols.,	Berlin, Pa.
W. W. Hant,	100th O. Vols.	
Chas. Hasty,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	Lafayette, Ind.
A. G. Hamilton,	12th Ky. Vols.	
T. Handy,	79th Ill. Vols.	
V. K. Hart,	19th U. S.	
H. Hescock,	1st Mo. Art'y,	St. Louis, Mo.
R. Harkness,	10th Wis. Vols.	
H. E. Hawkins,	78th Ill. Vols.,	Coastbury, Ill.
C. C. Huntley,	16th Ill. Vols.,	Springfield, Ill.
J. B. Herold,	9th Md. Vols.	
S. C. Honeycutt,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
J. W. Hetsler,	9th O. Cav.,	Calvina, O.
A. H. Hays,	7th Tenn. Cav.,	Lovington, Tenn.
W. Harris,	24th Mo. Cav.,	Mount Vernon, Mo.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
R. H. O. Hertzog,	1st N. Y. Cav.,	New York City.
H. Hintz,	16th Conn. Vols.,	Hartford, Conn.
R. B. Hock,	12th N. Y. Cav.,	New York City.
W. C. Holt,	6th Tenn. Vols.,	Trenton, Tenn.
S. Irwin,	3d Iowa Vols.	
J. M. Imbric,	3d O. Vols.,	Wellsville, O.
F. Irsch,	45th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
R. O. Ives,	10th Mass. Vols.,	Rochester, N. Y.
S. F. Jones,	80th Ill. Vols.,	Jones' Creek, Ill.
R. Johnson,	6th N. Y. Cav.,	Ogdensburgh.
J. C. Johnson,	149th Pa. Vols.,	Couder's Port, Pa.
F. R. Joselyn,	11th Mass. Vols.,	Boston, Mass.
D. I. Jones,	1st Ky. Cav.	
J. S. Jackson,	22d Ill. Vols.	Salem, Ill,
J. M. Johnson,	6th Ky. Vols.	
J. A. Johnson,	11th Ky. Cav.	
J. T. Jennings,	45th O. Vols.,	Kenton, O.
W. M. Kendall,	73d Ind. Vols.,	Plymouth, Ind.
E. M. Koch,	5th Md. Vols.	
S. B. King,	12th Pa. Cav.,	New Haven, Conn.
A. M. Keeler,	22d Mich. Vols.,	Disco, Mich.
D. A. Kelly,	1st Ky. Cav.	
J. Kelly,	73d Pa. Vols.	
D. F. Kelly,	73d Pa. Vols.	
J. Kennedy,	73d Pa. Vols.	
Krause,	3d Pa. Art'y.	
D. Lucas,	5th N. Y. Cav.,	East Gainsville, N. Y.
R. F. Lounsberry,	10th N. Y. Cav.	
L. P. Lovett,	5th Ky. Vols.	
John Lucas,	5th Ky. Vols.	
J. W. Lewis,	4th Ky. Cav.	
E. M. Lee,	5th Mich. Cav.	
J. E. Love,	8th Ky. Vols.,	St. Louis, Mo.
J. R. Laud,	66th Ind. Vols.,	Leavenworth, Ind.
J. K. Loyd,	17th Mass. Vol.,	Boston, Mass.
S. McKee,*	14th Ky. Cav.	
D. H. Mull,	73d Ind. Vols.	
D. A. McHolland,	51st Ind. Vols.,	Adriance, Ind.
J. B. McRoberts,	3d O. Vols.	
McMoor,	29th Ind. Vols.	
W. M. Morris,	93d Ill. Vols.	
H. C. McGuiddy,	1st Ten. Cav.	
F. Mennert,	5th Md. Vols.	
E. J. Mattherson,*	18th Conn. Vols.,	Dixon, Conn.
W. F. Martins,	14th Mass. Arty.	
P. Marsh,	67th Pa. Vols.	
D. B. Meany,	13th Pa. Cav.	Philadelphia, Pa.
C. C. Moses,	58th Pa. Vols.	
C. A. Mann,	5th Ill. Cav.	

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
S. Marsh,	5th Md. Vols.	
J. McMahon,	94th N. Y. Vols.,	Titusville, Pa.
E. A. Mass,	88th Pa. Vols.	
A. J. Makepeace,	19th Ind. Vols.,	Anderson, Ind.
H. H. Mason,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	Lafayette, Ind.
C. W. Metcalf,	42d Ind. Vols.,	Dale, Ind.
J. S. McDowell,	77th Pa. Vols.	
J. G. Williams,	51st Ill. Vols.	
J. Meagher,	40th O. Vols.	
W. McGinnis,*	74th Ill. Vols.	
J. M. McComas,	9th Md. Vols.	
A. W. Metcalf,	14th N. Y. Cav.	
M. R. Milsaps,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
A. Marney,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
W. M. Murray,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
J. C. Martin,	1st Tenn. Arty.	
S. Meade,	111th N. Y. Vols.,	Moravia, N. Y.
G. W. Moore,	7th Tenn. Vols.,	Lovington, Tenn.
A. H. Mooney,	16th N. Y. Cav.,	Plattsburg, N. Y.
D. W. Mullin,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Bedford, Pa.
J. F. Mackey,	103d Pa. Vols.,	Clarion, Pa.
G. A. Manning,	2d Mass. Cav.,	Oldtown, Mass.
W. A. Noel,	5th Md. Vols.	
H. Noble,	9th Md. Vols.	
T. W. Olcott,	134th N. Y. Vols.	Cherry Valley, N. Y.
E. O'Brien,	29th Mo. Vols.,	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
W. Ottinger,	8th Tenn. Vols.	
N. C. Pace,	80th Ill. Vols.	
J. D. Phelps,	73d Ind. Vols.	
F. A. Patterson,	3d. Va. Cav.	
J. F. Porter,	154th N. Y. Vols.	
J. A. Pennfield,	5th N. Y. Cav.,	Crown Point, N. Y.
E. Porter.	154th N. Y. Cav.,	Olean, N. Y.
S. V. Poole,	154th N. Y. Vols.,	Springfield, N. Y.
F. Place,	157th N. Y. Vols.	
S. H. Pillsbury,	5th Me. Vols.,	Biddeford, Me.
R. Pollock,	14th Pa. Vols.,	
G. S. Pierce,	19th U. S.,	Dubuque, Iowa.
F. W. Perry,	10th Wis. Vols.,	Menasha, Wis.
E. J. Pennypacker,	18th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. F. Pickerill,	5th Iowa Vols.	
J. E. Page,	5th Iowa Vols.,	Iowa City, Iowa.
J. A. Parmalee,	7th Ind. Vols.,	Valparaiso, Ind.
J. L. Poston,	13th Tenn. Vols.,	Cageville, Tenn.
J. A. Richley,	73d Ind. Vols.	
M. Russell,	51st Ind. Vols.	
P. C. Reed,	3d O. Vols.,	Hamilton, O.
W. C. Rossman,	3d O. Vols.,	Hamilton, O.
J. F. Randolph,	123d O. Vols.	

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
A. Robbins,	123d O. Vols.	
C. H. Riggs,	123d O. Vols.	
O. H. Rosenbaum,	123d O. Vols.,	Sandusky City, O.
W. Rowan,	Indp. Cav.	
M. Rollins,	2d Wis. Vols.	
J. C. Rose,	4th Mo. Cav.	
Thos. Reed,	1st Va. Vols.	
W. A. Robinson,	77th Iowa Vols.	
B. F. Riggs,	18th Ky. Vols.	
N. S. Randall,	2d Mo. Vols.	
J. A. Rice,	73d Ill. Vols.,	Harrisburg, Ill.
W. J. Robb,	1st Va. Vols.,	Wheeling, W. Va.
A. Rodgers,	4th Ky. Cav.,	Louisville, Ky.
C. Rowan,	96th Ill. Vols.	
S. B. Ryder,	5th N. Y. Cav.,	Arbane, N. Y.
C. Reynolds,	8th Tenn. Vols.	
W. H. Robins,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
J. A. Russell,	93d Ill. Vols.	Neponset, Ill.
W. J. Robb,	1st W. Va. Vols.,	Wheeling, W. Va.
T. B. Robinson,	16th Conn. Vols.,	Bristol, Conn.
W. L. Starkweather,	85th N. Y. Vols.,	Olean, N. Y.
Jas. Shaefer,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Carlisle, Pa.
F. Smullin,	103d Pa. Vols.,	Oakland, Pa.
I. B. Sampson,	2d Mass. H. Artillery,	Springfield, Mass.
A. Stewart,	—— ——,	Uniontown, Pa.
J. C. Stover,	3d Tenn. Vols.	
W. W. Searce,	51st Ind Vols.	
W. A. Swayzie,	3d O. Vols.,	Columbus, O.
D. D. Smith,	1st Tenn. Cav.	
E. Szabad,	A. D. C.,	Washington, D. C.
H. W. Sawyer,	1st N. J. Cav.	
E. A. Shepherd,	110th O. Vols.	
D. Schirtz,	12th Pa. Cav.	
Geo. L. Schell,	88th Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
G. H. Starr,	104th N. Y. Vols.	Rochester, N. Y.
J. R. Stone,	157th N. Y. Vols.	
Wm. Syring,	45th N. Y. Vols.	
R. Scofield,	1st Vt. Cav.,	Brattleboro', Vt.
F. M. Shoemaker,	100th O. Vols.,	Waterville, O.
J. A. Schemmerhorn,	112th Ind. Vols.	
J. C. Schroade,	77th Pa. Vols.,	Lancaster, Pa.
A. H. Stanton,	16th U. S. Inf.	
R. H. Spencer,	10th Wis. Vols.	
J. C. Stover,	3d E. Tenn. Vols.	
S. A. Spencer,	82d O. Vols.	
E. L. Smith,	19th U. S. Inf.	
J P. Singer,	33d O. Vols.	
A. P. Seuter,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
P. S. Scott,	85th Ill. Vols.	

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
M. C. Turner,	16th Conn. Vols.,	Hartford, Conn.
T. Thornton,	161st N. Y. Vols.	
John Teed,	116th Pa. Vols.	
O. Templeton,	107th Pa. Vols.	
H. D. Taylor,	100th O. Vols.	
B. E. Thomson,	A. D. C.	
T. Ten Eyck,	18th U. S. Inf.	
A. Tubbs,	9th Ky. Cav.	
T. Thornton,	5th U. S. Inf.	
G. C. Urwiler,	67th Pa. Vols.	
S. A. Urquhard,	C. S. U. S. Vols.	
J. D. Underdown,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
J. W. Vanderhoef,	45th N. Y. Vols.	
G. M. Van Buren,	6th N. Y. Cav.,	Washington, D. C.
J. D. Wheeler,	15th Conn. Vols.,	New Haven, Conn.
A. Wilson,	80th Ill. Vols.	
W. R. Wright,	80th Ill. Vols.	
J. A. Wistlake,	73d Ind. Vols.	
Wm. Walleck,	51st Ind. Vols.	
G. W. Warner,	18th Conn. Vols.	
C. W. White,	3d Va. Cav.,	Baltimore, Md.
W. Willets,	7th Mich. Vols.,	Birmingham, Mich.
J. C. Whiteside,	94th N. Y. Vols.,	Wyoming, N. Y.
T. E. Wentworth,	16th Me. Vols.	
W. C. Wilson,	104th N. Y. Vols.,	Spencer, Mass.
H. C. White,	94th N. Y. Vols.,	Lysander, N. Y.
C. C. Widdis,	150th Pa. Vols.,	Germantown, Pa.
Geo. M. White,	1st Va. Vols.,	Wellsburg, W. Va.
W. H. Williams,	4th N. Y. Cav.,	Albany, N. Y.
P. Wellsheimer,	21st Ill. Vols.,	Neoga, Ill.
H. P. Wands,	22d Mich. Cav.,	St. Clair, Mich.
W. B. Wicker,	21st O. Vols.	
J. E. Wilkens,	112th Ill. Vols.	
J. G. Wild,	9th N. Y. Cav.	
J. H. Wheelan,	A. Q. M.	
E. A. Wolcott,	16th Ill. Vols.	
M. G. Whitney,	29th Mo. Vols.	
H. Zeis,	80th Ill. Vols.	

LIEUTENANTS.

M. Ahern,	10th Va. Vols.	
C. L. Alstaed,	54th N. Y. Vols.,	Newark, N. J.
S. A. Albro,	80th Ill. Vols.,	Upper Alton, Ill.
Jas. Adams,	80th Ill. Vols.,	Nashville, Ill.
W. A. Adair,	51st Ind. Vols.,	North Salem, Ind.
H. Appel,	1st Md. Cav.,	Washington, D. C.
R. W. Anderson,	122d O. Vols.,	Columbus, O.
H. F. Anshutz,	12th Va. Vols.,	Moundville, W. Va.

Names.	Regiment, or Command.	Residence.
T. S. Armstrong,	122d O. Vols.,	Cratiot, O.
H. M. Anderson,	3d Me. Vols.	
J. H. Ahlert,	45th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
C. L. Anderson,	3d Iowa Vols.	
G. D. Acker,	123d O. Vols.,	Fostoria, O.
H. W. Adams,	37th Ill. Vols.,	Frankfort, Ill.
E. E. Andrews,	22d Mich. Vols.,	Millford, Mich.
A. Allee,	16th Ill. Cav.,	Lincoln, Ill.
H. S. Albin,	79th Ill. Vols.,	Tuscola, Ill.
R. J. Allen,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
P. Atkin,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
A. B. Alger,	22d O. Bat.,	Mansfield, O.
J. W. Austin,	5th Iowa Vols.,	Lansing, Iowa.
H. C. Abernathy,	16th Ill. Cav.,	Paris, Mo.
W. F. Allender,	7th Tenn. Cav.	
W. R. Andrus,	16th Conn. Vols.,	East Berlin, Conn.
S. T. Andrews,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Black Creek, N. Y.
T. I. Brownell,	51st Ind. Vols.	
J. W. Barlow,	51st Ind. Vols.,	London, Ind.
J. G. Blue,	3d O. Vols.,	Gardington, O.
O. P. Barnes,	3d O. Vols.,	Barnesville, O.
G. W. Bailey,	3d O. Vols.	
J. L. Brown,	73d Ind. Vols.	
A. H. Booher,	73d Ind. Vols.,	Westville, Ill.
J. F. Bedwell,	80th O. Vols.	
W. Blanchard,	2d U. S. Cav.	
R. F. Blair,	123d O. Vols.,	Norwalk, O.
H. S. Bevington,	123d O. Vols.	
F. W. Boyd,	123d O. Vols.,	
F. A. Breckenridge,	123d O. Vols.	Monroeville, O.
Jno. D. Babb,	5th Md. Vols.	
J. G. W. Brueting,	5th Md Vols.,	Baltimore, Md.
T. J. Borchess,	67th Pa. Vols.,	Dyberry, Pa.
W. Bierbower,	87th Pa. Vols.,	York, Pa.
G. C. Bleak,	3d Me. Vols.	
W. H. Berry,	5th Ill. Cav.	
H. Bath,	45th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
L. C. Bisby,	16th Me. Vols.,	Canton Mills, Me.
M. Beadle,	123d N. Y. Vols.,	South Easton, N. Y.
C. T. Barclay,	149th Pa. Vols.	
J. D. Bisby,	16th Me. Vols.,	Canton Mills, Me.
S. G. Boone,	88th Pa. Vols.,	Reading, Pa.
D. S. Bartram,	17th Conn. Vols.,	Redding, Conn.
Jas. Burns,	57th Pa. Vols.,	Clark's Post, Pa.
S. H. Ballard,	6th Mich. Cav.,	Battle Creek, Mich.
S. T. Boughton,	71st Pa. Vols.	
M. M. Bassett,	53d Ill. Vols.	
R. Y. Bradford,	2d W. Tenn. Vols.	
W. H. Bricker,	3d Pa. Cav.,	Newville, Pa.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
J. T. Brush,	100th O. Vols.	
O. G. Ballow,	100th O. Vols.	
J. F. Baird,	1st Va. Vols.,	Wheeling, Va.
E. G. Birun,	3d Mass. Vols.	
G. E. Blair,	17th O. Vols.	
Jas. Biggs,	123d Ill. Vols.	
T. Bickham,	19th U. S. Inf.	
J. P. Brown,	15th U. S.,	Dayton, O.
M. C. Bryant,	42d Ill. Vols.,	Kankakee, Ill.
O. B. Brandt,	17th O. Vols.,	Lancaster, O.
G. W. Button,	22d Mich. Vols.,	Farmington, Mich.
C. A. Burdick,	10th Wis. Vols.	
J. L. Brown,	73d Ind. Vols.	
F. T. Bennett,	18th U. S. Inf.	
Jno. Baird,	89th O. Vols.	
W. O. Butler,	10th Wis. Vols.	
D. A. Bannister,	59th O. Vols.	
Jno. Bradford,	C. S., U. S. Vols.,	Hoboken, N. J.
G. R. Barse,	5th Mich. Cav.	
C. P. Butler,	29th Ind. Vols.,	Peru, Ill.
E. P. Brooks,	6th Wis. Vols.	
W. L. Brown,	17th Tenn. Vols.	
G. W. Buffum,	1st Wis. Vols.	
Guy Bryan,	18th Pa. Cav.,	Vincenttown, N. Y.
S. S. Baker,	6th Mo. Vols.	
H. Bader,	29th Mo. Vols.,	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
S. H. Byers,	5th Iowa Vols.,	Newton, Iowa.
W. L. Bath,	132d N. Y. Vols.	
Geo. M. Bush.		
A. H. Bassett,	79th Ill. Vols.	
A. B. Bradley,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Friendship, N. Y.
L. A. Butts,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Cuba, N. Y.
G. A. Bowers,	16th Conn. Vols.	Hartford, Conn.
B. F. Blakeslee,	16th Conn. Vols.,	New Britain, Conn.
H. Bruns,	16th Conn. Vols.,	Bridgeport, Conn.
R. R. Bryson,	103d Pa. Vols.,	Butler, Pa.
S. D. Burns,	103d Pa. Vols.,	Circlesville, Pa.
D. F. Beegle,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Rainsburg, Pa.
J. H. Bryan,	184th Pa. Vols.,	Harrisburg, Pa.
R. Bascomb,	50th N. Y. Vols.,	Rome, N. Y.
W. H. Brown,	93d O. Vols.,	Dayton, O.
W. Bath,	132d N. Y. Vols.	
P. Bischoff,	6th U. S. Artillery,	St. Louis, Mo.
G. L. Brown,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Milton, Pa.
C. L. Brandt,	1st N. Y. Vets.,	Belmont, N. Y.
S. Byron,	2d U. S. Infantry.	
H. Caswell,	95th Ill. Vols.	
E. Barroll,	11th Tenn. Vols	
[illegible] Cameron,	16th N Y. Cav	

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
C. Caldwell,	1st Wis. Cav.,	Lind, Wis.
A. Cooper,	12th N. Y. Cav.,	Oswego. N. Y.
A. G. Chase,	16th Conn. Vols.,	Simsbury, Conn.
J. C. Cubbinson,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Irish Ripple, Pa.
H. L. Clark,	2d Mass. Artillery,	Springfield, Mass.
J. C. Colwell,	16th Ill. Cav.,	Chicago, Ill.
Jno. H. Conn,	1st Va. Cav.	
S. D. Carpenter,	3d O. Vols.,	Springfield, O.
W. A. Curry,	3d O. Vols.	
R. J. Connelly,	73d Ind. Vols.	
A. M. Callahan,	73d Ind. Vols.	
J. W. Custed,	23d Ind. Vols.	
J. D. Cook,	6th Iowa Vols.,	St. Louis, Mo.
J. Carothers,	78th O. Vols.	
S. R. Colloday,	6th Pa. Cav.	
T. B. Calver,	123d O. Vols.	
L. B. Cumins,	17th Mass. Vols.	
J. H. Cook,	5th Md. Vols.	
J. H. Chandler,	5th Md. Vols.	
E. D. Carpenter,	18th Conn. Vols.,	Putnam, Conn.
H. F. Cowles,	18th Conn. Vols.	
W. Cristopher,	2d Va. Cav.	
J. Q. Carpenter,	150th Pa. Vols.,	Germantown, Pa.
H. B. Chamberlain,	97th N. Y. Vols.	
T. J. Crossley,	157th Pa. Vols.,	Titusville, Pa.
J. A. Carman,	107th Pa. Vols.	
J. A. Coffin,	157th N. Y. Vols.,	Oswego, N. Y.
D. J. Conelly,	63d N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
J. U. Childs,	16th Me. Vols.,	Farmington, Me.
D. B. Caldwell,	75th O. Vols.	
W. B. Cook,	140th Pa. Vols.,	Candor, Pa.
G. W. Chandler,	1st Va. Cav.,	Birmingham, O.
H. A. Curtice,	157th N. G. Vols.,	Courtlandt, N. Y.
J. Chatburn,	150th Pa. Vols.,	Germantown, Pa.
S. E. Cary,	13th Mass. Vols.	
A. Cloadt,	119th N. Y. Vols.,	Washington, D. C.
J. Clement,	15th Ky. Cav.,	Hewalton, Ind.
G. A. Chandler,	15th Mo. Vols.	
J. H. Cain,	104th N. Y. Vols,	Albany, N. Y.
B. Coles,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	New York City.
J. B. Carlisle,	2d Va. Vols.,	Ironton, O.
G. B. Coleman,	1st Mass. Cav.	
Hyde Crocker,	1st N. J. Cav.,	I ort Jervis, N. J.
G. A. Coffin,	29th Ind. Vols.	
J. L. Cox,	21st Ill. Vols.	
W. M. Cubbetson,	30th Ind. Vols.	
T. G. Cochran,	77th Pa. Vols.,	Chambersburg, Pa.
Geo. Cleghorn,	21st O. Vols.	
W. W. Calkins.	104th Ill. Vols.,	Ottawa, Ill.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
G. Celly,	4th O. Cav.	
H. B. Crawford,	2d Ill. Cav.	
T. S. Coleman,	12th Ky. Cav.	
O. L. Cole,	51st Ill. Vols.,	Elgin, Ill.
Rudolph Curtis,	4th Ky. Cav.,	Louisville, Ky.
M. C. Causton,	19th U. S. Inf.	
E. Cottingham,	35th O. Vols.	
W. Clifford,	16th U. S. Inf.	
M. Cohen,	4th Ky. Cav.,	Louisville, Ky.
A. S. Cooper,	9th Md. Vols.	
J. F. Carter,	9th Md. Vols.,	Baltimore, Md.
C. W. Catlett,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
W. H. Crawford,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
C. J. Carlin,	151st N. Y. Vols.	
H. Cuniffe,	13th Ill. Vols.	
C. H. Casdorph,	8th Va. Cav.,	Kanawha, W. Va.
G. W. Carey,	65th Ind. Vols.	
J. G. Doughty,	51st Ind. Vols.	
J. A. Dilan,	51st Ind. Vols.	
T. A. Dooley,	51st Ind. Vols.,	Winchester, Ind.
T. B. Dewies,	2d U. S. Inf.	
M. Dienner,	10th Mo. Vols.	
V. R. Davis,	123d O. Vols.	
C. G. Davis,	1st Mass. Cav.,	Worcester, Mass.
L. N. Ducherney,	1st Mass. Cav.	
J. R. Day,	3d Me. Vols.,	Waterville, Me.
J. S. Devine,	71st Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Geo. A. Deering,	16th Me. Vols.	
A. Dixon,	104th N. Y. Vols.	Le Roy, N. Y.
Jno. Daily,	104th N. Y. Vols.,	Troy, N. Y.
C. H. Drake,	142d Pa. Vols.	Stroudsburg, Pa.
B. Davis,	71st Pa. Vols.	
A. W. Dukel,	114th Pa. Vols.	
F. Donyley,	27th R. I. Vols.	
J. W. Drake,	136th N. Y. Vols.,	Dansville, N. Y.
C. D. Dillard,	7th Iowa Vols.	
J. W. Day,	17th Mass. Vols.	Averill, Mass.
J. M. Dushane,	142d Pa. Vols.,	Connelsville, Pa.
O. G. Doughton,	100th O. Vols.,	Stryker, O.
T. G. Darnin,	16th U. S. Inf.	
H. C. Dunn,	10th Ky. Vols.	
W. G. Dutton,	67th Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
L. Drake,	22d Mich. Vols.,	Pontiac, Mich.
E. J. Davis,	44th Ill. Vols.,	Rocktown, Ill.
M. V. Dickey,	94th O. Vols.,	Franklin, O.
Jno. Dugan,	35th Ind. Vols.,	Richmond, Ind.
Thos. J. Dean,	5th Mich. Vols.,	Wayne, Mich.
John Davidson,	6th N. Y. Artillery,	Haverstraw, N. Y.
W. A. Daily,	8th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command*	*Residence.*
E. H. Duncan,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
A. C. Driffenbach,	73d Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. W. Day,	17th Mass. Vols.,	Averill, Mass.
A. A. Dickerson,	16th Conn. Vols.,	Hartford, Conn.
A. P. Day,	15th Conn. Vols.,	New Haven, Conn.
J. W. Davis,	115th N. Y. Vols.	
T. D. Edwards,	U. S. Navy.	
C. L. Edmunds,	67th Pa. Vols.	
D. C. Edwards,	2d Md. Vols.,	Baltimore, Md.
J. Egan,	69th Pa. Vols.	
S. Edmiston,	89th O. Vols.	
W. H. Ellenwood,	10th Wis. Vols.	
C. W. Earle,	96th Ill. Vols.	
G. H. Errickson,	57th N. Y. Vols.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Geo. W. Fish,	3d O. Vols.,	Hamilton, O.
A. Fry,	73d Ind. Vols.,	Crown Point, Ind.
J. A. Francis,	18th Conn. Vols.	
W. Flick,	67th Pa. Vols.	
J. M. Fales,	1st R. I. Cav.,	Providence, R. I.
L. P. Fortescue,	29th Pa. Vols.	
M. Fellows,	149th Pa. Vols.	
W. Fenner,	2d R. I. Cav.	
G. D. Forsyth,†	100th O. Vols.	
G. H. Fowler,	100th O. Vols.	
J. C. Fisher,	7th Ind. Battery.	
T. C. Freeman,	18th U. S. Infty.	
R. J. Fisher,	17th Mo. Vols.	
Chas. Fritze,	24th Ill. Vols.,	Chicago, Ill.
J. A. Flemming,	90th N. Y. Vols.	
E. F. Foster,	30th Ind. Vols.	
H. Fairchild,	89th O. Vols.,	Plattville, Wis.
W. H. Follette,	Mass. Artillery,	Quincy, Mass.
A. W. Fritchie,	26th Mo. Vols.,	St. Louis, Mo.
J. Fontaine,	73d Pa. Vols.,	Washington, D. C.
E. H. Fobes,	131st N. Y. Vols.	
D. D. Fox,	16th Ill. Cav.,	Aurora, Ill.
J. Fritz,	11th Tenn. Vols.	
S. A. Fay,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Olean, N. Y.
C. W. Frost,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Rochester, N. Y.
O. M. Fish,	2d Mass. Artillery,	Boston, Mass.
A. L. Fluke,	103d Pa. Vols.,	Kittaning, Pa.
M. C. Foot,	92d N. Y. Vols.	Cooperstown, N. Y.
J. D. Fox,	16th Ill. Cav.,	Aurora, Ill.
J. O. Goodrich,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Scottsville, N. Y.
S. A. Geasland,	11th Tenn. Cav.	Kingston, Tenn.
A. Gude,	51st Ind. Vols.,	Bruseville, Ind.

† Captain Forsyth was shot dead by a sentinel at Libby Prison in the spring of 1864, while standing near one of the prison windows.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
H. Gamble,	73d Ind. Vols.	
Jno. A. Garces,	1st Md. Cav.	
Thos. G. Rodd,	1st Md. Cav.	
C. M. Cross,	100th O. Vols.	
G. W. Grant,	88th Pa. Vols.,	Reading, Pa.
A. Goodwin,	82d O. Vols.	
O. Grierson,†	45th N. Y. Vols.	
F. C. Gay,	11th Pa. Vols.,	Donegal, Pa.
C. F. Gutland,	134th N. Y. Vols.	
E. G. Gorgus,	90th Pa. Vols.	
J. A. Gilmore,	79th N. Y. Vols.	
S. P. Gamble,	63d Pa. Vols.,	Pittsburg, Pa.
E. L. Garrett,	4th Mo. Cav.	
F. M. Gilleland,	15th Ky. Vols.	
Geo. H. Gamble,	8th Ill. Cav.	
D. Garbet,	77th Pa. Vols.,	Hyde Park, Pa.
T. Gross,	21st Ill. Vols.,	Bement, Ill.
H. Gerhardt,	24th Ill. Vols.	
R. H. Gray,	15th U. S. Infty,	Cleveland, O.
J. M. Goff,	10th Wis. Vols.	
W. G. Galloway,	15th U. S. Infty.	
J. H. Gagerly,	19th U. S. Infty.	
R. C. Gates,	18th U. S. Infty.	
C. W. Green,	44th Ind. Vols.	
J. B. Gore,	15th Ill. Vols.	
J. A. Green,	13th Pa. Cav.	
W. W. Glazier,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	Fowler, N. Y.
E. Gordon,	81st Ind. Vols.	
A. L. Gater,	10th Wis. Vols.,	Hustisford, Wis.
M. Gray,	13th N. Y. Vols.,	Naugatuck, Conn.
W. G. Griffin,	112th Ill. Vols.,	Cambridge, Ill.
C. E. Greble,	8th Mich. Cav.,	Battle Creek, Mich
Geo. Good,	84th Pa. Vols.	
M. E. Green,	5th Md. Cav.	
J. B. Holmes,	6th O. Vols.	
Jno. Hood,	80th Ill. Vols.	
R. J. Harmer,	80th Ill. Vols.	
W. H. Harvey,	51st Ind. Vols.	
G. D. Hand,	51st Ind. Vols.,	Shelbyville, Ind.
D. H. Harns,	3d O. Vols.	
Jno. Haldeman,	129th Ill. Vols.	
S. H. Horton,	101st Pa. Vols.	
W. E. Hodge,	5th Md. Vols.,	Baltimore, Md.
W. Hawkins,	5th Md. Vols.	
D. W. Hakes,	18th Conn. Vols.	
J. D. Higgins,	18th Conn. Vols.	

† Shot and mortally wounded by a sentinel on the stockade at Macon, Ga., June 11th, 1864. See account of murder in the chapter on Macon.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
W. Heffner,	67th Pa. Vols.,	Pottsville, Pa.
F. A. Hubbell,	Pa. Vols.,	Honesdale, Pa.
J. C. Hagenbach,	67th Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. Hersh,	87th Pa. Vols.	
J. Hall,	87th Pa. Vols.	
P. Horney,	110th O. Vols.	
T. J. Higginson,		
J. G. Hallenburg,	1st O. Vols.,	Louisville, Ky.
A. Hauf,	5th N. Y. Vols.	
H. H. Hinds,	57th Pa. Vols.,	Montrose, Pa
Thos. Huggins,	2d N. J. Cav.	
Eug. Kepp,	82d Ill. Vols.	
C. P. Heffley,	142d Pa. Vols.,	Berlin, Pa.
J. M. Henry,	154th N. Y. Vols.,	Olean, N. Y.
G. Halpin,	116th Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
E. H. Harkness,	6th Pa. Cav.	
J. D. Hatfield,	53d Ill. Vols.	
A. W. Hayes,	34th O. Vols.	
J. F. Hammond,		
H. Hubbard,	12th N. Y. Vols.	
W. S. Hatcher,	30th O. Vols.	
Jno. J. Hine,	100th O. Vols.	
M. B. Helms,	1st Va. Cav.,	Rosby's Rock, W. Va.
C. B. Hall,	1st Va. Cav.	
Eli Holden,	1st Va. Cav.	Barre, Vt.
B. Howe,	21st Ill. Vols.	
P. W. Houlchen,	16th U. S. Infantry.	
C. D. Henry,	4th O. Cav.,	Tiffin City, O.
J. Hanon,	115th Ill. Vols.	
J. E. Harrison,	89th O. Vols.,	Higginsport, O.
Geo. Harris,	79th Ind. Vols.	
W. B. Hamilton,	22d Mich. Vols.,	Romeo, Mich.
S. S. Holbruck,	15th U. S. Infty.	
L. D. Henkley,	10th Wis. Vols.,	Wanfrau, Wis.
E. H. Higly,	1st Vt. Cav.,	Castleton, Vt.
W. M. Hudson,	92d O. Vols.	
H. Horway,	78th Ill. Vols.	
C. T. Hall,	13th Mich. Vols.,	Battle Creek, Mich.
G. C. Houston,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	Concord, N. H.
P. A. Hagen,	7th Md. Vols.	
J. R. Hutchinson,	2d Va. Cav.,	Pittsburg, Pa.
G. W. Hale,	101st O. Vols.,	Upper Sandusky, O.
R. Huey,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
W. P. Hodge,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
E. Harbour,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
B. F. Harrington,	18th Pa. Cav.,	Waynesburg, Pa.
Jas. Heslit,	3d Pa. Cav.,	Baltimore, Md.
Jno. Hoffman,	5th Iowa Vols.	
W. Hayes,	6th Iowa Vols.	

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
J. M. Holloway,	6th Ind. Vols.	
C. M. Hart,	45th Pa. Vols.,	
D. W. Hicks,	9th O. Cav.	
H. R. Hubbard,	119th Ill. Vols.	
J. B. Helm,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Shellsburg, Pa.
S. W. Hawkins,	7th Tenn. Cav.,	Huntingdon, Tenn.
T. J. Hastings,	15th Mass. Vols.,	Worcester, Mass.
L. C. Herrick,	1st N. Y. Cav.,	Syracuse, N. Y.
S. Harris,	5th Mich. Cav.	
T. H. Heppard,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. Hamilton,	2d Mass. Art'y,	West Amesbury, Mass.
G. L. Hastings,	24th N. Y. Batt'y,	Oswego, N. Y.
C. G. Hampton,	15th N. Y. Cav.,	Brockport, N. Y.
H. P. Hoppin,	2d Mass. Art'y,	Cambridge, Mass.
W. C. Holman,	9th Vt. Vols.,	West Braintree, Vt.
J. B. Hill,	17th Mass. Vols.,	Averill, Mass.
A. W. Hunter,	2d U. S. Art'y,	New Hudson, Mich.
C. C. Huntley,	16th Ill. Cav.,	Huntley, Ill.
C. L. Irwin,	78th Ill. Vols.	
W. H. Irwin,	103d Pa. Vols.,	Alleghany City, Pa.
H. H. James.	6th Ind. Cav.,	Montezuma, Ind.
G. Johnson,	16th Conn. Vols.,	Hartford, Conn.
J. P. Jones,	55th O. Vols.,	Norwalk, O.
C. W. Jones,	16th Pa. Cav.,	Duncannon, Pa.
P. O. Jones,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
J. A. Jones,	21st Ill. Vols.,	Olney, Ill.
J. H. Jenkins,	21st Wis. Vols.,	Oskosh, Wis.
R. W. Jackson,	21st Wis. Vols.,	" "
T. W. Jackson,	10th N. Y. Cav.,	Wolcott, N. Y.
H. P. Jordan,	9th Me. Vols.	
H. Jones,	5th U. S. Cav.,	Washington, D. C.
R. B. Jones,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
H. H. James,	6th Ind. Cav.,	Montezuma, Ind.
John King,	5th Ill. Cav.	Geneva, Ill.
M. D. King,	3d O. Vols.,	Barnesville, O.
A. J. Kuhn,	5th Md. Vols.	
H. V. Knight,	20th Mich. Vols.,	Battle Creek, Mich.
J. S. Kephart,	5th Md. Cav.,	Franklin, Ind.
Jas. Kerin,	6th U. S. Cav.,	Washington, D. C.
J. B. King,	10th N. Y. Cav.	
G. Keyes,	18th Conn. Vols.	
J. N. Kibbe,	18th Conn. Vols.	
A. Kresge,	67th Pa. Vols.	
R. A. Knowles,	116th O. Vols.	
H. Kendler,	45th N. Y. Vols.	
M. Kupp,	167th Pa. Vols.	
Jas. Kane,	13th Pa. Cav.	
R. C. Knaggs,	A. D. C.,	Ann Arbor, Mich.
J. Kunkel,	45th N. Y. Vols.	

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
J. W. Kennedy,	134th N. Y. Vols.	
J. C. Kellogg,	6th Mich. Vols.	
D. O. Kelly,	100th O. Vols.,	Kelly's Island, O.
J. D. Kautz,	1st Ky. Cav.,	Dent, O.
T. A. Krocks,	77th Pa. Vols.	
T. D. Kimball,	88th Ind. Vols.,	
Wm. Keruger,	2d Mo. Vols.,	St. Louis, Mo.
E. E. Knoble,	21st Ky. Vols.	
E. M. Knowles,	42d Ind. Vols.,	
J. Kenniston,	100th Ill. Vols.,	Joliet, Ill.
S. Koach,	100th Ill. Vols.	
C. E. Keith,	19th Ill. Vols.,	Chicago, Ill.
Theo. Kendall,	15th U. S. Infty,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
H. B. Kelly,	6th Ky. Cav.	
D. F. Kittrell,	3d E. Tenn. Vols.	
F. H. Knapp,	9th O. Cav.	
W. M. Kirby,	3d N. Y. Art'y.	
T. King,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Bradford, Pa.
W. H. H. Keister,	103d Pa. Vols.,	Hillsville, Pa.
J. B. Kirk,	101st Pa. Vols.,	" "
G. W. Kirkpatrick,	15th Iowa Vols.,	Smyrna, Iowa.
W. S. Lyon,	23d O. Vols.,	Leeville, O.
T. Lennig,	6th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
F. A. Leyton,	18th Ind. Vols.	
Sam. Leith,	132d N. Y. Vols.	
A. W. Loomis,	18th Conn. Vols.,	Tolland, Conn.
A. H. Lindsay,	18th Conn. Vols.,	Greenville, Conn.
L. Lapton,	116th O. Vols.	
W. H. Locke,	18th Conn. Vols.,	Willimantic, Conn.
J. Leydecker,	45th N. Y. Vols.	
L. Lindemeyer,	45th N. Y. Vols..	New York City.
H. G. Lombard,	4th Mich. Vols.	
W. L. Laws,	18th Pa. Vols.	
A. T. Lamson,	104th N. Y. Vols.,	Genesee, N. Y.
A. W. Locklin,	94th N. Y. Vols.,	Great Bend, N. Y.
G. R. Lodge,	53d Ill. Vols.,	Ottawa, Ill.
T. S. C. Lloyd,	6th Ind. Cav.,	Terre Haute, Ind.
C. H. Livingston,	1st Va. Cav.,	Union Town, Pa.
J. L. Leslie,	18th Pa. Cav.,	Titusville, Pa.
D. R. Locke	8th Ky. Cav.	
J. Ludlow,	5th U. S. Art'y,	
A. Leonard,	71st N. Y. Vols.	
M. J. Lintz,	8th Tenn. Vols.,	
J. H. Longnecker,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Woodbury, Pa.
W. C. Lyon,	23d O. Vols.,	Leeville, O.
W. B. Madera,	6th W. Va. Vols.,	Morganstown, Va.
H. A. D. Merritt,	5th N. Y. Cav.,	Hoboken, N. J.
O. McCal',	103d Pa. Vols.,	Kimersburg, Pa.
J. M. Murray,	101st Pa. Vols	

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
C. McHenry,	85th N. Y. Vet.,	East Bloomfield, N.Y.
W. G. Miller,	16th Conn. Vols.	
J. McKinstry,	16th Ill. Cav.,	Matoon, Ill.
W. R. Moore,	2d Md. Cav.,	Wilmington, Del.
N. J. McCafferty,	4th U. S. Art'y,	Pittsburg, Pa.
T. W. McClure,	6th U. S. Art'y,	Wabash, Ind.
C. W. Morse,	10th Conn. Vols.,	New Hartford, Conn.
Jno. McAdams,	10th Va. Vols.	
L. Markbreit,	A. D. C.	
J. McKinley,	28th O. Vols.	
T. Milward,	31st O. Vols.	
W. H. McDill,	80th Ill. Vols.	
W. S. Marshall,	51st Ind. Vols.	
J. H. Murdock,	3d O. Vols.	
C. A. Maxwell,	3d O. Vols.,	Springfield, O.
H. S. Murdock,	73d Ind. Vols.,	Logansport, Ind.
J. D. Munday,	73d Ind. Vols.,	LaPorte, Ind.
J. S. Mettee,	5th Md. Vols.	
Jno. McCumas,	5th Md. Vols.	
W. J. Morris,	5th Md. Vols.,	Baltimore, Md.
T. F. McGinnes,	18th Conn. Vols.	
F. McKeag,	18th Conn. Vols.,	Norwich, Conn.
H. Morningstar,	87th Pa. Vols.,	Hanover, Pa.
J. S. Manning,	100th O. Vols.	
Thos. Mosby,	12th Pa. Cav.	
W. J. McConnelse,	4th Iowa Vols.,	Wintersett, Iowa.
D. McCully,	75th O. Vols.	
O. Misschl,	68th N. Y. Vols.	
H. H. Mosely,	25th O. Vols.,	Summerfield, O.
Thos. Myers.	107th Pa. Vols.,	Chambersburg, Pa.
C. Murray,	15th Mo. Vols.,	St. Louis, Mo.
B. N. Mann,	17th Mass. Vols.	
J. A. Mitchell,	82d O. Vols.	
A. McDade,	154th N. Y. Vols.,	Westfield, N. Y.
J. A. Mendenhall,	75th O. Vols.,	Ringgold, O.
J. R. Mell,	82d Ill. Vols.,	Deerfield, O.
V. Mylieus,	68th N. Y. Vols.	
F. Moran,	73d N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
J. Mooney,	107th Pa. Vols.,	Dushone, Pa.
F. Murphy,	97th N. Y. Vols.,	Salisbury Centre, N.Y.
G. H. Morisey,	12th Iowa, Q. M.	
H. E. Mosher,	12th N. Y. Cav.	
S. F. C. Merwin,	18th Conn. Vols.,	Norwich, Conn.
Thos. Maver,	100th O. Vols.	
T. H. McKee,	21st Ill. Vols.	
J. W. Messick,	42d Ind. Vols.,	Evansville, Ind.
D. F. McKay,	18th Pa. Vols.,	Meadesville, Pa.
A. M. Murray,	U. S. Artillery.	
R. G. McKay,	1st Mich. Vols.,	Beloit, Mich.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
Wm. McElroy,	3d Ill. Vols.	
N. S. McKee,	21st Ill. Vols.	
J. Mitchell,	79th Ill. Vols.	
J. McGowan,	29th Ind. Vols.	
M. Mahon,	16th U. S. Infty.	
J. T. Mackey,	16th U. S. Infty,	Ballas City, Ill.
C. H. Morgan,	21st Wis. Vols.	
A. S. Mathews,	22d Mich. Vols.,	Pontiac, Mich.
J. S. Mahony,	15th U. S. Infty,	Prairie Depot, O.
S. McNeal,	51st O. Vols.,	Spring Mountain, O.
L. C. Mead,	22d Mich. Vols.	
A. U. McLane,	2d O. Vols.	
M. V. B. Morrison,	32d O. Vols.,	Chillicothe, O.
A. H. McKinson,	10th Wis. Vols.,	Pine Hill, Wis.
W. H. Mead,	6th Ky. Cav.	
A. Morse,	78th Ill. Vols.,	Macomb, Ill.
A. Morris,	4th Ky. Cav.	
H. Morey,	10th N. Y. Cav.	
G. W. Morse,	9th Md. Vols.,	Lovington, Tenn.
H. F. Meyer,	9th Ind. Vols.	
R. A. Moon,	6th Mich. Cav.,	Big Rapids, Mich.
M. M. Moore,	6th Mich. Cav.	
Jno. Millis,	66th Ind. Vols.,	Paoli, Ind.
J. McDonald,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.	
J. McColgen,	7th O. Cav.,	Georgetown, O.
D. T. Moore,	2d E. Tenn. Vols.,	Clinton, Tenn.
J. H. Mason,	21st O. Vols.	
J. McBeth,	45th O. Vols.,	Zanesfield O.
R. H. Montgomery,	5th U. S. Cav.	
F. Moore,	73d Pa. Vols.	
J. McGovern,	73d Pa. Vols.	
A. McNiece,	73d Pa. Vols.	
G. Maw,	80th O. Vols.	
J. T. Morgan,	17th Mich. Vols.,	Ysailanti, Mich.
C. Miller,	14th Ill. Cav.	Chicago, Ill.
W. J. Nowlan,	14th N. Y. Vols.	
A. N. Norris,	107th Pa. Vols.	
Wm. Nelson,	13th U. S. Infantry.	
J. C. Norcross,	2d Mass. Cav.,	Farmington, Me.
J. F. Newbrandt,	4th Mo. Cav.,	Cincinnati, O.
Wm. Nyce,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	Hainesville, N. J.
B. H. Niemeger,	11th Ky. Cav.	
O. P. Norris,	11th O. Vols.	
Jas. O. Connor,	59th O. Vols.	
O. C. Ong,	2d Va. Cav.,	Meigsville, O.
W. O'Conner,	13th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. G. Oats,	3d O. Vols.,	Greenwich, O.
G. W. Pitts.,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Short Tract, N. Y.
L. S. Peake,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Hinsdale, N. Y.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
E. C. Pierson,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Waterloo, N. Y.
W. Phares,	46th W. Va. Vols.	Seneca, W. Va.
F. Phillips,	5th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
E. W. Pelton,	2d Md. Cav.,	Cumberland, Md.
E. W. Parcey,	80th Ill. Vols.	
S. B. Piper,	3d O. Vols.,	Barnesville, O.
G. A. Potter,	2d Ky. Vols.,	Cincinnati, O.
J. B. Pumphrey,	123d O. Vols.,	Marseilles, O.
W. G. Purnell,	6th Md. Vols.	
C. G. A. Peterson,	1st R. I. Cav.,	Providence, R. I.
E. B. Parker,	1st Vt. Artillery,	Providence, R. I.
Henry S. Platt,	11th Mich. Vols.	
E. C. Parker,	94th N. Y. Vols.	
H. C. Potter,	18th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
T. Paulding,	6th U. S. Cav.	
J. F. Poole,	1st Va. Cav.,	Martinsburg, W. Va.
J. L. Powers,	107th N. Y. Vols.	Hamilton. N. Y.
D. B. Pettijohn,	2d U. S. Infty,	Fort Snelling, Minn.
G. H. Potts,	75th O. Vols.	
C. P. Potts,	151st Pa. Vols.,	Pottsville, Pa.
E. D. Potter,	6th Mich. Vols.,	Jeddo, Me.
E. L. Palmer,	57th N. Y. Vols.,	Montville, Conn.
J. S. Paul,	122d O. Vols.	
Z. R. Prather,	116th Ill. Vols.	
G. Pentzel,	11th N. Y. Vols.	
Jas. P. Perley,	13th Mich. Vols.,	New York City.
H. Perlen,	2d O. Vols.	
J. B. Patterson,	21st O. Cav.	
M. N. Paxton,	140th Pa. Vols.	
E. W. Pelton,	2d Md. Vols.,	Cumberland, Md.
C. Powell,	42d O. Vols.	
L. D. Phelps,	8th Pa. Cav.,	Colchester, Conn.
C. M. Prutzman,	7th Wis. Vols.,	Plainfield, Wis.
A. E. Patelin,	10th Wis. Vols.	
M. B. Pulliam,	11th Ky. Cav.	
R. H. Pond,	12th U. S. Infantry.	
Wm. P. Pierce,	11th Ky. Cav.	
L. B. Pettrie,	126th O. Vols.	
Wm. Randall,	80th Ill. Vols.	
Jno. Ritchie,	3d O. Vols.	
J. C. Roney,	3d O. Vols.,	Newark, O.
Wm. Reynolds,	73d Ind. Vols.	
A. C. Roach,	51st Ind. Vols.,	Indianapolis, Ind.
E. Reynolds,	73d Ind. Vols.	
E. Reed,	3d O. Vols.	
J. M. Rothrock,	5th Md. Vols.	
J. P. Rockwell,	18th Conn. Vols	
J. Ruff,	67th Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. F. Robinson,	67th Pa. Vols.,	Scott, Pa.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
W. F. Randolph,	5th U. S. Artillery.	
John Ryan,	69th Pa. Vols.	
W. E. Rockwell,	13th N. Y. Vols.,	Esperance, N. Y.
J. H. Russell,	12th Mass. Vols.,	Boston, Mass.
J. O. Rockwell,	97th N. Y. Vols.,	Booneville, N. Y.
J. A. Richardson,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	Stoneham, Mass.
N. A. Robbins,	4th Me. Vols.,	Union, Me.
H. E. Rulon,	114th Pa. Vols.	
H. Richardson,	19th Ind. Vols.	
J. Remie,	11th Mass. Vols.	
Geo. Ring,	100th O. Vols.	
D. P. Rennie,	93d O. Vols.	
T. J. Ray,	49th O. Vols.	
W. L. Retilley,	51st O. Vols.,	Roscoe, O.
G. W. Robertson,	22d Mich. Vols.,	Mount Cheneus, Mich.
J. M. Rader,	8th Tenn. Vols.	
S. H. Reynolds,	42d O. Vols.	
E. W. Rubbs,	1st E. Tenn. Vols.	
G. F. Robinson,	80th O. Vols.	
J. L. Robinson,	7th Tenn. Cav.,	Huntington, Pa.
J. A. Reid,	2d N. C. Vols.,	Whitestown, Pa.
I. Risedon,	11th Tenn. Vols.,	Huntsville, Tenn.
G. Roberts,	7th N. H. Vols.,	Dover, N. H.
G. Ross,	7th Vt. Vols.,	Vergennes, Vt.
J. R. Roger,	157th Pa. Vols.,	Lancaster City, Pa.
E. E. Strong,	16th Conn. Vols.,	North Manchester, Ct.
R. B. Sinclair,	2d Mass. Heavy Artillery,	Worcester, Mass.
D. M. Spence,	113th Pa. Vols.,	Pittsburg, Pa.
G. W. Stoke,	103d Pa. Vols.,	Orrville, Pa.
G. A. Sharp,	19th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
A. A. Scudder,	35th Pa. Vols.	
H. C. Scoville,	92d Ill. Vols.,	Rockford, Ill.
L. S. Smith,	14th N. Y. Vols.,	Littleton, N. H.
D. J. Shepherd,	5th Ky. Cav.	
H. Silver,	16th Ill. Cav.,	St. Louis, Mo.
G. Scuttermore,	80th Ill. Vols.	
Th. Segaros,	80th Ill. Vols.,	Chester, Ill.
D. B. Steveuson,	3d O. Vols.	
E. E. Sharp,	51st Ind. Vols.,	Hokoma, Ind.
E. J. Spaulding,	2d U. S. Cav.,	Galesburg, Mich.
A. Stole,	6th U. S. Infantry.	
D. M. V. Stuart,	10th Mo. Vols.	
M. H. Smith,	123d O. Vols.,	Monroeville, O.
T. H. Stewart,	5th Md. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
John Socks,	5th Md. Vols.	
Jno. Sweadner,	5th Md. Vols.,	Liberty, Md.
J. F. Schuyler,	123d O. Vols.,	Attica, O.
C. H. Sowro,	123d O. Vols.	
E. L. Schroeder,	5th Md. Vols.,	York, Pa.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
G. W. Simpson,	67th Pa. Vols.,	Mauch Chunk, Pa.
A. G. Scranton,	18th Conn. Vols.	
J. Smith,	67th Pa. Vols.,	Latrobe, Pa.
C. P. Stroman,	87th Pa. Vols.,	York, Pa.
A. M. Stark,	110th O. Vols.	
H. L. Sibley,	116th O. Vols.,	Racine, O.
S. Stearns,	4th Me. Vols.	
G. L. Synder,	104th N. Y. Vols.	
A. W. Sprague,	24th Mich. Vols.	
Geo. Schuele,	45th N. Y. Vols.	
H. B. Seeley,	86th N. Y. Vols.,	S. Troupsburg, N. Y.
W. S. Stevens,*	104th N. Y. Vols.	
E. Schrouders,	74th Pa. Vols.	
G. C. Stevens,	154th N. Y. Vols.,	Machias, N. Y.
D. C. Sears,	96th N. Y. Vols.	
H. Schroeder,	82d Ill. Vols.	
J. B. Samson,	12th Mass. Vols.,	W.Bridgewater, Mass
Jno. Sullivan,	7th R. I. Vols.	
M. R. Small,	6th Md. Vols.	
E. Shepard,	6th O. Cav.	Newburg, O.
J. M. Steele,	1st W. Va. Vols.,	Wellsville, O.
C. B. Smith,	4th N. Y. Cav.,	New York City.
Jno. Sterling,	3d Ind. Vols.	
F. Spencer,	17th O. Vols.,	Wilmington, O.
A. W. Songer,	21st Ill. Vols.,	Xenia, O.
Wm. Stewart,	16th U. S. Infantry.	
W. H. Smythe,	16th U. S. Infantry.	
J. D. Simpson,	10th Ind. Vols.	
F. Schweinfurth,	24th Ill. Vols.,	Chicago, Ill.
A. C. Spafford,*	21st O. Vols.	
E. G. Spalding,	22d Mich. Vols.,	Port Huron, Mich.
E. S. Scott,	89th O. Vols.	
A. C. Shaeffer,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	Newton, N. J.
H. C. Smith,	2d Del. Vols.	
Jno. Spindler,	73d Ill. Vols.	
G. L. Sollers,	9th Md. Vols.	
L. L. Stone,	Regtl. Q. M.	Mt. Indus Falls, Vt.
R. F. Scott,	11th Ky. Cav.,	Kirksville, Ky.
J. C. Shaw,	7th O. Cav.	
G. W. Sutherland,	126th O. Vols.,	Smithfield, O.
T. B. Strong,	11th Ky. Cav.,	Louisville, Ky.
Chas. Trommel,	3d O. Vols.	
H. H. Tillotson,	73d Ind. Vols.,	Calumet, Ind.
A. V. Thomas,	73d Ind. Vols.	
D. Turmer,	118th Ill. Vols.,	Warsaw, Ill.
Ira Tyler,	118th Ill. Vols.	
M. Tiffany,	18th Conn. Vols.	
H. O. Thayer,	67th Pa. Vols.	
A. A. Taylor,	122d O. Vols.,	Cambridge, O.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
R. Tyler,	6th Md. Vols.	
R. Thompson,	67th Pa. Vols.,	Stoddardsville, Pa.
L. Thompson,	2d U. S. Cav.	
M. Tower,	13th Mass. Vols.	
E. A. Tuthill,	104th N. Y. Vols.,	Nunda, N. Y.
J. R. Titus,	3d U. S. Cav.	
H. Temple,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
E. M. B. Timoney,	15th U. S. Infantry.	
G. W. Thomas,	10th Wis. Vols.	
H. C. Taylor,	21st Wis. Vols.	
A. J. Teter,	2d O. Vols.,	Steubenville, O.
R. F. Thorn,	5th Ky. Cav.,	Gardner, Kansas.
S. H. Tresouthick,	18th Pa. Cav.	
J. Turner,	Regtl. Q. M.	
H. Taylor,	65th Ind. Vols.	
J. E. Terwilliger,	85th N. Y. Vols.,	Almond, N. Y.
W. M. True,	16th Ill. Cav.,	Chicago, Ill.
A. J. W. Ulem,	3d O. Vols.,	Wooster, O.
J. R. Uptigrove,	73d Ind. Vols.	
M. Undutch,	9th Md. Vols.	
F. Vinay,	85th N. Y. Vols.	New York City.
G. A. Vanness,	73d Ind. Vols.,	Nogansport, Ind.
Geo. Veltford,	54th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
R. N. Vannetter,	1st Mich. Cav.	
D. Vansbury,	4th Md. Battalion,	
D. L. Wright,	51st Ind. Vols.,	Indianapolis, Ind.
A. H. Wonder,	51st Ind. Vols.	
Wm. Willis,	51st Ind. Vols.	
J. D. Whiting,	3d O. Vols.,	New York City.
A. R. Wolbach,	3d O. Vols.,	Wooster, O.
J. C. Woodrow,	73d Ind. Vols.	
C. P. Williams,	73d Ind. Vols.	
J. B. Williamson,	14th W. Va. Vols.	Middlebourne, W. Va.
Jos. F. Warwick,	101st Pa. Vols.,	Beaver, Pa.
J. C. Welch,	85th N. Y. Vols.,	Angelica, N. Y.
J. J. Wallace,	7th Tenn. Cav.,	Dowagiac, Mich.
R. P. Wallace,	120th O. Vols.,	Loudonville, O.
Thos. Worthen,	118th Ill. Vols.,	Warsaw, Ill.
L. Weiser,	1st Md. Cav.	
Wm. A. Williams,	123d O. Vols.	
J. W. Worth,	5th Md. Vols.,	Baltimore, Md.
J. B. Wilson,	5th Md. Vols.	
J. E. Woodard,	18th Conn. Vols.	
P. A. White,	83d Pa. Vols.	
E. J. Weeks,	67th Pa. Vols.,	Phœnixville, Pa.
T. J. Weakley,	110th O. Vols.,	New Carlisle, O.
W. H. Welsh,	78th Pa. Vols.,	York, Pa.
A. Wallber,	26th Wis. Vols	
A. H. White,	27th Pa. Vols.	

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
D. Wliston.	13th Mass. Vols.	
T. Wuschow,	54th. N. Y. Vols.	
M. C. Wadsworth,	16th Me. Vols.,	Pittston, Me.
J. N. Whitney,	2d R. I. Cav.,	Raymond, Me.
M. T. Williams,	15th Ky. Vols.	
M. Wilson,	14th Pa. Cav.	
J. Woods,	82d Ind. Vols.	
C. N. Winner,	1st O. Vols.	
W. L. Watson,	21st Wis. Vols.,	Waupaca, Wis.
Wm. Willotts,	22d Mich. Vols.,	Birmingham, Mich.
J. Weatherbee,	51st O. Vols.,	PortWashington, O.
J. M. Wasson,	40th O. Vols.	
Jas. Wells,	8th Mich. Cav.	
H. Wilson,	18th Pa. Vols.,	Houston, Pa.
J. R. Weaver,	18th Pa. Vols.,	Latrobe, Pa.
W. H. H. Wilcox,	10th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
A. B. White,	4th Pa. Cav.,	Alleghany City, Pa.
C. F. Weston,	21st Wis. Vols.	
W. F. Wheeler,	9th Md. Vols.	
N. L. Wood, Jr.,	9th Md. Vols.	
E. Willhart,	2d E. Tenn.	
J. W. Wiltshire,	45th O. Vols.,	Cincinnati, O.
J. W. Wright,	10th Iowa Vols.,	Desmoines, Iowa.
J. B. Williamson,	14th W. Va. Vols.,	Middlebourne, W. V
E. D. York,	2d N. C. U. Vols.,	Friendship, N. Y.
C. H. Yates,	96th Ill. Vols.	
J. D. Zeigler,	114th Ill. Vols.	

ADDITIONAL LIST OF PRISONERS.*

[The following is an additional list of officers captured during the spring, summer, autumn, and winter of 1864, after the removal of the old prisoners from Richmond on the 7th of May. They were imprisoned at Macon, Savannah, Charleston, Columbia, Charlotte, Raleigh, and Goldsboro':]

COLONELS.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
J. H. Ashworth,	1st Ga. U. S. Vols.	
T. H. Butler,	5th Ind. Cav.,	Clifty, Ind.
S. J. Crooks,	22d N. Y. Cav.,	New York City.
J. Frazier,	140th Pa. Vols.	
Pennock Huey,	8th Pa. Cav.,	Westchester, Pa.
F. C. Miller,	147th N. Y. Vols.,	Oswego, N. Y.
W. Shedd,	13th Ill. Vols.,	Aledo, Ill.
Daniel White,	31st Me. Vols.,	Bangor, Me.

LIEUTENANT COLONELS.

M. P. Buffum,	4th R. I. Vols.,	Providence, R. I.
J. B. Conyngham,	52d Pa. Vols.	
C. W. Clancy,	52d O. Vols.,	Smithfield, O.
M. A. Leeds,	153d O. Vols.,	Bantam, O.
C. C. Watson,	6th Ind. Cav.,	Greencastle, Ind.
D. B. McCreary,	145th Pa. Vols.,	Erie, Pa.
O. Moulton,	25th Mass. Vols.	
Benj. B. Morgan,	75th O. Vols.,	Franklin, O.
H. R. Stoughton,	2d U. S. S. S.	
A. H. Sanders,	16th Iowa Vols..	Davenport, Iowa.
T. J. Thorp,	1st N. Y. Drag.,	Almond, N. Y.
G. Von Helmrick,	4th Mo. Cav.,	St. Louis, Mo.
G. Wallace,	47th O. Vols.,	Morning Sun, O.

MAJORS.

J. H. Dewees,	13th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
M. Dunn,	19th Mass. Vols.	
W. N. Denny,	51st Ind. Vols.,	Vincennes, Ind.

* This list does not include those officers who were specially exchanged while at Charleston.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
D. English,	11th Ky. Cav.,	Owening, Ky.
C. K. Flemming,	11th Vt. Vols.,	Bellows Falls, Vt.
G. B. Fox,	75th O. Vols.,	Cincinnati, O.
W. H. Forbes,	2d Mass. Cav.	
J. H. Filler,	55th Pa. Vols.,	Bedford, Pa.
T. J. Hasley,	11th N. Y. Vols.,	Dover, N. J.
W. P. Hall,	6th N. Y. Cav.,	Brooklyn, L. I.
R. Harkness,	10th Wis. Vols.,	Elkhorn, Wis.
J. H. Isett,	8th Ind. Cav.,	Wappello, Iowa.
W. M. Kendall,	73d Ind. Vols.,	Plymouth, Ind.
C. M. Lynch,	145th Pa. Vols.,	Erie, Pa.
P. M. Lernan,	22d N. Y. Cav.,	Memphis, N. Y.
C. P. Mattock,	17th Me. Vols.	
P. Nelson,	66th N. Y. Vols.,	Westchester, N. Y.
J. E. Pratt,	4th Vt. Vols.,	Bennington, Vt.
W. L. Parsons,	2d Wis. Vols.	
H. L. Pasco,	16th Conn. Vols.,	Hartford, Conn.
D. Quigg,	14th Ill. Cav.,	Bloomington, Ill.
W. H. Reynolds,	14th N. Y. Artillery,	Utica, N. Y.
J. Steele,	2d Pa. Cav.,	Pittsburg, Pa.
L. B. Speece,	7th P. V. R. Corps,	Wilkesbarre, Pa.
T. A. Smith,	7th Tenn. Cav.,	Lexington, Tenn.
M. H. Soper,	5th Ind. Cav.,	Sheldon, Ill.
D. Thomas,	135th O. Vols.,	Newark, O.
D. Vickers,	4th N. J. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
G. G. Wanger,	24th N. Y. Cav.,	Rochester, N. Y.
J. W. Young,	76th N. Y. Vols.,	Cherry Valley, N. Y.

CAPTAINS.

J. B. Alters,	75th O. Vols.,	Spring Dale, O.
W. N. Algbaugh,	51st Pa. Vols.,	Morristown, Pa.
H. B. Andrews,	17th Mich. Vols.	
John Aigan,	5th R. I. Artillery,	Pawtucket, R. I.
M. Auer,	15th N. Y. Cav.,	Syracuse, N. Y.
C. B. Amory,	A. A. Gen.,	Jamaica Plain, Mass.
James Belger,	1st R. I. Artillery.	
C. H. Burdick,	1st Tenn. Cav.,	Nashville, Tenn.
G. Bradley,	2d N. J. Vols.	
C. W. Boutin,	4th Vt. Vols.,	Chester, Vt.
C. A. Bowen,	18th Conn. Vols.	
B. Bennett,	22d N. Y. Cav.,	Hammondsport, N. Y.
N. Bostwick,	20th O. Vols.	
J. F. Benson,	120th Ill. Vols.,	Vienna, Ill.
B. C. Beebe,	13th Ind. Vols.,	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
A. N. Benson,	1st D. C. Cav.	
E. A. Burpee,	19th Me. Vols.,	Rockland, Me.
J. W. Bryant,	5th N. Y. Cav.,	Washington, D. C.
H. Biebel,	6th Conn. Vols.,	Bridgeport, Conn.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
J. A. Barrett,	7th Pa. R. C.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
G. A. Bayard,	148th Pa. Vols.	
Geo. A. Blanchard,	85th Ill. Vols.,	Havanna, Ill.
S. Bremen,	3d Mich. Vols.,	Georgetown, Mich.
A. T. Bliss,	10th N. Y. Cav.,	Peterboro', N. Y.
H. D. Baker,	120th Ill. Vols.,	Golconda, Ill.
W. F. Bennett.	39th Iowa Vols.,	Osceola, Iowa.
J. H. Brown,	17th Iowa Vols.,	Desmoines, Iowa.
S. D. Barnum,	23d U. S. C. T.,	North Rome, Pa.
W. F. Baker,	87th Pa. Vols.,	Gettysburg, Pa.
H. H. Burbank,	32d Me. Vols.,	Limerick, Me.
O. E. Bartlett,	31st Me. Vols.,	Showhegan, Me.
J. T. Chalfant,	11th Pa. Vols.,	Pittsburg, Pa.
C. H. Call,	29th Ill. Vols.,	Inkster, Mich.
J. D. Clyde,	76th N. Y. Vols.,	Cherry Valley, N. Y.
C. R. Chauncey,	34th Mass. Vols.,	Westfield, Mass.
A. F. Cole,	59th N. Y. Vols.,	Lowville, N. Y.
J. P. Carr,	93d Ind. Vols.,	Austin, Ind.
H. P. Cooke,	A. A. Gen.,	Deckartown, N. J.
T. B. Camp,	52d Pa. Vols.,	Camptown, Pa.
L. S. Clark,	62d N. Y. Vols.,	Saratoga, Sp's, N. Y.
H. C. Chapin,	4th Vt. Vols.	Elmira, N. Y.
F. S. Case,	2d O. Cav.,	Wellington, O.
T. Coglin,	14th N. Y. Heavy Aty,	Rochester, N. Y.
J. W. Colville,	5th Mich. Vols.,	East Saginaw, Mich.
L. M. Carperts,	18th Wis. Vols.	
E. N. Carpenter,	6th Pa. Cav.,	Germantown, Pa.
M. W. Clark,	11th Iowa Cav.,	Columbus City, Iowa.
E. S. Daniels,	35th U. S. C. T.,	Old Cambridge, Mass.
C. C. Dodge,	20th Mich. Vols.,	Marshall, Mich.
O. J. Downing,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	Long Island, N. Y.
J. G. Derrickson,	66th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
J. B. Dennis,	7th Conn. Vols.	
T. F. Davenport,	75th O. Vols.	
C. Z. Dirlan,	12th O. Vols.,	Clyde, O.
W. Dusbrow,	40th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
A. Duzenburgh,	35th N. Y. Vols.	
E. B. Doane,	8th O. Cav.,	Salem, Iowa.
W. H. Davis,	4th Md. Vols.,	Baltimore, Md.
G. B. Donohey,	7th Pa. Res.	
L. B. Davis,	93d Ind. Vols.,	Patriot, Ind.
E. C. Dicey,	1st Mich. S. S.,	Detroit, Mich.
J. Dibeler,	45th Pa. Vols.,	Bainbridge, Pa.
S. S. Elder,	1st U. S. Art.	
B. W. Evans,	4th O. Cav.,	Kirkersville, O.
M. Eagan,	15th W. Va. Vols.	
N. C. Evans,	184th Pa. Vols.,	Rainsburg, Pa.
W. V. Farr,	106th Pa. Vols.	
E. W. Ford,	9th Minn. Vols.,	Austin, Minn

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
J. W. Funk,	39th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
W. M. Fisk,	73d N. Y. Vols.,	
J. L. Francis,	135th O. Vols.	
D. Flamsburg,	4th Ind. Battalion.	
J. Fiedler,	Eng. R. C. U. S. A.	
J. P. Fall,	32d Me. Vols.,	South Berwick Me.
W. W. Fay,	50th Mass. Vols.	
J. B. Gillespie,	120th Ill. Vols.,	Vienna, Ill.
E. C. Gilbert,	152d N. Y. Vols.,	Butternuts, N. Y.
A. W. H. Gill,	14th N. Y. Vols.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
E. Grant,	1st Vt. Cav.	
E. H. Green,	107th Pa. Vols.,	Maytown, Pa.
A. Grant,	19th Wis. Vols.	
A. L. Goodrich,	8th N. Y. Cav.,	Churchville, N. Y.
J. L. Galloway,	A. A. G.	Pensacola, Fla.
J. L. Green,	A. A. G. U. S. A.,	Monroe, Mich.
C. Gutjahr,	16th Ill. Vols.	
P. Grayhaur,	54th Pa. Vols.,	Johnstown, Pa.
H. B. Huff,	184th Pa. Vols.,	Altoona, Pa.
W. R. Hitt,	13th Ill. Cav.,	Urbana, O.
W. Harris,	24th Mo. Cav.,	Mount Vernon, Mo.
C. A. Hobble,	17th Conn. Vols.,	Stamford, Conn.
T. A. Heer,	28th O. Vols.,	Tell City, Ind.
G. D. Hart,	5th Pa. Cav.	
H. B. Hoyt,	140th N. Y. Inf'y,	Rochester, N. Y.
D. J. Hume,	19th Mass. Vols.,	Boston, Mass.
R. C. Hutchinson,	8th Mich. Vols.	
C. W. Hastings,	12th Mass. Vols.	
E. Hayes,	95th N. Y. Vols.,	Sing Sing, N. Y.
M. C. Hobart,	7th Wis. Vols.,	Fall River, Wis.
J. A. Hayden,	11th P. R. V. C.,	Union Town, Pa.
W. L. Hodge,	120th Ill. Vols.,	Golconda, Ill.
H. A. Haines,	184th Pa. Vols.	
J. B. Heltermus,	18th Ky. Vols.	
S. Hymer,	115th Ill. Vols.,	Rushville, Ill.
P. Heinrod,	105th O. Vols.,	Waterford, Pa.
F. W. Heck,	2d Md. Vols.,	Baltimore, Md.
V. H. Hill,	2d Md. Vols.,	Manchester, N. H.
A. J. Holmes,	37th Wis. Vols.	
L. Ingledew,	7th Mich. Vols.,	Janesville, Wis.
B. A. Jobe,	11th Pa. R. V. C.,	Salem Cross R'ds, Pa.
D. Jones,	14th N. Y. Artillery,	Utica, N. Y.
S. C. Jones,	7th N. Y. Artillery.	
S. C. Judson,	106th N. Y. Vols.,	Ogdensburg, N. Y.
H. Jenkins,	40th Mass. Vols.	
C. G. Jackson,	84th Pa. Vols.,	Berwick, Pa.
J. D. Johnson.	10th N. J. Vols.,	Hamisports, N. J.
J. G. Kessler,	2d Ind. Cav.	
G. E. King,	103d Ill. Vols.,	Middleport, Ill.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
P. D. Kenyon,	15th Ill. Battalion,	Mt. Carroll, Ind.
F. Kenfield,	17th Vt. Vols.,	Morristown, Vt.
W. S. Logan,	7th Mich. Vols.,	Richland, Mich.
J. S. Little,	143d Pa. Vols.,	Nicholson, Pa.
C. W. Lyttle,	145th Pa. Vols.,	
G. Law,	6th W. Va. Cav.,	Ellenboro', W. Va.
E. C. Latimer,	27th U. S. C. T.,	Canton, O.
W. W. McCarty,	18th O. Vols.,	McConnellsville, O.
J. W. Morton,	4th Mass. Cav.	
J. W. McHugh,	69th Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. M. McFadden,	59th N. Y. Vols.	
H. McCray,	115th Pa. Vols.	
J. May,	15th Mass. Artillery.	
N. H. Moors,	7th N. Y. Artillery,	Albany, N. Y.
S. F. Murray,	2d U. S. S. S.,	Candia, N. H.
L. Maish,	87th Pa. Vols.	
A. C. Mattison,	12th N. J. Vols.	
J. Metzger,	55th Pa. Vols.	
LeRoy Moore,	72d O. Vols.,	Fremont, O.
S. M. Morgan,	A. A. Gen.,	Lindy, N. Y.
H. P. Merrill,	4th Ky. Vols.	
M. McGraylis,	93d Ind. Vols.	
H. J. McDonald,	11th Conn.,	Kingston, N. J.
M. Melkhhorn,	135th O. Vols.,	Ada, O.
J. A. Manley,	64th N. Y. Vols.	
A. G. Mudgett,	11th Me. Vols.,	Newburg, Me.
R. J. McWitt,	1st Pa. Cav.,	Milroy, Pa.
—— McIntyre,	15th Wis. Vols.	
L. Moore,	72d O. Vols.,	Fremont, O.
R. J. Millard,	2d Pa. Artillery,	Towersville, Pa.
J. H. Nutting,	27th Mass. Vols.	
L. Nolan,	2d Del. Vols.	
C. H. Nichols,	6th Conn. Vols.	
E. E. Norton,	24th Mich. Vols.	Detroit, Mich.
W. H. Nash,	1st U. S. S. S.,	New York City.
E. Newsome,	81st Ill. Vols.,	Carbondale, Ill.
A. Nuhfer,	72d O. Vols.,	Woodville, O.
C. Newlin,	7th Pa. Cav.	
J. Norris,	2d Pa. Artillery,	Washington, D. C.
C. S. Noyse,	31st Me. Vols.,	Mt. Desert, Me.
H. W. Ogan,	14th O. Vols.	
H. V. Pemberton,	14th N. Y. Artillery,	New York City.
J. Parker,	1st N. J. Vols.,	Trenton, N. J.
J. P. Powell,	146th N. Y. Vols.,	Clinton, N. Y.
L. B. Paine,	121st N. Y. Vols.,	Garratsville, N. Y.
J. T. Piggott, Jr.,	8th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. B. Plase,	87th U. S. Infty.,	Dayton, O.
D. H. Powers,	6th Mich. Cav.	
A. C. Paul,	A. A. Gen.,	Newport, Ky.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
G. Pettit,	120th N. Y. Vols.,	Lexington, N. Y.
D. B. Pendleton,	5th Mich. Cav.,	Detroit, Mich.
D. M. Porter,	120th Ill. Vols.	
S. C. Pierce,	3d N. Y. Cav.,	Rochester, N. Y.
B. B. Porter,	10th N. Y. Artillery,	Taylor, N. Y.
J. A. Paine,	2d Ind. Cav.	Bridgetown, Ind.
T. Ping,	17th Iowa Vols.,	Ashland, Iowa.
J. Rourke,	1st Ill. Artillery,	Milwaukee, Mich.
H. Ritter,	52d N. Y. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. J. Reynolds,	75th O. Vols.	
A. C. Rosencranz,	4th Ind. Cav.,	Evansville, Ind.
—— Reed,	107th N. Y. Vols.	
R. C. Richards,	45th Pa. Vols.,	Ontario, N. Y.
W. J. Reynolds,	4th R. I. Vols.,	Wickford, R. I.
Geo. W. Reir,	107th N. Y. Vols.	
C. Robinson,	31st U. S. C. T.	
J. Snyder,	14th N. Y. Vols.,	Heuvelton, N. Y.
G. F. C. Smart,	145th Pa. Vols.,	West Greenville, Pa.
H. J. Smith,	53d Pa. Vols.,	Huntingdon, Pa.
D. Schooley,	2d Pa. Artillery,	Pittston, Pa.
H. W. Strang,	30th Ill. Vols.,	Collins Station, Ill.
J. H. Smith,	16th Iowa Vols.,	Lyons, Iowa.
A. S. Skilton,	57th O. Vols.	
W. Shuttz,	37th O. Vols.,	Toledo, O.
A. B. Smith,	48th Ill. Vols.	
R. R. Swift,	27th Mass. Vols.,	Springfield, Mass.
S. A. Spencer,	82d Ind. Vols.	
J. R. Stevens,	40th N. Y. Vols.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
E. J. Swan,	76th N. Y. Vols.,	Cherry Valley, N. Y.
E. Schofield,	11th Pa. V. R. C.	Brookville, Pa.
C. B. Sutcher,	16th Ill. Vols.	
E. Shurtz,	8th Iowa Cav.	
M. L. Stansbury	95th O. Vols.	
J. G. Snodgrass,	110th O. Vols.,	New Madison, O.
H. R. Sargent,	32d Me. Vols.,	Portland, Me.
S. U. Sherman,	4th R. I. Vols.,	Providence, R. I.
R. T. Stewart,	138th Pa. Vols.,	Morristown, Pa.
D. W. Scott,	23d U. S. C. T.,	Pottsville, Pa.
L. D. C. Tyler,	106th Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
S. C. Timbson,	95th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City,
H. Tilbrand,	4th N. H. Vols.	
J. H. Turner,	16th Iowa Vols.,	Muscatine, Iowa.
H. G. Tibbles,	12th O. Vols.,	Dayton, O.
J. Thomson,	4th O. Cav.	
C. L. Unthank,	11th Ky. Cav.	
H. A. Uffar,	A. A. Gen.	
J. W. Underwood,	57th O. Vols.	
A. Von Keiser,	30th N. Y. Battery.	
Z. Vaughn,	1st Me. Cav.,	Freeman, Me.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
A. Von Haack,	68th N. Y. Vols.	
J. H. West,	11th Ky. Vols.	
E. T. Wyman,	——— ———,	Augusta, Me.
W. Washburn,	35th Mass. Vols.,	Boston, Mass.
A. R. Willis,	8th Me. Vols.,	Biddeford, Me.
U. S. Westbrook,	135th O. Vols.,	Zanesville, O.
B. F. Wright,	146th N. Y. Vols.,	Utica, N. Y.
W. M. Wilson, Jr.,	122d O. Vols.,	Zanesville, O.
H. B. Wakefield,	55th Ind. Vols.,	Azailia, Ind.
G. Webb,	2d Pa. Artillery,	Murcy, Pa.
J. Wilson,	57th O. Vols.	
K. Williams,	12th O. Vols.,	Dayton, O.
M. Wiley,	1st Tenn. Vols.	
E. B. Whittaker,	72d Pa. Vols.	
R. J. Wright,	6th O. Vols.,	Springfield, O.
H. H. Walpole,	122d N. Y. Vols.,	Syracuse, N. Y.
M. W. Wall,	69th N. Y. Vols.	
D. G. Young,	81st Ill. Vols.,	De Soto, Ill.
F. K. Zarracher,	18th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.

LIEUTENANTS.

J. G. B. Adams,	19th Mass. Vols.,	Groveland, Mass.
E. P. Alexander,	26th Mich. Vols.,	Detroit, Mich.
H. M. Anderson,	3d Me. Vols.	
J. F. Anderson,	2d Pa. Artillery,	Philadelphia, Pa.
A. L. Abbey,	8th Mich. Cav.,	Armada, Mich.
A. O. Abbott,	1st N. Y. Dragoons,	Almond, N. Y.
A. S. Appleget,	2d N. J. Cav.,	Hightstown, Pa.
Robert Allen,	2d N. J. Dragoons.	
G. A. Austin,	14th Ill. Bat.,	Woodstock, Ill.
G. C. Alden,	112th Ill. Vols.,	Annawan, Ill.
W. C. Adams,	2d Ky. Cav.,	Star Furnace, Ky.
E. T. Affiec,	170th Nat. G.,	Bridgeport, O.
E. A. Abbott,	2d O. Vet. Vols.,	Olmsted Falls, O.
Count S. Braiday,	2d N. J. Cav.,	Vienna, Austria.
A. Bulow,	3d N. J. Cav.	
J. H. Bryan,	184th Pa. Vols.,	Harrisburg, Pa.
C. W. Baldwin,	2d N. J. Vols.,	New York City.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
H. E. Barker,	22d N. Y. Cav.	
C. H. Bigley,	82d N. Y. Vols.	
M. Burns,	13th N. Y. Cav.	
C. A. Brown,	1st N. Y. Artillery.	
W. R. Bosford,	1st N. Y. Vols.	
J. L. Barton,	49th Pa. Vols.	
W. Buchanan,	76th N. Y. Vols.,	Cohoes, N. Y.
W. Blane,	43d N. Y. Vols.,	Albany, N. Y.
J. H. Briston,	1st Conn. Cav.	
H. H. Bixby,	9th Me. Vols.,	Norridgewock, Me.
D. W. Burkholder,	7th Pa. Vols.,	Shippensburg, Pa.
S. Brum,	81st Ill. Vols.	
W. H. Brady,	2d Del. Vols.,	Wilmington, Del.
J. Breon,	148th Pa. Vols.,	Potters Mills, Pa.
G. M. Burnett,	4th Ind. Cav.,	Terre Haute, Ind.
W. J. Boyd,	5th Mich. Cav.	
S. W. Burrows,	1st N. Y. Vet. Cav.	
M. Blickenhoff,	42d N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
H. Buckley,	4th N. H. Vols.	
A. T. Barnes,	Ill. Vet. Vols.	
J. L. Beasley,	81st Ill. Vols.,	Fredonia, Ill.
A. Barringer,	44th N. Y. Vols.,	Nassau, N. Y.
E. P. Bishop,	4th Tenn. Cav.	
C. T. Bowen,	4th R. I. Vols.,	Wickford, R. I.
Wm. Bateman,	9th Mich. Cav.,	Ypsilanti, Mich.
Wm. Baird,	23d U. S. C. T.,	North Rome, Pa.
J. N. Biller,	2d Pa. Artillery,	Martinsburg, W. Va.
F. S. Bowley,	30th U. S. C. T.,	Worcester, Mass.
C. Boettger,	2d Md. Vols.,	Baltimore, Md.
W. A. Barnard,	20th Mich. Vols.,	Lansing, Mich.
Wm. Blasse,	43d N. Y. Vols.,	Albany, N. Y.
C. O. Brown,	31st Me. Vols.,	Moro, Me.
R. K. Beecham,	23d U. S. C. T.,	Sun Prairie, Me.
A. M. Brisco,	Cole's Md. Cav.,	Baltimore, Md.
H. M. Bearce,	32d Me. Vols.,	West Minot, Me.
A. J. Braidy,	54th Pa. Vols.	
C. A. Bell,	A. D. C.	
R. Burton,	9th N. Y. Artillery.	
H. E. Beebee,	22d N. Y. Cav.	
V. L. Coffin,	31st Me. Vols.,	Harrington, Me.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
L. A. Campbell,	152d N. Y. Vols.,	Cherry Valley, N. Y
C. W. Carr,	4th Vt. Vols.	
J. Cunningham,	7th Pa. R. C.,	Leesport, Pa.
C. Coslett,	115th Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
R. Cooper,	7th N. J. Vols.,	Jersey City, N. J.
C. H. Crawford,	188th Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
S. O. Cromack,	77th N. Y. Vols.,	Bennington, Vt.
H. Correll,	2d Vt. Vols.,	New Haven, Vt.
C. H. Cutter,	95th N. Y. Vols.,	Boston, Mass.
G. W. Creacy,	35th Mass. Vols.,	Newburyport, Mass.
R. H. Chute,	59th Mass. Vols.,	Chelsea, Mass.
H. M. Cross,	59th Mass. Vols.,	Newburyport, Mass.
H. A. Chapin,	95th N. Y. Vols.	
W. Chahill,	76th N. Y. Vols.,	Solon, N. Y.
J. L. Casler,	76th N. Y. Vols.,	Otsego, N. Y.
H. Chisman,	7th Ind. Vols.,	Cincinnati, O.
H. Cribben,	140th N. Y. Vols.,	Rochester, N. Y.
G. M. Curtis,	140th N. Y. Vols.,	Rochester, N. Y.
J. S. Caldwell,	16th Ill. Cav.,	Chicago, Ill.
S. Crossley,	118th Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
L. B. Carlisle,	145th Pa. Vols.,	Suthersburg, Pa.
J. P. Codington,	8th Iowa Cav.,	Dubuque, Ia.
W. H. Curtis,	19th Mass. Vols.,	Randolph, Mass.
J. W. Clark,	59th N. Y. Vols.,	Butler, O.
J. H. Clark,	1st Mass. Artillery,	Boston, Mass.
D. L. Case, Jr.,	102d N. Y. Vols.,	Lansing, Mich.
J. D. Cope,	116th Pa. Vols.,	Uniontown, Pa.
J. W. Core,	6th W. Va. Cav.	
W. J. Colter,	15th Mass. Vols.,	Clinton, Mass.
J. Casey,	45th N. Y. Vols.,	Tuckahoe, N. Y.
W. H. Carter,	5th Pa. R. C.,	Elimsport, Pa.
J. L. Chittendon,	5th Ind. Cav.,	Knoxville, Tenn.
W. H. Canney,	69th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
W. F. Campbell,	51st Pa. Vols.,	Slifer, Pa.
J. F. Cameron,	5th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
M. Clegg,	5th Ind. Cav.	
H. R. Chase,	1st Vt. Heavy Artillery	Guilford Centre, Vt.
W. H. Conover,	22d N. Y. Cav.,	Norwich, N. Y.
B. F. Califf,		Salem, Mass
D. B. Chubbuck,	19th Mass. Vols.	

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
M. Cunningham,	42d N. Y. Vols.,	Norwich, Conn.
A. M. Charters,	17th Iowa Vols.,	Leavenworth, K'ns'a.
W. A. Copeland,	10th Mich. Vols.	
T. Clemmens,	13th Ill. Vols.	
W. C. Cook,	9th Mich. Cav.,	Tecumseh, Mich.
C. P. Cramer,	21st N. Y. Cav.,	West Troy, N. Y.
Geo. Corum,	2d Ky. Cav.,	Greenupsburg, Pa.
M. B. Case,	23d U. S. C. T.,	Ottawona, Minn.
D. J. Cline,	75th O. V. M. I.,	Logan Hocking, O.
C. G. Conn,	1st M. S. S.	
M. Cunningham,	1st Vt. Heavy Artillery.	
H. L. Clark,	2d Mass. Artillery,	Rochester, N. Y.
C. D. Copeland,	58th Pa. Vols.,	Fall River, Mass.
C. P. Cashell,	12th Pa. Cav.	
J. R. Channell,	1st Ill. Artillery,	Ottawa, Ill.
W. S. Damrell,	13th Mass. Vols.,	Boston, Mass.
W. G. Davis,	27th Mass. Vols.	
S. V. Dean,	145th Pa. Vols.,	West Springfield, Pa.
J. S. Drennan,	1st Vt. Artillery,	Morrisville, Vt.
J. Dunn,	64th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
A. J. Dunning,	7th N. Y. Artillery.	
J. Donovan,	2d N. J. Vols.,	Elizabeth, N. J.
E. B. Dyer,	1st Conn. Cav.,	Derby, Conn.
W. C. Dorris,	11th Ill. Vols.	
H. G. Dodge,	2d Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
C. Downs,	33d N. J. Vols.,	Patterson, N. J.
J. Duren,	5th N. H. Vols.,	Keene, N. H.
W. H. Dorfee,	5th R. I. Vols.,	Newport, R. I.
G. Durboyne,	66th N. Y.	
W. H. Diffenbach,	7th Pa. R. C.,	Huntingdon, Pa.
R. DeLay,	4th Iowa Cav.,	Centerville, Iowa.
O. W. Demmick,	11th N. H. Vols.,	Strafford, Vt.
L. Dick,	72d O. Vols.,	Fremont, O.
E. Dickerson,	44th Wis. Vols.	
D. Driscoll,	24th Mo. Vols.,	Cannonsburg, Mich.
H. G. Dorr,	4th Mass. Cav.,	Boston, Mass.
J. M. Drake,	9th N. J. Vols.,	Trenton, N. J.
H. A. Downing,	31st U. S. C. T.,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
J. W. Davidson,	95th O. Vols.,	Big Plains, O.
G. H. Drew,	9th N. H. Vols.,	Milford, N. H.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
Chas. Everett,	70th O. Vols.,	Cleveland, O.
P. R. Eastman,	2d Pa. Cav.,	Mt. Clemens, Mich.
J. L. F. Elkin,	1st N. J. Vols.,	New Brunswick, N. J
J. W. Eyestone,	13th Ind. Vols.,	Washington, Ia.
T. E. Evans,	52d Pa. Vols.,	Hyde Park, Pa.
T. K. Eckings,*	3d N. J. Vols.	
John Eagan,	1st U. S. Artillery.	
John Elder,	8th Ind. Vols.	
J. Fairbanks,	72d O. Vols.,	Rollersville, O.
G. E. Finney,	19th Ind. Vols.,	Elizabeth, Ind.
J. M. Ferris,	3d Mich. Vols.	
E. M. Faye,	42d N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
J. Furgeson,	1st N. J. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
D. Flannery,	4th N. J. Vols.,	Trenton, N. J.
H. M. Fowler,	15th N. J. Vols.,	Newark, N. J.
G. W. Fluger,	11th Pa. R. C.,	Butler, Pa.
C. A. Fagan,	11th Pa. R. C.,	Ebensburg, Pa.
H. French,	3d Vt. Vols.,	Hartford, Vt.
L. W. Fisher,	4th Vt. Vols.,	Danville, Vt.
S. Fatzer,	108th N. Y. Vols.,	Rochester, N. Y.
E. Fontaine,	7th Pa. R. C.,	Washington, D. C.
D. Forney,	30th O. Vols.,	Coshocton, O.
S. Fisher,	93d Ind. Vols.	
D. S. Finney,	14th Ill. Vols.,	Beardstown, Ill.
D. Fitzpatrick,	146th N. Y. Vols.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
L. D. C. Fales,	——— ———.	
H. C. Foster,	23d Ind. Vols.,	Jeffersonville, Ind.
John Foley,	59th Mass. Vols.,	Boston, Mass.
Louis Faas,	14th N. Y. Artillery,	Attica, N. Y.
R. J. Frost,	9th Mich. Cav.,	Albion, Mich.
G. J. George,	40th Ill. Vols.	
T. M. Gunn,	21st Ky. Vols.,	Shelbyville, Ky.
J. Gottshell,	55th Pa. Vols.	
J. M. Goodown,	12th Ind. Vols.,	Fort Wayne, Ind.
H. D. Grant,	117th N. Y. Vols.	
J. A. Goodwin,	1st Mass. Cav.,	Medford, Mass.
C. M. Granger,	88th N. Y. Vols.	
C. O. Gordon,	1st Me. Cav.,	Phillips, Me.
J. W. Goss,	1st Mass. Artillery,	Ipswich, Mass.
H. M. Gordon,	143d Pa. Vols.,	Shickshinny, Pa.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
J. Gallagher,	4th O. Vets.,	Brookfield, Vt.
E. A. Green,	81st Ill. Vols.	
T. Griffin,	55th U. S. C. T.,	Pulaski, Ill.
M. L. Godley,	17th Iowa Vols.,	Ashland, Iowa.
Philip Grey,	72d Pa. Vols.	
A. M. Hall,	9th Minn. Vols.	
E. R. Hart,	1st Vt. Artillery,	Danvers, Mass.
J. F. Hodge,	55th Pa. Vols.	
R. F. Hall,	75th O. Vols.,	Cincinnati, O.
J. T. Haight,	8th Iowa Cav.,	Tipton, Iowa.
G. W. Hill,	7th Mich. Cav.,	Detroit, Mich.
E. J. Hazel,	6th Pa. Cav.,	Baltimore, Md.
R. Herbert,	50th Pa. Vols.,	Lebanon, Pa.
S. H. Horton,	101st Pa. Vols.	
W. B. Hurd,	17th Mich. Cav.,	Jackson, Mich.
E. Holder,	1st Vt. Cav.,	Barre, Vt.
S. P. Hedges,	112th N. Y. Vols.,	Jamestown, N. Y.
H. C. Hinds,	102d N. Y. Vols.,	Richfield Sp'gs, N. Y
J. Hopper,	2d N. Y. Cav.,	Scranton, Pa.
C. O. Hunt,	5th Me. Battery.	
W. R. Holland,	5th Md. Cav.	
G. N. Hull,	13th O. Vols.	
D. W. Hazelton,	22d N. Y. Cav.,	Peterboro', N. Y.
C. P. Holaham,	19th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
G. L. Hastings,	24th N. Y. Battery,	Albany, N. Y.
H. N. Hamilton,	59th N. Y. Vols.,	Belleville, O.
E. S. Huntington,	11th U. S. Infantry.	
W. H. Hoyt,	16th Iowa Vols.,	Camanche, Iowa.
R. M. Hughes,	14th Ill. Cav.,	Vandalia, Ill.
J. Hewitt,	105th Pa. Vols.	
J. Heston,	4th N. J. Vols.,	Sing Sing, N. Y.
J. Heffelfinger,	7th Pa. V. R. C.,	Mechanicsburg, Pa.
J. L. Harvey,	2d Pa. Artillery,	Philadelphia, Pa.
H. V. Hadley,	7th Ind. Vols.,	Indianapolis, Ind.
M. V. B. Hallett,	2d Pa. Cav.,	Osceola, Pa.
A. J. Henry,	120th Ill. Vols.	
V. G. Hoalladay,	2d Ind. Cav.,	Wintersett, Ind.
D. Havens,	85th Ill. Vols.,	Manito, Ill.
C. A. Hays,	11th Pa. Vols.,	Eagle, Pa.
J. L. Hastings,	7th Pa. V. R. C.,	Salona, Pa.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
J. W. Harris,	2d Ind. Cav.,	Terre Haute, Ind.
P. Herzberg,	66th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
E. H. Higley,	1st Vt. Cav.,	Castleton, Vt.
W. H. Hendryks,	11th Mich. Battery.	
J. Huston,	95th O. Vols.,	Clayhick, O.
R. Henderson,	1st Mass. Art.,	Lawrence, Mass.
A. N. Hackett,	101st O. Vols.,	Masillon, O.
S. P. Hand,	43d U. S. C. T.,	Binghamton, N. Y.
T. B. Hurst,	7th Pa. V. R. C.,	Dillsburg, Pa.
Geo. Hopf,	2d Md. Vols.,	Baltimore, Md.
O. M. Hill,	1st Mo. Artillery.	
J. B. Hogue,	4th Pa. Cav.	
L. E. Haywood,	58th Mass. Vols.	
A. B. Isham,	7th Mich. Cav.,	Detroit, Mich.
H. A. Johnson,	3d Me. Vols.	
C. K. Johnson,	1st Me. Cav.,	Carmel, Me.
G. W. Jenkins,	9th W. Va. Vols.,	Portland, O.
J. C. Justus,	2d Pa. V. R. C.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. W. Johnson,	1st Mass. Artillery,	Methuen, Mass.
Alfred Jones,	50th Pa. Vets.,	Reading, Pa.
J. Jacks,	15th W. Va. Vols.	
P. Krohn,	5th N. Y. Cav.,	Oswego, N. Y.
E. Kendrick,	10th N. J. Vols.,	New York City.
S. C. Kerr,	125th O. Vols.,	Salineville, O.
H. T. Kendall,	50th Pa. Vols.,	Reading, Pa.
A. Kelly,	126th O. Vols.,	Barnesville, O.
J. Keen,	7th Pa. V. R. C.,	Bart, Pa.
J. D. Kennuly,	8th O. Cav.,	Piqua, O.
J. P. Kempton,	75th O. Vols.	
J. H. Kidd,	1st Md. Artillery,	Port Deposit, Md.
R. H. Kendrick,	25th Wis. Vols.,	Potosi, Wis.
G. C. Kenyon,	17th Ill. Vols.	
G. C. Kidder,	113th Pa. Vols.,	Danton, Ill.
G. Knox,	109th Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. M. Kelly,	4th Tenn. Vols.,	Athens, Tenn.
F. H. Kempton,	58th Mass. Artillery.	
J. R. Kelly,	1st Pa. Cav.,	Patterson, Pa.
J. C. Knox,	4th Ind. Cav.,	Ladoga, Ind.
Abe King,	12th O. Vols.,	Xenia, O.
J. Keheart	13th O. Vols.,	Russell Station, O

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
J. Kellow,	2d Pa. Artillery,	Honesdale, Pa.
G. L. Kibby,	4th R. I. Vols.,	Providence, R. I.
C. E. Lewis,	1st N. Y. Drag.,	Nunda, N. Y.
J. B. Laycock,	7th Pa. V. R. C.	
H. H. Lyman,	147th N. Y. Vols.,	Pulaski, N. Y.
J. Lyman,	27th Mass. Vols.,	East Hampton, Mass
W. H. Larrabee,	7th Me. Vols.,	Portland, Me.
A Lee,	152d N. Y. Vols.,	Utica, N. Y.
J. L. Lynn,	145th Pa. Vols.,	West Greenville, Pa.
E. De C. Loud,	2d Pa. Artillery,	Philadelphia, Pa.
M. S. Ludwig,	53d Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
D. W. Lewry,	2d Pa. Artillery.	
J. O. Laird,	35th U. S. Infantry.	
M. Laird,	16th Iowa Vols.,	Desmoines, Iowa.
J. C. Luther,	1st Pa. V. R. C.,	Ridgeway, Pa.
M. W. Lemon,	14th N. Y. Artillery,	Canton, N. Y.
L. M. Lane,	9th Minn. Vols.	
T. D. Lamson,	3d Ind. Cav.,	Venny, Ind.
A. Limbard,	McLaughlin's Squ.,	Delphos, O.
G. K. Lawrence,	2d N. Y. Mounted Rifles,	Buffalo, N. Y.
C. H. Long,	59th Mass. Vols.	
J. Monaghan,	62d Pa. Vols.,	New York City.
J. C. McIntosh,	145th Pa. Vols.,	Erie, Pa.
F. W. Mather,	7th N. Y. Artillery,	Albany, N. Y.
P. B. Mockrie,	7th N. Y. Artillery,	Albany, N. Y.
E. T. McCutcheon,	64th N. Y. Vols.,	Gowanda, N. Y.
E. J. McWain,	1st N. Y. Artillery,	Rochester, Vt.
J. McKage,	184th Pa. Vols.,	Hollidaysburg, Pa.
S. F. Muffley,	184th Pa. Vols.,	Howard, Pa.
H. F. Mangus,	53d Pa. Vols.,	Winfield, Pa.
J. McLaughlin,	53d Pa. Vols.,	James Creek, Pa.
W. A. McGinnes,	19th Mass. Vols.,	Boston, Mass.
A. D. Mathews,	1st Vt. Artillery,	Brownington, Vt.
A. Morse,	1st Vt. Artillery,	Fayetteville, Vt.
J. H. Morris,	4th Ky. Vols.	
J. McGeehan,	146th N. Y. Vols.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
H. W. Mitchell,	14th N. Y. Vols.	
H. G. Mitchell,	32d Me. Vols.,	Portland, Me.
J. C. McCain,	9th Minn. Vols.,	Logansport, Ind.
T. McGuire,	7th Ill. Vols.,	St. Charles, Ill.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
J. W. Miller,	14th Ill. Cav.,	Lincoln, Ill.
H. Miller,	17th Mich. Vols.,	Detroit, Mich.
J. Murphy,	69th N. Y. Vols.,	Newark, N. J.
J. Mallison,	94th N. Y. Vols.,	Brandon, Wis.
J. A. Mullegan,	4th Mass. Cav.,	Biddeford, Me.
W. F. Mathews,	1st Md. Vols.,	Martinsburg, W. Va.
N. J. Menier,	93d Ind. Vols.,	Leopold, Ind.
P. W. McManus,	27th Mass. Vols.,	Davenport, Iowa.
E. McMahon,	72d O. Vols.	
G. C. Morton,	4th Pa. Cav.	
E. Mather,	1st Vt. Cav.,	Fair Haven, Vt.
C. McDonald,	2d Ill. Artillery,	Tamaroa, Ill.
G. W. Mayer,	37th Ind. Vols.,	Lawrenceburg, Ind.
J. McCormick,	21st N. Y. Cav.,	Troy, N. Y.
A. J. Marshland,	2d Pa. Artillery,	Nicetown, Pa.
W. H. Mix,	19th U. S. C. T.,	Warsaw, N. Y.
T. J. Munger,	37th Wis. Vols.,	Madison, Wis.
A. McNure,	73d Pa. Vols.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. D. Marshall,	57th Ohio Vols.,	Wapakourutta, O.
—— McLane,	9th Minn. Vols.	
W. McNettervill,	12th U. S. Infantry.	
C. Niedenhoffen,	9th Minn. Vols.,	Winona, Minn.
A. Nelson,	66th N. Y. Vols.,	Westchester, N. Y.
J. B. Needham,	4th Vt. Vols.,	Shrewsbury, Vt.
H. L. Noggle,	2d U. S. Infantry,	Janesville, Wis.
J. Norwood,	76th N. Y. Vols.,	Slaterville, N. Y.
O. H. Nealy,	11th U. S. Infantry,	Boston, Mass.
W. Neher,	7th Pa. R. V. C.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
A. Neal,	5th Ind. Cav.	
D. M. Niswander,	2d Pa. Artillery,	Welch Run, Pa.
H. J. Nyman,	19th Mich. Vols.	
W. R. Nulland,	5th Ind. Cav.,	Lafayette, Ind.
R. V. Outcolt,	135th O. Vols.	
J. O'Harre,	7th N. Y. Artillery,	Cohoes, N. Y.
F. Osborne,	19th Mass. Vols.,	Byfield, Mass.
D. Oliphant,	35th N. J. Vols.	
E. O'Shea,	13th Pa. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
P. O'Connell,	55th Pa. Vols.,	Johnstown, Pa.
J. Ogden,	1st Wis. Cav.,	Winona, Minn.
G. C. Olden,	112th Ill. Vols.	

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
A. C. Pichenpaugh,	6th W. Va. Vols.,	Morgantown, W. Va.
H. Picquet,	32d Ill. Vols.,	Olney, Ill.
J. T. Parker,	13th Iowa Vols.,	Sigourney, Iowa.
G. M. Parker,	45th Ill. Vols.,	Carmi, Ill.
J. S. Purveance,	130th Ind. Vols.,	Huntington, Ind.
E. B. Parker,	1st Vt. Artillery.	
A. Phinney,	90th Ill. Vols.,	Rockford, Ill.
W. M. Provine,	84th Ill. Vols.,	Vermont, Ill.
T. Purcell,	16th Iowa Vols.,	Muscatine, Iowa.
W. H. Powell,	2d Ill. Artillery.	
D. H. Piffard,	14th N. Y. Vols.,	New York City.
C. A. Price,	5th Mich. Vols.,	Maple Rapids, Mich.
W. H. Partridge,	67th N. Y. Vols.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
H. H. Pierce,	7th Conn. Vols.,	Unionville, Conn.
G. W. Pitt,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Short Tract, N. Y.
D. S. Peake,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Hinsdale, N. Y.
E. C. Pierson,	85th N. Y. Vets.,	Waterloo, N. Y.
M. P. Pierson,	190th N. Y. Vols.,	LeRoy, N. Y.
A. P. Pierson,	9th Mich. Cav.,	
D. Pentzell,	4th N. Y. Cav.	
J. C. Petrey,	95th Ohio Vols.,	London, O.
A. L. Preston,	8th Mich. Cav.,	Mt. Clemmuns, Mich.
G. Peters,	9th N. J. Vols.,	Elizabeth, N. J.
J. H. Pitt,	118th N. Y. Vols.,	Canton, N. Y.
James Post,	149th Pa. Vols.,	Shickshinny, Pa.
W. D. Peck,	——— ———,	Syracuse, N. Y.
G. W. Patterson,	135th Ohio Vols.,	Alexandria, O.
J. C. Price,	75th Ohio Vols.	
Z. Perrin,	72d Ohio Vols.,	Clyde, O.
S. H. Platt,	34th Mass. Vols.,	Pittsfield, Mass.
L. G. Porter,	81st Ill. Vols.,	Tamaroa, Ill.
J. H. Palmer,	12th Ohio Vols.,	Ripley, O.
W. A. Pope,	18th Wis. Vols.	
D. B. Pyne,	3d Mo. Vols.,	Alden, Iowa.
Worthington Pierce,	17th Vt. Vols.,	Woodstock, Vt.
W. B. Phillips,	2d Pa. Artillery,	Hyde Park, Pa.
C. O. Poindexter,	31st Me. Vols.,	Bridgeton, Me.
Chas. A. Price,	3d Mich. Vols.,	Maple Rapids, Mich.
M. Rees,	72d Ohio Vols.,	Rollersville, O.
W. B. Rose,	73d Ill. Vols.	

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
J. M. Ruger,	57th Pa. Vols.	
L. S. Richards,	1st Vt. Artillery,	West Concord, Vt.
G. Rieneckar,	5th Pa. Cav.	
O. Kahn,	184th Pa. Vols.,	Duncannon, Pa.
G. A. Rowley,	2d U. S. Infantry.	
B. E. Robinson,	95th Ohio Vols.,	Reynoldsburg, O.
W. E. Roach,	49th N. Y. Vols.,	Rochester, N. Y.
H. W. Raymond,	8th N. Y. Artillery,	Elba, N. Y.
J. C. Rose,	120th Ill. Vols.,	Vienna, Ill.
E. R. Roberts,	7th Ill. Vols.	
J. H. Reed,	120th Ill. Vols.	
J. M. Richards,	1st W. Va. Vols.,	Wheeling, W. Va.
H. Rothe,	15th N. Y. Artillery,	Alexandria, Va.
E. K. Ramsey,	1st N. J. Vols.,	Phœnixville, Pa.
L. H. Riley,	7th Pa. V. R. C.	
C. H. Ross,	13th Ind. Vols.,	Zanesville, O.
A. Ring,	12th Ohio Vols.	
T. W. Rathbone,	153d Ohio Vols.	
C. L. Rugg,	6th Ind. Cav.,	Newport, Ky.
J. S. Rice,	13th Ind. Vols.,	Washington, Iowa.
J. Reode,	57th Mass. Vols.,	Milford, Mass.
A. J. Raynor,	19th U. S. C. T.,	Ontario, N. Y.
L. Rainer,	2d N. J. Cav.,	Freehold, N. J.
J. S. Robeson,	7th Tenn. Cav.,	Huntington, Tenn.
W. L. Riley,	21st N. Y. Cav.,	Brighton, N. Y.
W. H. Randall,	1st Mich. S. S.,	Ypsilanti, Mich.
W. B. Sturgeon,	107th Pa. Vols.,	Shippensburg, Pa.
M. H. Stover,	184th Pa. Vols.	
A. A. Sweetland,	2d Pa. Cav.	
E. B. Smith,	1st Vt. Artillery,	Newport, Vt.
C. Schurr,	7th N. Y. Artillery.	
W. H. Shofer,	5th Pa. Cav.	
M. G. Sargeant,	1st Vt. Artillery,	Newport, Vt.
C. H. Stallman,	87th Pa. Artillery,	York, Pa.
S. S. Smythe,	1st Ill. Artillery,	Elkhorn, Ill.
Geo. Scott,	10th Ind. Vols.,	Lebanon, Ind.
E. Swift,	74th Ill. Vols.,	Pecatomica, Ill.
J. L. Skinner,	27th Mass. Vols.,	Amherst, Mass.
F. Stevens,	190th Pa. Vols.	
C. Stuart,	24th N. Y. Vols.	

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
M. Shanan,	14th N. Y. Vols.	
M. S. Smith,	16th Me. Vols.,	East Livermore, Me.
E. Snowwhite,	7th Pa. R. V. C.,	Palmyra, Pa.
W. H. S. Sweet,	146th N. Y. Vols.,	Utica, N. Y.
J. R. Sitler,	2d Pa. Cav.,	Harmonsburg, Pa.
A. L. Shapnon,	3d Ind. Cav.,	Hannover, Ind.
A. M. Smith,	1st Tenn. Cav.	
J. C. Smith,	24th Ind. Bat.	
J. B. Smith,	5th W. Va. Cav.	
J. P. Smith,	49th Pa. Vols.,	Spring Mills, Pa.
P. Smith,	4th Tenn. Cav.,	Morristown, Pa.
J. Smith,	5th Pa. Cav.	
S. B. Smith,	30th U. S. C. T.,	Woodbury, N. J.
W. Sandon,	1st Wis. Cav.,	Ontario, Wis.
J. G. Stevens,	52d Pa. Vols.	
Frank Stevens,	15th Pa. R. C. Vols.,	Meadow Gap, Pa.
C. T. Swope,	4th Ky. Vols.	
A. S. Stewart,	4th Ky. Vols.	
R. R. Stewart,	2d —— Cav.,	New York City.
E. P. Strickland,	114th Ill. Vols.	
J. W. Stanton,	5th Ind. Cav.,	Carmel, Ind.
W. H. St. John,	5th Ind. Cav.,	Greensburg, Ind.
F. E. Scripture,	Regtl. Q. M.	
A. B. Simmons,	5th Ind. Cav.,	Union City, Ind.
H. P. Starr,	22d N. Y. Cav.,	Rochester, N. Y.
B. Spring,	75th Ohio Vols.	
A. C. Stover,	95th Ohio Vols.,	Urbanna, O.
C. P. Stone,	1st Vt. Cav.,	Brattleboro', Vt.
J. Stebbins,	77th N. Y. Vols.	
C. S. Schwartz,	2d N. J. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. Sailor,	13th Pa. Cav.,	Newport, Pa.
H. C. Smyser,	2d Md. Vols.,	Ashland Furnace, Pa.
M. W. Striblings,	61st Ohio Vols.,	Circleville, O.
J. O. Slout,	McLaughlin's Sq. O. Cav.,	Wooster, O.
M. N. Shepstrong,	60th Ohio Vols.	
J. P. Sheehan,	31st Me. Vols.,	Dennysville, Me.
J. F. Shull,	28th U. S. C. T.,	Bloomington, Ind.
B. F. Stauber,	20th Pa. Cav.,	Lewiston, Pa.
H. Schulter,	43d N. Y. Vols.,	Albany, N. Y.
L. D. Seely,	45th Pa. Vols.,	Knoxville, Pa.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
T. D. Scofield,	27th Mich. Vols.	
C. B. Sanders,	35th U. S. C. T.	
P. A. Simondson,	23d U. S. C. T.	
N. W. Shaefer,	24th Ind. Cav.	
H. S. Tainter,	82d N. Y. Vols.	
D. Tanner,	118th Ill. Vols.	
H. V. Tompkins,	59th N. Y. Vols.	
B. W. Trout,	106th Pa. Vols.,	Canton, Pa.
J. S. Tompson,	10th Vt. Vols.	
L. E. Tyler,	1st Conn. Cav.,	Preston City, Conn.
A. Timm,	16th Iowa Vols.,	Davenport, Ind.
O. Todd,	18th Wis. Vols.,	Adrian, Mich.
A. W. Tiffany,	9th Minn. Vols.,	Carver, Minn.
J. Taylor,	2d Pa. R. C. Vols.	
D. W. Tower,	17th Iowa Vols.,	Farmington, Iowa.
F. Tomeon,	17th Iowa Vols.	
E. C. Taw,	67th N. Y. Vol.	
A. F. Tipton,	8th Iowa Cav.,	Elkader, Iowa.
David Turner,	118th Ill. Vols.,	Warsaw, Ill.
C. Tobel,	15th N. Y. Artillery,	New York City.
J. P. F. Toby,	31st Me. Vols.,	Machiasport, Me.
S. H. Tinker,	93d Ind. Vols.,	Allensville, Ind.
D. D. Von Valack,	12th U. S. Infantry.	
D. Van Doren,	72d Ohio Vols.,	Fremont, O.
C. Van Rensalaer,	148th N. Y. Vols.,	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
W. C. Van Alin,	45th Pa. Vols.,	Fleming, Pa.
A. Von Bulow,	3d N. J. Cav.,	New York City.
O. W. West,	1st N. Y. Dragoons,	Dansville, N. Y.
J. B. Warner,	8th Mich. Cav.,	Marshall, Mich.
Geo. Williams,	8th Mich. Cav.	
J. Winters,	72d Ohio Vols.,	Townsend, O.
J. Warner,	33d N. J. Vols.,	Newark, N. J.
J. F. Wheeler,	149th N. Y. Vols.,	Salina, N. Y.
F. Watdmann,	16th Iowa Vols.,	Davenport, Iowa.
J. Walker,	8th Tenn. Vols.,	Bull's Gap, Tenn.
T. A. Weesner,	14th Ill. Vols.,	Greenfield, Ill.
D. J. West,	6th Conn. Vols.,	Bridgeport, Conn.
G. H. Wing,	14th N. Y. Artillery,	Glens Falls, N. Y.
C. W. Wilcox,	9th N. H. Vols.	
J. C. Watsen,	126th Ohio Vols.,	New Salem, O.

Names.	*Regiment, or Command.*	*Residence.*
F. M. Woodruff,	76th N. Y. Vols.,	Oswego, N. Y.
Geo. Weddle,	145th Ohio Vols.,	Perrysburg, O.
C. W. Woodrow,	19th Iowa Vols.,	Mt. Pleasant, Iowa
H. H. Willis,	40th N. Y. Vols.,	Aurora, Ill.
J. Winship,	88th Ill. Vols.,	Chicago, Ill.
R. Wilson,	113th Ill. Vols.,	Chicago, Ill.
E. S. Wilson,	1st Mass. Cav.,	Havana, Cuba.
R. P. Wilson,	5th U. S. Cav.,	Philadelphia, Pa.
B. F. Whitten,	9th Me. Vols.	
J. W. Warren,	1st. Wis. Cav.,	Beaver Dam, Wis.
D H. Warren,	Ass't Surgeon 8th Iowa Cav.,	Glencoe, O.
W. Williams,	8th Mich. Cav.	
T. H. Ward,	59th U. S. C. T.,	Westerville, O.
J. Wheaton,	59th U. S. C. T.	
B. W. Whittemore,	5th N. Y. Cav.	
H. A. Wentworth,	14th N. Y. Artillery,	Randolph, N. Y.
W. H. Wilker,	4th Ohio Vols.,	Arcadia, O.
J. H. York,	63d Ind. Vols.	
A. Young,*	4th Pa. Cav.,	Newark, N. J.
W. J. Young,	111th Ill. Vols.,	Xenia, Ill.
T. P. Young,	4th Ky. Vols.	
Aaron Zeigler,	7th Pa. R. C. Vols.,	Myerstown, Pa.
A. Zimni,	15th Iowa Vols.	
C. Zobel,	15th N. Y. Art.	

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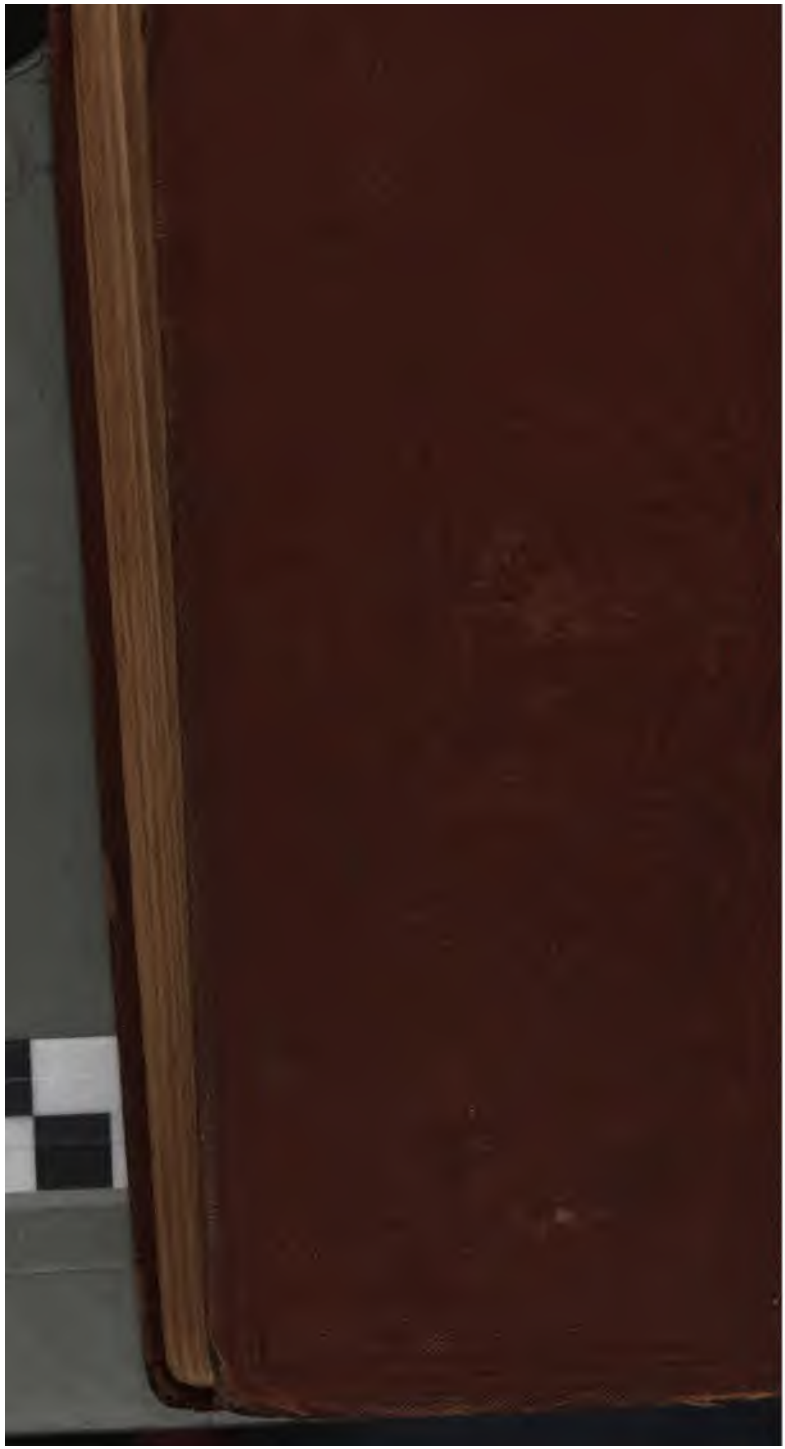
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